

A Strange Story of Every Day
By William Kenney



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A STRANGE STORY OF EVERY DAY.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY,

Author of "My Early Days," "Fitful Fancies," &c.

No officer of his rank and standing, in the service of the East India Company, possessed a more brilliant reputation, or had more elevated prospects, than Colonel St. George. In him the active intrepidity of the adventurous soldier was united to the calculating coolness of the veteran commander. His knowledge of Eastern languages and customs, and his popularity with the natives, had secured him posts of equal trust and difficulty; in each of which his name acquired new lustre. Just in the meridian of manhood, with a frame that seemed proof against the perils of Asiatic life, there was no distinction within the range of Oriental honours to which he might not have reasonably aspired. The frankness of his address, and the decision with which

he pronounced his opinions, gave him the air of a person who knows that he is valued, and feels that he is secure. Whatever doubts concerning his future ascendancy might have existed at an earlier period of his career, were annihilated by his marriage with the daughter of one of the richest merchants in the Bengal presidency. His father-in-law died three weeks after the wedding-day, leaving him heir to a ponderous fortune. A change of name formed a condition of the union, and to his paternal designation of Campbell, he added St. George, in compliment to the lady and her house. A government mission, of greater splendour than importance, afforded him easy-occupation for two years subsequent to his nuptials. His return to Calcutta was considered a recall to the serious duties of his profession, in which his promotion to the rank of a General officer, was expected to be immediate. Strong then was public incredulity, when the story was whispered that Colonel St. George had resigned employment of every kind, and was on the eve of quitting India for ever. Stronger was the astonishment when events proved the story to be true. Curiosity, busy about the cause of this extraordinary resolve, made numberless surmises, more or less wide of the mark. Ostensible reason there was none. His health—it could not be his health—his constitution displayed small abatement of its iron vigour. With his acquisitions and expectations, it was impossible to attribute it to hopelessness of success or disappointed ambition.

What then could urge a daring and high-spirited man to forego the honours with which fortune seemed prepared to crown him,—honours too, the well-won meed of a course trying and hazardous in the extreme? The world, which always furnishes marvellous causes to unexpected occurrences, adjusted the matter with its accustomed veracity. The only person who could have enlightened it, was St. George himself, and he set sail for Europe, leaving his Indian friends to unriddle the mystery at their leisure.

How little men know of each other, and yet how readily they deal forth judgment on circumstances, to comprehend which the most intimate acquaintance with the secret springs of action is absolutely necessary. Mrs. St. George sickened and breathed her last on the passage to England. A vessel brought the news to Calcutta, in time to gain the Colonel the reputation of having been a model of conjugal affection. His retirement from active life was now attributed to an overwhelming regard for the deceased lady, whose health had demanded an European atmosphere. Every body pitied the broken-hearted husband, who had in vain sacrificed the brightest pledges of personal aggrandizement at the shrine of connubial tenderness. The applause of the multitude, like its condemnation, “no cold medium knows,” and the wonder of the hour is either a demigod or a demon.

St. George was neither, although his history and character were of no common order. Twenty years

before, his brain would have reeled, had he felt assured that fate would have ever endowed him with a tithe of what was his on reaching Old England again. Yet the pleasure distinction had promised, eluded his grasp like water, and the wealth he shared to profusion, imparted sensations nothing superior to what a miner derives from a burden of gold.

He was born in a venerable town, in the West of Scotland, one of four burghs, the union of whose corporate voices calls an item of the legislature into septennial existence. His family was by its own report a withered branch of the great Argyle Campbells. Whether the assumption was just or not, his father, Dugald Campbell, public instructor of youth in the *gude town* of D——, was a personage of considerable consequence in his peculiar circle, and acquitted himself like one who knows and appreciates the value of a good name. He was conscientious and simple-minded, with a resolute love of truth, and a burning thirst after every description of knowledge. In common with all “of woman born,” he had his weaknesses: a leading one of which was an intellectual contempt for pursuits unassociated with letters. For agriculture, commerce and manufactures, he entertained a most dignified scorn. His spouse had also her professional antipathies. She was a kind-hearted creature, shrewd too and reflective, but tenacious in the last degree of sundry opinions which had been “time out of mind” hereditary in her father’s house. Among these was

an utter aversion to law and soldiership, and an undisguised belief that they who terminated their career in either of these avocations were vessels selected for any thing but a holy or happy purpose. The celebrated Colonel Gardiner, indeed, formed an exception; but he was quoted as a brand snatched from the burning, an instance of what Providence can, rather than of what he will do. Mrs. Campbell generally clinched her arguments by appealing to the notorious mal-practices of a half-pay captain, and his crony, a *writer* of small eminence, whose everlasting potations, and the freaks consequent thereupon, afforded a permanent theme to the sober moralizers of the burgh.

The prepossessions of this worthy couple naturally regulated their intentions with respect to their son. *Wee Geordie* was neither to be farmer, weaver, shop-keeper, writer, counting-house scribe, nor gentleman militant. Dugald, for household reasons he chose to conceal, declined making him a light to the rising generation, which surprised those who witnessed the enthusiasm he always displayed in speaking of the important office allotted to the dispenser of learning. The Church was neutral ground, both to husband and wife. The Church therefore was selected, and *Wee Geordie* was formally and reverently set apart for the sacred labours of the ministry.

The schoolmaster had reaped small temporal advantage from infusing a liberal taste into the *wabsters'* *callants* of the burgh. He was poor; and though his

wife was a thrifty woman, and, as her good man observed at times when his stayed affections overflowed their usual measure of expression, "a crown unto her husband,"—still it would have puzzled a better manager to extract riches out of poverty, which Mrs. Campbell aptly compared to drawing marrow from a *fusionless bane*. It was an affecting sight to see the exertions they made, under the pressure of indigence, to give their beloved *bairn*, the sole surviving hope of seven, an education suited to the high vocation for which, with submission to Providence, they had destined him. The Dominie's black coat was relieved at much longer intervals; his snuff-box was literally laid upon the shelf; and even the prim little tea-pot, that had been in diurnal use from the commencement of their house-keeping, graced the table no more at morning and evening meal, but was superseded by a dull vessel of crockery, containing a portion of blue-looking milk. Grandeur may smile in derision at the recital of these humble sacrifices, but there is One by whom they will be pronounced acceptable, in the day when the vanities of a heartless world will fleet away with the perishing scene of their unsubstantial triumphs. Beautiful and becoming in the eyes of the paternal God is the unwearied attachment of the parent to the child! Alas! how little does the unthinking spirit of youth know of the extent of its devotedness. There sits the froward, fretful, indolent boy. The care that keeps perpetual watch over his moral and physical safety, he misnames unjust restriction.

The foresight that denies itself many a comfort to provide for his future wants, he denounces as sordid avarice. He turns away from his father's face in coldness or in anger. Boy! boy! the cloud upon that toil-worn brow has been placed there by anxiety, not for self, but for an impatient, peevish son, whose pillow he would gladly strew with roses, though thorns should thicken around his own. Even at the moment when his arm is raised to inflict chastisement on thy folly, thou shouldst bend and bless thy parent. The heart loathes the hand that corrects thy errors; and not for worlds would he use "the rod of reproof," did he not perceive the necessity of crushing his own feelings, to save thee from thyself.

After a course of English education under his father, and of classical literature under a competent teacher, George Campbell was sent to the University of Glasgow with a few pounds and innumerable blessings. An eight-day clock, the chief domestic ornament, was sold to assist in his outfit. It was hoped that he might obtain a tuition, and so contribute a share of his collegiate expenses. At parting, his mother presented him with her own pocket Bible, in which her name was inscribed in gold letters, and slipped a silk purse into his hand containing thirty shillings, earned by sewing and washing, at hours when a frame, far from robust, required repose. His father accompanied him to Glasgow, and remained there until he saw him settled in his humble lodgings, and until the *lonesome* feeling

inseparable from a first entrance into a great city had something abated.

"Fareweel! Geordie," said he, as he shook the young student's hand: "Write aften, and be mindfu' to let us ken a' about your studies, an' how ye come on wi' the Professors! Dinna be frettin' that ye're no at your ain fire-side; though your mither and I canna aye be wi' ye, the Lord I trust will—and he'll no let you want for ony thing that's gude. 'Ask and you shall receive.'"

The honest teacher faltered, as he pronounced the last "Fareweel!" and when he halted midway on the stone staircase that led to his son's attic apartment, he afforded subject for speculation to more than one gazer, who stared at the tall iron-looking man in "the auld black coat, dichtin' his een wi' his wee bit napekin and greetin' like a wean."

Four sessions of college had passed, and George had both distinguished himself in his classes and obtained a respectable tuition. Dress and a residence in a gentleman's family had improved his manners and appearance. By the Professors he was esteemed a youth of decided promise, and he was admired by his compeers as a lad of sense and metal.—Low as his situation was, there were others of a grade still lower, and even he had his circle of flatterers, who aggravated his opinion of his abilities, and encouraged a notion he had long cherished in secret, that the Kirk of Scotland offered a field, a world too narrow for the exercise of his genius.

His engagement as a tutor had expired,—and the term for attaching himself to the study of theology was approaching; it therefore behoved him to decide for futurity without delay. He resolved to abandon all thoughts of the ministry, and as he well knew the impossibility of reconciling his parents to the change, he determined at once to leave Scotland, and return to beg forgiveness when fortune had crowned his efforts in another and wider sphere. After transmitting a hasty letter to his father, he embarked at Leith, and in a few days landed in London with about an equal number of shirts and guineas. Singular and hope-depressing were the vicissitudes he underwent in a brief space, without friend or recommendation, where both, and more than both, are required by the youthful adventurer. Chance, as it is termed, made him a kind of secretary, or literary assistant, to an individual of eccentric liberality and great East India interest. His endeavours to please his employer were completely successful; a cadetship falling in his gift, he was rewarded with it; and the close of his minority found him with a pair of colours in a regiment of Bengal infantry. Such was the early history of Colonel St. George,—a history he had studiously concealed from his arrival in India, and which, according to his wishes, remained unknown. Though far from being either a cold-blooded or unprincipled man, a false shame and a deference to the opinions of people he despised, had prevented him from communicating with his parents. Once, in a gay assembly, flushed with wine,

he had taken advantage of the family tradition, and had claimed affinity with the house of Argyle. This assertion he conceived himself bound to support, and he dreaded the discovery of his humble origin, as involving disgrace and degradation.—He forwarded money from time to time by a circuitous channel to a lawyer in Glasgow, for the use of his parents, under the assumed character of a distant relative, and endeavoured to satisfy his conscience by receiving information of their welfare in this indirect and disingenuous manner.

Ambition did not meet the expectations of its votary; the son of an obscure, indigent schoolmaster held high command in the most splendid military service in the world, and was unhappy. His views were elevated, his capacity extensive, his spirit haughty, his feelings, though criminal in one instance, capable of much that was noble; and he found beneath the glare of his profession a thousand things to irritate and gall him. His pride threw a veil over his vexation and disappointment, but he suffered not less keenly, nor sighed less frequently for independence and retirement. To procure them on a scale calculated to preserve the homage of the multitude he scorned, he wooed and won a woman he did not love, and tried in vain to esteem. An idle dispute for precedence with a lady of kindred pretensions, brought the Colonel's equivocal lineage under hostile scrutiny. The question was referred to an individual expected in a month or two from Europe. Before the arrival of the arbiter, St. George was on

the way to England, and the partner of his fortunes, but not his affections, had ceased to exist. This event, subdued as he had been by other circumstances, sensibly altered his disposition and resolves. Without domestic ties, for his had proved a childless union, he soon felt that in the midst of wealth, and all the luxuries that wealth can command, the heart may be desolate as death. He determined to seek his parents, alleviate in person the ills of their old age, and end his days in the country of his birth as became a rational and responsible being. Having concluded the purchase of an estate situated in the Western Highlands, he left London for the place of his nativity, from which he had been separated one and twenty years.

He sailed from Liverpool for Greenock ; the wind was favourable and the passage not unpleasant, even to the long absent sojourner in lands glowing beneath a tropical sun. The best hues of our northern summer were tenderly united in the soft shadowy grandeur that characterized the combinations of earth, sea and sky which greeted the Colonel's gaze, as the bark cleft its evening way through the waters that roll between Bute and Arran. This scene had left a deep impression on his memory when he parted "lang syne" from the country of his fathers, and now face to face once more with "the grand giant mountains," the expression of their stern lineaments all unaltered, while he and his were changed, how much he could not say, and might not dream ; heart-seared and world-worn though he

was, his feelings gushed forth in a flood, and his breast rose and fell like a sea-bird on the billows. At that moment he seemed to have overleaped the chasm of years which divided him from the days of boy existence; the present floated away like a mist, and the past lay before him clear and fair as the side of a sunny hill. His first thoughts were those of a patriot—his second of a man. With all his soul did he bless every hill, valley, forest, firth, stream, cottage, town and tower of Broad Scotland, and bitterly did he reflect, that in disowning the holiest ties that bound him to Caldonia, he had shown himself unworthy of being called her son. His hands clasped a relic long untouched and half forgotten; its preservation appeared to him almost miraculous—it was his mother's pocket bible, his college gift. Insects had pierced its leaves, the binding had decayed, and the gay letters in which her name had been inscribed, were like her boy's affections, tarnished and time-worn; yet "Marion Campbell" was still visible, and the words her hand had written, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," were not quite obliterated. The Colonel slid the book into his bosom.

The sun-fires had died away in the west, and dusker and dusker grew the peaks of the distant mountains. A solitary planet, that had ruled the vesper heavens, quietly gave place to the rightful queen of night, who rose, as she only rises to men who hail her on the waters—a symbol of unutterable hope—a creature going forth in the might and majesty of gentleness, tuning

the wildest spirits to the anthem of universal love. Star after star dropped from their silent eyries in the remote invisible space, and clustered, a goodly troop, around their sovereign. The home-returning wanderer, looking to the cloudless sky peopled with luminous life, felt and acknowledged the influence of the Almighty and his works; he crossed his arms upon his breast, and pressed the volume he had deposited there, with a tranquil fervour to which he had been long, very long a stranger. Sharp blew the night-breeze, and the bark obeyed it well. As they skirted the shores of Argyleshire, the waves of romantic Clyde, leaping and sparkling, seemed with their monotonous voices to bid the self-expatriated welcome to their common land. Pensively he hung over the vessel's edge, and murmured, as he turned his glance towards the country of the Campbells, "I have parted with my name, but my nature is still unchanged. Forgive me, God! forgive me my estrangement from thee and the protectors of my youth. Though an unworthy lip implores thee, bless, I beseech thee, my poor deserted parents with the blessing thou hast in reserve for those whom most thou lovest!" As he ejaculated these words, he pulled his travelling cap closely over his brow, and drew his handkerchief from his pocket, as if to protect his throat from the nocturnal chillness. He leaned an arm upon a part of the rigging, and, pressing the handkerchief to his temples, hid his face in its folds. A tremulous motion pervaded him, which seemed to say, "One of the teamen."

perceiving him shiver, observed, that the air, for so mild a season, was remarkably keen.—The Colonel started from his position, and gathering his cloak so as completely to conceal his features, strode hastily and silently below, and throwing himself upon a sofa, slept, or appeared to sleep, until the rustling of ropes and the din of voices announced their arrival at Greenock.

Care and campaigning had made St. George indifferent to the pleasures of protracted repose. He quitted, what his host of “the Tontine” was pleased to term as good a bed as Renfrewshire could afford, at six o’clock, an early hour for a traveller fresh from sea. A summons thrice repeated, hardly disturbed the Eastern torpor of Saib, his Malay servant, who, wrapped in a seven-fold shield of blankets, was roaming on the pinions of dreaming fancy among the palmy isles of the Indian Archipelago. Having produced a packet, required by his master, he was permitted to return to his couch,—an indulgence, the value of which he acknowledged by many profound obeisances. The Colonel inspected a number of papers; and having finished a note of instructions to his lawyer in Edinburgh, despatched the following letter to the agent, who had been employed to forward the remittances to his parents. This person had remained unacquainted with the name and rank of his principal, until his departure for Europe. Of the actual relation of Colonel St. George to Dugald Campbell and his wife, he was yet ignorant, and on that point it was not considered necessary to enlighten him.

SIR,

Greenock, July 22d, 18—.

Before I sailed from India, I transmitted, through Messrs. Leeson and Fairbrother, an order for 200*l.* to be applied to the use of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, who, according to your last account, had fixed their residence in Glasgow. I at the same time begged you to communicate to them that their only son was still alive, and having realized an independence, was about to return to his friends and his native soil. I requested the favour of a reply, addressed to the care of Payne and Van Ess, Lombard Street, London; but nothing of the kind has reached them or me. I wrote another letter when I reached London, stating that Mr. Campbell the younger had arrived in England, and was anxious that the fact should be immediately intimated to his parents, and likewise expressing a strong desire on his behalf to be informed of the particulars of their present situation. This also remains unanswered.

I knew not their address, else I should have communicated with them directly; but I hope you will without fail instantly inform Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, that their son George will be in Glasgow in *two days* from the date of this sheet, at which time I purpose calling upon you to arrange any matters that may remain unsettled by my Calcutta agents.

I am, Sir, your very obedient Servant,

To Archibald M'Grigor, Esq. G. C. ST. GEORGE.

Writer,

St. Enoch's Square, Glasgow.

The Colonel resolved to complete his plans as quickly as possible. Catherine's Craig, the Highland property of which he had recently become the owner, was only a short sail from Greenock, on the picturesque shores of Loch G——. Attached to it was a handsome modern mansion, and a part of the lands retained in the possession of the late proprietor was well laid out, and as promising as careful cultivation could make an ungrateful soil. He had purchased the entire stock and furniture, with the intention of remaining there during the summer and autumn, and he had postponed his journey to Glasgow, partly to prepare his father and mother for his appearance, and partly to see that his new abode was in order for his and their reception. At noon, he went on board a coasting vessel, bound with a few passengers, and much miscellaneous lumber for the head of Loch G——.

Of all the years he had passed on earth, more than a half had elapsed since he had spent a day within the bounds of his natal soil, and he deemed it singular that his emotions were not of a livelier character. Long-slumbering images of evil arose and thickened upon his mental vision, making impressions more life-like and truth-like than the surrounding scene, though crowded with home associations and mute remembrancers of affection and the affectionate. His sensations did not amount to positive pain or sorrow. A solitary joy-thrill would ever and anon mingle with them strangely. Yet he was far from experiencing that

warm, uninterrupted pleasure he had anticipated from his first day in Scotland. To relieve the trouble of his spirits, he gladly met the wishes of an old gentleman, who showed a desire for conversation, and who, minutely acquainted with the localities on their course, appeared courteously solicitous to impart his knowledge to one, whose swart cheek and foreign attendant announced a stranger. This individual was dressed in a modest suit of black, cut after a forgotten fashion. His face to a physiognomist, would have been security for a thousand pounds; its expression at once indicating strength of mind, sincerity and philanthropy, qualities strikingly developed in his observations. Every fine feature of a coast distinguished by boldness and beauty, derived a new interest from the energy of his description and the vivacity of his anecdote. St. George and he were mutually pleased, and had passed the bounds of formal introduction an hour before their bark had reached its destination. The old gentleman was the unaffectedly pious and thoroughly learned Dr. Summerville, clergyman of Loch G——, the parish in which Catherine's Craig was situated. He greeted the Colonel as a member of his flock, and good-humouredly hoped that he would employ him without ceremony in his secular as well as in his sacred capacity. Occasional showers had fallen, and the sky looked loweringly, when they touched the fairy strand that fringed the secluded site of their mountain haven. With a kindly frankness, that spoke a disposition anything but

indifferent to a refusal, the good pastor tendered the hospitalities of the manse for the night to his new parishioner, backing his invitation, by expatiating on possible disorder at the Craig, the length of the way, the uncertainty of the weather, and the danger of trying meteorological experiments on a frame hot from Hindostan. He begged to premise, however, that he would not pledge himself for their cheer, as he had been some time from home, and how his niece would regulate household matters in his absence, he did not pretend to divine. The young lady enjoyed but a temporary authority; her mother, his legitimate housekeeper, being on a visit at Edinburgh. Of one thing at least he was certain, that Jessie would leave nothing undone to express her gratitude to her uncle, if he succeeded in procuring her an audience from an officer, who had won his laurels in the Company's service. St. George, in a similar strain of gaiety, accepted the Doctor's offer, and ordering Saib to "marshal the march" of a knot of bare-legged *gillics*, who carried his baggage, he proceeded to the manse.

Miss Summerville was abroad, but the appearance of the vessel produced her speedy return. The gentlemen were standing at the window of a pleasant parlour that fronted "the dream-loving billow," when she came in sight; and the old man's benevolent eyes glistened as they fell upon her graceful form tripping cheerily along, in the buoyancy of innocence, to give him the artless welcoming of grateful affection. He advanced

to meet her. Bounding forward, without regard to the fate of a pretty basket which dropped to the ground, Jessie hung upon his arm, and clasped his right hand closely in hers. The Doctor, surveying the prostrate basket, inquired if she had been visiting their sick friend. She replied in the affirmative, adding that he was ill—very ill—and had expressed an anxiety to see the minister whenever he came home.”

“We shall see him to-night, my dear; in the mean time, I have the pleasure of introducing you to Colonel St. George.—My niece, Miss Jessie Summerville, Colonel; a young lady who takes a lively interest in the East India service, and the officers attached to it.—What, blushing? Then I must descend to sober explanation, and destroy the romance. Miss Summerville would have me say, Sir, that she has two brothers on the Bengal establishment, for whose sake she entertains a strong partiality for every gentleman who has borne a commission in the East. Now, my love, hold a dinner counsel with Matty, without delay. We have had good cause for appetite, and until the Colonel has tasted our mountain fare, I feel bound to protect him from the fierce onslaught of female curiosity.”

Dinner was quickly served up, and with that taste and neatness which impart an agreeable zest to the plainest viands. Jessie assisted in doing the honours of the table, in a style that St. George considered surprising in a girl unused to fashionable life. Unlike the vacant imitations of humanity whom he had often

heard thus designated, she appeared to him really an accomplished female. With a sound understanding, and accurate and general information, she neither obtruded nor withheld her opinions. Her beauty, too,—for she was beautiful,—sat easily upon her. She wore it sportively, like one pleased that it gave pleasure to those she esteemed, but fully alive to its intrinsic nothingness. There was an unostentatious kindness about his entertainment, that inspired St. George with feelings more gratifying than any he had experienced for many a day. In the course of conversation it was discovered that, as Colonel Campbell, he had done a signal serve to Lieutenant Summerville, Jessie's younger brother. This made him completely at home under his host's roof, and he was at once treated with the confidence usually bestowed upon an old and respected friend. When his niece retired, the Doctor spoke unreservedly of her and the family. His brother, Major Summerville, had, he said, died at middle age, leaving his wife and three children with a sum scarcely exceeding two thousand pounds for their future provision. The boys, who were early bent on a military life, were battling for bread in India: Jessie and her excellent mother shared his humble lot.

"Poor lassie," continued he in a softened tone, "dearer to me she could not be were she my own beloved child! She is so truly good, so—but enough of domestic explanations. Colonel, you have pronounced yourself a confirmed tea-bibber, and as Jessie has by

this time concluded her arrangements, we shall, if you please, put your sincerity to the test." The divine showed the way into a cheerful apartment, where the exhilarating leaf from "far Cathay" awaited their attendance. This room was particularly devoted to the ladies, their amusements and occupations. A harp and music-books, giving promise of sweet sounds, retained possession of a corner. Drawings of mountain scenery, and a few choice volumes, lay upon a little table of fantastic workmanship. Fresh flowers were tastefully disposed in vases of cheap material and pleasing symmetry. The open window displayed some blossoming exotics, ranged on a rustic balcony, and unfolded to the eye a picture composed of the grandest elements of the natural landscape. The rain-clouds had quite disappeared—the winds slumbered upon flood and forest—the sun was setting, and the summits of the far cliffs looked as they had been bathed in molten gold.

"O for music at such an hour!" cried St. George, casting an expressive glance at the harp. Miss Summerville smiled and obeyed the summons. "Jessie," said her uncle, "sing that fine old Scottish melody that your brother 'married to immortal verse.' It is supposed to be the complaint of an unhappy nabob, Colonel, on returning to the Land O'Cakes. The air will atone for the defects of Willie's poesy." Jessie again smiled, and running her fingers lightly over the chords, sang the following song without further prelude :—

O the clear caller stream an' the shady green tree,
An' the hours I spent, bonnie Mary, wi' thee!
When the gloamin' that hallowed the lang summer day
Seemed to fleet on the wings o' the swallow away.

As saft flowin' waters, trees leafy and green,
As ye, my auld loved anes, I aften hac seen;
An' maids like my Mary, young, artless, and fair,
But the joys o' past hours I've found never mair!

Wi' gold frae the Indies I've bought me braid lands,
I've biggit the house in the plantin' that stands;
But I'm no half sae happy wi' a' that's now mine
As when wi' my Mary I wandered lang syne.

A stranger I was in the lands whence I came,
Now absence has made me a stranger at hame;
Baith great folk and sma' o' his siller can tell,
But naebody cares for the carl himsel.

O wae on this grandeur! it's lonesome and cauld,
It's no like the pleasure I tasted of auld,
When down by the burn and bonnie green tree
I dream'd through the gloamin' lost lassie wi' thee!

The last vibration of the harp-strings had melted into the tranquillity of evening. A silence of some minutes followed. St. George, who, in a fit of abstraction, had fixed his eyes rather broadly on the fair minstrel, made an awkward attempt at compliment. The Doctor called for more enlivening harmony. Jessie played a variety of national airs, and craved leave to resign the instrument. Conversation was resumed, but it had lost its playful character. The Doctor protested that the Nabob had bewitched them. The song had, in truth, a saddening influence over two of the party. Jessie thought of its author—her dear brother Willie—an exile in a clime pernicious to his health, uncongenial

to his habits. The Colonel relapsed into the mood of dark reflection that had thrown a gloom over his morning meditations.

"It is now half-past nine, uncle," said Miss Summerville, using more than ordinary emphasis in announcing the hour.

"True, Jessie; and our duty must be remembered. Perhaps our guest will accompany us. We are going to the village, Colonel, to administer comfort to a poor old man, who, I fear, will soon retire to 'the narrow house appointed for all living.' The death-bed of the pure in spirit is replete with instruction; and of our afflicted friend I may truly say he is 'an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile.'"

St. George expressed a ready acquiescence, and they were soon on their way to the village.

They entered a cottage, small and of rude construction, but exhibiting a degree of cleanliness and comfort rather unusual in a Highland habitation of its class. It belonged to a fisherman's widow, a *douce-looking* dame, who answered the clergyman's low-breathed inquiries by a mournful shake of the head, and gliding *ben* beckoned the party to follow. Jessie and the Colonel sat upon a chest near a window, the recess of which contained a number of books that had evidently seen service. The divine, taking a light from the *gudewife*, approached a large four-posted bed, hung with coarse plaiding. St. George lifted a volume and began to explore its pages, although it was pretty

obvious that no human powers of vision could have distinguished a syllable in the position he occupied. The minister bent a moment over the bed, then softly retreated to the window, and placed the candle in the recess.

"He is fast asleep," said he, "let us not disturb him." A hollow, distressful cough broke upon the stillness, and proved him mistaken.

"Wha's there, Lizie?" inquired the sick man, in a voice struggling hard for expression.

"It's naebody but the minister and the young leddy," replied Lizie.

"Doctor, come near me," said the sufferer, endeavouring to raise his emaciated form; "I was amaist, afeard we should never meet in this warld mair. This has been a dreich day to me—a weary day, an' a waur gloamin'. But let me no' be unthankfu'. 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.' Gie's yer han', Sir, ye hae been a gude frien' to a puir auld 'broken reed,' with neither wife, nor wean, house, nor ha'—yer han', Doctor, yer han'; it's may be for the last time."

The minister, when the invalid began to speak, had resumed the light, and would have advanced immediately towards him, had not Colonel St. George arrested his hand, while, with a pale cheek and trembling lip, he rivetted his eyes on three or four lines of manuscript, barely legible, on the title-page of the volume he had picked up at random in the window. He dropped the book—compressed his brow

between his extended palms—and, grasping Dr. Summerville's arm, led him hurriedly out of the cottage.

An ash tree, that grew about thirty yards from the door, afforded support to the Colonel's frame, which appeared to demand it. The pastor, in a tone of deep anxiety, begged him to explain the cause of his emotions. He paced to and fro for a moment; then paused, as if endeavouring to master feelings that left no room for utterance. At length, in accents low and broken, he replied,

"Sir—Sir, you know not what you have done,—you have brought me to my father's death-bed."

"Dugald Campbell your father, Colonel! impossible!"

"Impossible! Sir, it is true—bitter true—One and twenty years have rolled by since I heard that voice, but hollow as it is, it rings through my heart; and if the lip misled me, the hand could not. I knew the book, and I remembered the writing well. God pardon me! I have been guilty of black wrong, but surely I am not to blame for all this. My mother in her grave too! Well may I exclaim with Cain, 'My punishment is greater than I can bear.' But how came my father here, and why is he so destitute? I sent from India what to him must have been affluence, had he received it.—Can M'Grigor have deceived me?"

"M'Grigor! What M'Grigor?"

"M'Grigor the writer, in St. Enoch's Square, Glasgow, to whom I forwarded large sums for the use of my parents."

"Then you have been deceived. Although ill health, and other causes, reduced them to great distress, more than a trifling sum annually, I *know* he never gave them; and even of that your father had not a farthing during the last year, when he much required it. M'Grigor, about ten months ago, sold all his effects and sailed for South America."

"Curses go with him! but I have deserved it all—more, much more; yet the villain shall not escape me!"

"Colonel St. George," said the clergyman, "I am sure it is from no unworthy feeling, from no wish to exceed my proper measure in our respective relations, that I am induced to hope you will forbear the expression of your sentiments concerning the person who has wronged you. There is a solemn and important duty to be performed; your father has to be told, that you are here, and it must be done with much caution, lest the shock prove too heavy for him, and extinguish a flame already flickering."

"To you, Sir, I confide every thing. Tell him, that his long-lost son is waiting to crave his forgiveness, and to be the prop of his declining years, if the Author of Life will, in his mercy, spare him yet a little longer."

The pastor had executed his task;—the females had retired with him, and the repentant son knelt by the hard couch on which his father lay, worn with age and penury and sore affliction. His tears filled the hollow of the furrowed hand he pressed to his quivering lips. The heart that had never failed him in the charge of

battle, became as an infant's, and he sobbed aloud.—It was nature's holy triumph.

“Dinna be grievin', Geordie, ye're still my ain bairn, though we're baith mickle altered; ye hae my blessing, but ye maun seek yer Maker's. Remember, we canna 'serve two masters. What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?’”

“Father, my dear father! spare yourself; you are exhausted—I pray you spare yourself—we shall again see happy days.”

“I hope you will, Geordie, and mony o'them, but my hours are numbered; and though I feel as one who joys in the God of his salvation, yet I ken weel that I'm no to be lang here. Be gratefu' to the gude pastor o' this place when I'm gane, and lay me beside your mither in the kirkyard at our auld hame.—I'm waxin faint, an' my ee'n are wearin' dim—Ca' the Minister, an' let me hear my son's voice join in the worship of God before I gang to my rest.”

A psalm was sung,—a portion of scripture read, and as they knelt in prayer, the sick man placed his hand upon his son's head. The service was at an end, and still it lingered there;—all was tranquil, and it seemed as if he slumbered. In removing the hand to the warmth of the bed, it felt powerless and chill.—The Colonel snatched a light and gazed piercingly and long upon the wasted features of his father—he was dead.

“Blessed are they who die in the Lord,” said the Minister, as he closed the eyelids of the departed;—

"May *we* die the death of the righteous, and may *our* last end be like his. And sanctify, we beseech thee, O Lord, this affliction to the use of thy servant!"

The course of his subsequent life proved that the unexpected trials of this period were indeed sanctified to Colonel St. George. From the time of his bereavement, he acted as if every passion of earth had been supplanted by the noble ambition to walk soberly, righteously and godly through an evil world.

He was yet in the prime of existence,—his constitution vigorous,—his fortune ample. Bound to Dr. Summerville by the strongest ties of gratitude, it was his pride and pleasure to acknowledge them. They became friends of the truest order. The pastor of Loch G— was his chief counsellor and sole confidant, and frequently admonished him, in a vein of harmless pleasantry, on the impropriety of remaining alone in the world. One day, when the subject was introduced, the Colonel pronounced himself a convert, and craved his clergyman's consent to his addresses. He demanded the lady's name—

"Miss Jessie Summerville."

"She is a good girl, and worthy of you. My consent shall not be wanting, if you gain her mother's and her own."

The Colonel contrived to make himself acceptable to all parties—he was united to Jessie—it proved a happy union—the Doctor had to find a new theme for his admonitions, and Catherine's Craig was no longer solitary.

ON READING "THE COURSE OF TIME,"

BY THE LATE REV. ROBERT POLLOK.

BY MRS. JOSIAH CONDER.

"He touched a harp of wondrous melody."

THINE was a glorious destiny,—to soar,
 While mortal yet, above the shadowy bound
 Of mortal things, o'er heights unscaled before,
 To claim free passport for the heavenly ground.

Thy native home it seemed; for Thou couldst bear
 With stedfast gaze, the mysteries of light
 And truth, that shed majestic glory there;
 Untired, undazzled by the venturous flight.

Thy harp of high, apocalyptic tone
 Was strung for Paradise, though given below;
 And thou before the rainbow-tinctured throne
 Wherefrom the crystal, living waters flow,
 Didst haste with kings and priests to cast it down,
 And join the holy throng, impatient for thy crown.

WEARIE'S WELL.

BY WILLIAM MOTHERWELL,

Author of "Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern."

IN a saft simmer gloamin,
 In yon dowie dell,
 ' It was there we twa first met
 By Wearie's cauld well.
 We sat on the brume bank
 And looked in the burn,
 But sidelang we looked on
 Ilk ither in turn.

The corn-craik was chirming
 His sad cerie cry,
 And the wee stars were dreaming
 Their path through the sky.
 The burn babbled freely
 Its luve to each flower,
 But we heard and we saw nought
 In that blessed hour.

We heard and we saw nought
Above or around:
We felt that our luve lived,
And loathed idle sound.
I gazed on your sweet face
Till tears filled mine e'e,
And they drapt on your wee loof—
A warld's wealth to me!

Now the winter snaw's fa'ing
On bare holm and lea;
And the cauld wind is strippin'
Ilk leaf aff the trec.
But the snaw fa's not faster,
The leaf disna part
Sae sune frae the bough, as
Faith fades in your heart.

Ye've waled out anither
Your bridegroom to be;
But can his heart luve sae
As mine luvit thee?
Ye'll get biggings and mailins,
And monie braw claes;
But they a' winna buy back
The peace o' past days.

Fareweel, and for ever!
 My first love and last;
 May thy joys be to come,
 Mine live in the past.
 In sorrow and sadness,
 This hour fa's on me;
 But light, as thy love, may
 It fleet over thee.

MORNING DREAMS.

A Picture of a Girl on a Couch,—newly awakened,—and in a reclining attitude.

SHE has been dreaming!—and her thoughts are still,
 On their far journey, in the land of dreams!
 The forms we call,—but may not chase—at will,
 And soft, low voices—sweet as distant streams
 Heard in the night-hush,—linger round her heart!
 Oh! dark-eyed dreamer! must thy spirit sail
 Into the years when dreams of joy depart
 With each bright morning—like the nightingale!
 When hope is only for the slumbering hours,
 A thing on which the waker thinks—and weeps!
 And pleasant fancies—like night-blowing flowers,—
 Give out their perfume, *but* while memory sleeps!
 —Thine is the precious privilege of youth,
 That paints all visions in the hues of truth!

T. K. HERVEY.



Painted by J. Jackson R.A.

Engraved by F. Parbury.

THE ROSE OF CASTLE HOWARD.**BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.****“Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.”**

BABE! thou wert born in noble halls,
The crown and shield were on thy walls,
And shapes of state and chivalry
Dawned richly on thy infant eye.
And on thy infant lips were names
That light the heart like beacon flames.

Along thy castled galleries
Rose emblems of the brave and wise,
The bold Crusader in his mail,
With many an Eastern vigil pale,
The last survivor of the band
He led from England's joyous strand;
He led from pleasant hall and bower
To face the Arab's arrowy shower;

He led from love and beauty's shrine
To bleed in fatal Palestine.
And there the Sage's lofty brow,
Like the proud mountain's crown of snow,
Calm, pure, above earth's troubled scene,
Gazing on heaven, no cloud between.
And there the Statesman's vivid eye,
The lip where sleeping thunders lie,
Awaiting but the solemn hour
That summons virtue in her power,
When tyrants stretch the iron hand,
When faction saps and sinks the land;
He cares not whence the blow is given,
There stands the Champion called of Heaven.

Yet, Infant of a lordly line,
A loftier fate may yet be thine,
A richer wreath than ever round
The brow of chief or sage was bound:
A coronal in which the gems
Are lit with glory's deathless beams;
Crown of the holy and the just,
When soars the Spirit from the dust,
When to the angel's native home
The father bids his children come,
Bids tears be dried, and sins forgiven,—
Infant! of such as thou, is Heaven!

NOTICES OF THE CANADIAN INDIANS.

• BY EDWARD WALSH, M.D.

Physician to His Majesty's Forces.

THE mutations in the condition of the great family of man, have furnished, in all ages, a copious theme for poets, moralists, and philosophers. States and empires have passed over the shifting scene of human existence, and "left not a wreck behind,"—*etiam perière ruinae*. It is by their historic names only they are known to have once existed; but while they sink and are absorbed, like the ephemeral suns of the Aborigines of America, in the dark ocean of oblivion, another sun, *alter et idem*, issues from his chambers in the east, and "rejoices as a giant to run his course."* The species perish, but the genus is immortal. We live in an æra when such scenes may possibly be witnessed.

* The American Indians believe that the old sun every evening is extinguished and dissolved in the Pacific Ocean, and a new one arises the next day out of the Atlantic.

When the wars and calamities incident to the human race leave great voids in the population of the middle and southern regions, "the populous north" has ever been ready to pour out its myriads to fill them up; in no time, however, has its population been so steadily on a progressive increase as at present. An Omniscient Providence brings about events by secondary causes for ultimate good, and these are now obvious. "The march of intellect" has produced improvements in the arts and sciences. Agriculture and commerce have gone hand in hand to supply subsistence for the increase of the people; for when a bad season threatens a scarcity in one country, the superabundance of another anticipates the evil. Wars are no longer so sanguinary and destructive as formerly; and diseases, once so formidable and fatal, are now so much altered and subdued, as to prove comparatively little destructive; whilst habits of temperance have established among all classes a steadier state of health. At the same time, the silent spread of the Christian religion begins to shed its divine influence on every region; and, in spite of the intolerance and bigotry of some of its professors, brings every where "Peace on earth, and good-will towards man."

By these causes, the former checks to population are, in a great measure, removed; but a consequence follows, which threatens a more terrible calamity than all its checks put together. Every where, even in the largest cities, the annual births exceed the burials

and it must inevitably happen, if no causes, natural or political, prevent, that more mouths will be produced, than there can be food provided to supply them. This has become a subject of the first consideration to every government. Various plans have been agitated and proposed; but there is one only on which reliance can be placed with any prospect of success, and that is emigration. Indeed, it has grown into a general feeling, a kind of instinct, to emigrate, independent of government aids, to countries where plenty and independence may be obtained, which is denied at home. But of all regions, the Canadas seem most congenial to British habits. The soil and climate are, in the highest degree, fertile and salubrious. There are some countries, which, from an unknown constitution of the atmosphere, seem to be exempt from certain fatal diseases that infest their neighbours; thus the plague never visits Persia, nor the yellow fever the Canadas.

I have only to regret one consequence that results, or will inevitably result, from the rapid increase of the population of British America, and that is, the utter extinction or absorption of the aboriginal natives. The red and the white people cannot co-exist in the same place. Many well-informed writers have described the country and its inhabitants, and treated at large of American population. I am willing to contribute my gleanings, collected during a residence of more than five years amongst them, and to testify,

“before they go hence, and be no more seen,” that an unlettered, but interesting race of *Red People* had existed.*

The opportunities I had of mixing with these people, and knowing them well, were such as do not usually happen to those who merely visit the country. Shortly after my arrival, one of these occurred, which I was glad to avail myself of. Among the misfortunes which the migration of Europeans to America has brought on the natives, is the introduction of the small-pox, from the scourge of which they had before been exempt. Diseases are always most fatal when they seize, for the first time, fresh victims; and this spread its ravages among the red people, with the resistless fury of a conflagration. I shall mention one instance of its devastating effects. A distant tribe in alliance with the Chipawas had been in a flourishing state, when it was first attacked by this awful pest. In vain their priests, prophets, and physicians, attempted to arrest its progress; they themselves became its victims. The survivors shifted their encampments from place to place; the inexorable pestilence pursued them, till the whole nation perished, with the exception of one

* The term *Indian* does not properly belong to the American aborigines. The first discoverers of the Western Hemisphere, supposing that the continent and islands of America were parts of India beyond the Ganges, called the whole *West Indies*, and the natives *Indians*; a name that is loosely applied to all savages, but which is least of all applicable to the red American people, who are neither Indians nor savages; but the name having obtained general currency, cannot now be dispensed with.

family—a man, his wife, and child. This “last man” fled towards the British settlements, and was seen to pitch his wigwam on the edge of the forest; but here, too, his enemy found him. The woman and child sickened and died—the last survivor dug their grave, and laid them in it; he then sat down on the edge of the grave, and, in this attitude, he was found by a passing trader. Him he requested to cover him up with his wife and child; and then, giving himself a mortal wound, he flung himself upon their bodies. The Indians seldom, if ever, commit suicide; but this was an extreme case, which put to the test the fortitude even of

“The stoic of the woods—the man without a tear.”*

To arrest the progress, or ameliorate the character of this disease among the Indians, a few individuals had been, at different times, vaccinated by European physicians; but no systematic effort had been made to introduce vaccination among them, until it was made a general practice in the army, by an order of His late Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, when I, with many others, set out for the purpose of introducing it among the Indians also. There are certain stations where all the tribes who wander over the vast continent assemble together periodically, and remain encamped in a body for a longer or shorter period. I availed myself of one of these occasions, and proceeded

* Campbell.

thither with a small detachment, who were sent from head-quarters, with annual presents. They were, at this time, encamped on the banks of the Grand River, which falls into the north side of Lake Erie. Here we found a numerous assemblage of men, women, and children, of various tribes, collected from very remote quarters. As they were apprised that I came to administer an antidote or preservative against the small-pox, a ruthless foe, which justly inspired them with greater terror than all their other enemies, I had the most cordial and friendly reception. They erected for me a commodious and cool wigwam: it was constructed of long flexible poles, with each end stuck in the ground, so as to form a circular roof, high enough to stand and walk upright in. The top was covered with skins, and the sides with birch bark, and the floor within was laid down with mats. Here they repaired to me, and submitted to the simple operation of vaccination with the most implicit faith, and watched its progress with the greatest attention. Finding every thing turn out as they were apprised it would, and that no pain or sickness supervened, I gained their entire confidence and good-will. They were soon convinced of the efficacy of the operation, and continued afterwards to bring their children for the purpose to every future station, as well as to head-quarters.

Having performed this first and important duty, I applied myself to study the Indian character and

manners, and no situation could be better calculated for the purpose. Most of these tribes had, as yet, little intercourse with European visitors; and they brought with them, and practised, all their primitive habits, their languages, oratory, gala dresses, dances, amusements, and religious ceremonies. They hunted for us every day, and we occasionally joined their parties. Our table was abundantly and sumptuously supplied with venison, fish, wild turkey, pheasant, and partridges; and we were daily tempted with bear, porcupine, racoon, squirrel, dog-flesh, and rattlesnake soup, these being the choicest delicacies of an Indian mess; and some extraordinary ceremony or usage was continually occurring, at which I was present.

The first to which my attention was directed, was a matter of great curiosity and interest, which I had often heard of, but never before had an opportunity of witnessing. This was the initiation of a young warrior, into the Society, or College of Magicians. The ceremony is conducted with a deal of mystery, and none but distinguished chiefs admitted to be spectators. By special favour, I was allowed to stand in the circle. The aspirant had been severely disciplined, in a state of probation, for some time before. There was a small arched hut constructed, very close, and barely high enough for him to sit up. A dog having been previously sacrificed, the bones were scraped, and wrapped up in its skin. The aspirant was placed, sitting, at the little door; he was entirely naked; his

body oiled, and painted in stripes of black, white, and red, and his head decorated with porcupine quills, and powdered with swansdown. All being now ready, the most extraordinary figure that was ever seen among the demons of the theatre, strode out of his wigwam. He was a Miamce chief, gaunt and big-boned, and upwards of six feet high. His face was terrific. Projecting brows overhung a pair of keen, small, black eyes; the nose large, prominent, and angular; visage lengthy; chin square and long, with a bushy beard; and a mouth which appeared to extend from ear to ear. A white line divided his features; one side was painted black, the other red. His head-dress was made of the shaggy skin of a buffalo's forehead, with the ears and horns on. A buffalo robe hung on his broad shoulders; the inside of which was wrought in figures of sun, moon, and stars, and other hieroglyphics. The Okama-Paw-waw, or chief worker of miracles, now addressed the young aspirant, in a short speech, uttered with a deep intonation, as from the bottom of his breast. He then flung a small pebble at him, with some force. The Indian, the instant he was hit, fell back, and appeared to be in a swoon. Two assistants, with hooded skins over their heads, thrust him head foremost, in this state of insensibility, into the hut, which had previously been heated with hot stones, upon which water was thrown, to raise a vapour. While this was performing, the grand Paw-waw threw himself on the ground, muttering words,

as if he was talking to somebody; rolling himself from side to side, and working like one in strong convulsions. In this state he was dragged into his wigwam, and left there to dream. In about half an hour he sallied forth, and made a sign; upon which the assistants drew out by the heels the miserable candidate from his oven. He was bathed in a clammy sweat, and had the appearance of having actually expired, evincing no perceptible respiration or pulse. The great Paw-waw, no ways disconcerted, stooped over him, and uttered aloud his incantations. The two assistants sat on either side, each with a skin pouch, in which was some ignited substance, the smoke of which they puffed into his ears. In a few minutes, he fetched a deep sigh, and opened his eyes. The High Priest then put a calabash, in which was some liquor, to his mouth; after which he soon recovered. The spectators then testified the strongest signs of approbation, crying altogether, hu! hu! hu! hogh! hogh!

It was now intimated to me, that, I might be initiated into these mysteries; but I confess I had no wish to be further acquainted with this Miami masonry, although I was informed I should be enabled to dream dreams, to foretell events, to raise the dead, to eat fire, swallow trees, and digest bayonets. No doubt these juggling prophets, by a knowledge of medicinal plants, and by great sagacity and experience, exercise a strong, but not despotic, influence over the multitude. To these naturalists of the forest, we are

indebted for some of our most valuable articles of the *Materia Medica*; as sarsaparilla, jalap, snake-root, gingseng, and ipecacuanha. They are also adroit at reducing a dislocation or setting a fracture; but they do not understand blood-letting, although they practise cupping with a gourd. To introduce among them so important a practice, I gave the Paw-waw a case of lancets, and instructed him in their use; and, in return, he conferred on me his buffalo conjuring cap, which, like the mantle of the prophet, was also to confer his miraculous spirit; but, not finding it efficacious, I gave it, with many other Indian articles, to a public Museum, where it now is.

I was a spectator here of the game of the ball, played with extraordinary strength and agility, by two rival tribes. It is a kind of rude and simple cricket, but is exactly similar to the Irish hurling match. The players were quite naked, and their bodies oiled and painted. Some of their figures displayed so much symmetry and beauty, and exhibited in their motions such grace, strength, and agility, that one might fancy any individual of them was the Fighting Gladiator, that had stepped down from his pedestal.

Here, too, they exhibited most of their dances. Amongst the ancients, the Romans despised dancing, but the Greeks and Jews were passionately fond of it. It formed a great part of their religious ceremonies, and we read that Socrates and King David both practised it. The Indians are not less addicted to this exercise. They

represent all their important transactions by a pantomimic dance. War—Return from Battle—Prisoners—Sacrifice—Death—Weddings—Calumet or Peace,—each has its appropriate dance. They also have the Bear and Eagle dance, in which they represent with great truth all the motions of those animals. A sketch of the Calumet dance may serve as a specimen. A circle of warriors, highly dressed and decorated, surround a central fire; behind them is a circle of women. The quire is seated before the fire, and the music consists of three or four drums, beat with a single stick, and a bunch or two of deer's hoofs, tied on the top of a short pole to be rattled together. There is also a large thick flute, with only three holes and the mouth-piece. It produces a plaintive tone, not displeasing. The head, or leader, now steps forth with the calumet, which is a long pipe, the stem highly decorated with eagles' feathers, and the bowl curiously carved; he raises his eyes slowly to heaven, and puffs the smoke towards the four cardinal points; he then, in a measured step, accompanied by the drums, presents it to each warrior. Having finished the circle, he places himself at the head of the train, and leads the chorus. They move round and round; the women fall in, and they all join in the religious hymn of *Yah-lah-leagh*.

The opinion that the Indian tribes are descended from the ten captive tribes of the Jews, has been advocated by several writers, particularly by Adair, who was employed as an agent among the Indians for many

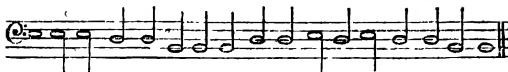
years.* In order to witness any circumstance that might corroborate this opinion, I went on another occasion with a party from Fort Erie to the Shawonese Town, near Buffalo Creek.† It was early in May, when the country had shaken off its white robe, and appeared in the bright verdant dress of spring. We found the village of a superior order, the houses well constructed and comfortable, and some even with an upper story. They surrounded a large green or common; in the centre of which the council-house or temple was erected. This was a large oval building, thirty-two paces long by twenty-four broad, and about fourteen feet high to the roof. It was lighted by a few small square apertures close to the eaves, which also let out the smoke, consequently it was somewhat dark. The door facing the west had a rude but spacious portico. The roof, which had a high pitch, was propped up within by four strong posts, between which was the hearth, with a large kettle over it. There was a seat all round, and the walls, which were formed of split plank, were half-way up covered with mats. Here we found a great number of Indians assembled. The women were ranged outside the wall, and the men surrounded the fire inside, at the head of whom was the High Priest in his pontificals. His face was painted like the quarterings of a coat of arms, and he

* Adair's History of the Indian Tribes, 4to.

† The Shawonese Town has been removed these some years, and the Indians converted by Quaker Missionaries.

was furnished with a beard. He wore on his head a high tiara of beaver-fur, stuck round with dyed porcupine quills. He had over his chest a kind of stomacher, worked in figures, and ornamented with wampum, which was supposed to represent the Jewish Urim and Thummin*; in this the Indians imagine some little spirit resides, which they talk to and consult in dubious events. Whilst the usual dance or chorus was performing, a dog, which had been previously selected and fattened, was boiling in the kettle; when cooked, the flesh was cut off, and the bones scraped clean and wrapped up in its skin. The flesh was then divided into small bits, and handed round, on a wooden platter, to all those that surrounded the fire: at the same time, the High Priest dipped a branch of hemlock pine in the broth, and sprinkled it every where as well on the people as on the walls. The ceremony concluded with the circular dance and chant, in which the women joined. This chant or hymn is sung by all the Indian nations in North America, however they may differ in custom and language; Humboldt even heard it in Mexico, and it is supposed to be synonymous with the Hallelujah of the Psalms. It was pricked down for me by a gentleman, who understood musical composition; to my ears it sounds like the lullaby of the nursery.

* Exod. xii.

General Hymn of the American Indians.

Tam le yah al lah le lu lah tam ye lah yo ha wah ha ha lah !
 0

It must be admitted that this ceremony bears some rude resemblance to the Feast of the Passover, substituting a dog for a lamb, of which they have none,—but dogs are sacrificed on all solemn occasions. The Indians also resemble the Jews in many other particulars. They are divided into tribes, which bear armorial banners — at least, they make figures of the tortoise, bear, eagle, &c. to distinguish the tribes; and thus was each of the Jewish tribes distinguished. They also place great dependance on their prophets and their dreams, and consult them on all important occasions, as King Ahab did.* When they slaughter an animal, they spill the blood on the ground, according to the Mosaical injunction.† The purification of women is remarkably similar to the Jewish law.

The marriage ceremonies, in many particulars, were like those of the Hebrews. They purchase their wives, by making presents, as Abraham's servant purchased Rebecca for Isaac; and Jacob purchased Leah and

* "And the King said, Shall I go up against Ramoth-gilead, or shall I forbear? And the Prophets said, Go up; for the Lord shall deliver it into the hand of the king."—*1 Kings* xxii. 6.

† "For the life of the flesh is in the blood: for it is the blood that maketh atonement for the soul."—*Levit.* xvii. 11.

Rachel.* A young warrior addresses the father of his beloved, in a short speech, to this purport:—“Father, I love your daughter; will you give her to me? and let the small roots of her heart twine round mine.” On permission having been obtained, he brings his presents, and lays them at the door of the lodge or wigwam; if they are accepted, he visits his mistress, and remains all night with her; and so he continues to do for two or three months before the wedding is celebrated. After feasting and dancing, the high priest or prophet finishes the ceremony, when the bride presents a cake to her husband, and he divides an ear of Indian corn between them. The bride is then carried by her bride’s-maids, in a buffalo skin, to her husband’s cabin.†

Polygamy and divorce were common to Jews and Indians; but among the latter it is not general. The Indian females are naturally gentle, modest, and silent;—they are passionately fond of their children, and are submissive slaves and at the same time affectionately attached to their husbands. This they evince by self-immolation, after the manner of eastern wives. Among the few poisonous plants of Canada, is a shrub, which yields a wholesome fruit, but contains in its roots a deadly juice, which the widow who wishes not to survive her husband, drinks. An eye witness describes its

* Gen. xxiv. 53. Hosea iii. 2.

† The New England Puritans learned this mode of courtship from the Indians, which they call bundling.

effects: the woman having resolved to die, chanted her death song and funeral service; she then drank off the poisonous juice, was seized with shivering and convulsions, and expired in a few minutes on the body of her husband.* In their persons they are small and well-made; many of them, if dressed in the English fashion, would be counted pretty brunettes; their complexions are not so dark as to veil their blushes. It is curious to see them toddling after their tall husbands, loaded with gear, and perhaps an infant fastened on the top of the bundle. However, they are indemnified, when they grow old; for, as among the ancient Germans, their authority and advice are then paramount.

The funerals of the Indians have also a reference to those of the Hebrews. How earnestly does the patriarch Jacob enjoin his sons to bury him in Canaan, in the family sepulchre; and Joseph in like manner exacts an oath from his people to carry his bones with them when they leave Egypt.† The Indians lavish all their care and affection on the remains of their friends. They bury with them their arms, dogs, and all their property, under the impression that they will be required in the next world. For three months they pay visits to their graves, and the women cry or *keen* over them exactly as they do in Ireland. A woman is often seen in this way shedding bitter tears over the grave of her nursling, and milking her breasts on

* La Houtaine, Vol. I. p. 251.

† Gen. xliv. 29.

the earth that covers it. The graves are decorated with boughs and garlands, as among the Welsh and Irish, which are all removed at the end of the mourning.

The last ceremony they practise, is called the feast of souls. Every three or four years, by a general agreement, they disinter all the bodies of such as have died within that time: finding the soft parts mouldered away, they carefully clean the bones, and each family wrap up the remains of their departed friends in new furs. They are then all laid together in one common cemetery, which forms a mound, or barrow, sometimes of considerable magnitude. Many such may be seen in Upper Canada, exactly similar to those of Dorset and Wiltshire. Such remains of antiquity are indeed spread over the whole surface of the globe. This last grand ceremony is concluded with a feast, with dances, songs, speeches, games, and mock combats.

The exterminating fury with which wars are carried on by the Indians, has also its parallel in Jewish history;* but there is this difference; in the one it was an act of obedience to punish sinful and idolatrous nations; in the other it is an act of revenge. There it was duty,—here a point of honour. When the fate of two prisoners is to be decided, the one is adopted into the tribe to supply the loss of a fallen warrior; the other is condemned to be sacrificed to his manes. The

* Joshua vi. 21, et passim. 1 Sam. xv. 33. 2 Sam. xii. 31.

choice is made by the family which has lost a relative. There is no personal hatred or malice on either side. The red stoic goes to the stake, "indifferent in his choice to live or die." He sings his death song, which is a mournful recitative repeated constantly. The words sometimes vary among different tribes; but the sentiment is the same everywhere; it is as follows:—

INDIAN DEATH SONG AT THE STAKE.

"Great Spirit!—Lord and giver of Life! view me well!—I have opposed my body against the bad spirit. I go into the fire; my veins are open—I go to change my sky!"

He then boasts of his exploits, and of the cruelties he inflicted on his enemies.

From some particulars above stated, it appears that there really is, in the customs of the Indian tribes, a resemblance to those of the Jews; but one essential rite is wanting to the former—that of circumcision. It also appears that the Affigans, a semi-barbarous nation on the Persian side of the Indus, use all the same customs and ceremonies, and circumcision also. They seem more immediately to belong to the ten dispersed tribes of the Hebrews, who were placed by Shalmanezzer "in Halah and Habor by the river of Gozan, and in the cities of the Medes."* The American Indians might have derived their religion from that

* 2 Kings xvii. 6.

patriarchal worship which obtained in the world prior to the call of Abraham. In fact, the religion of the aborigines of America was Theism; the Theism of the ancient Persians, called Mani-cheism, which taught the belief of a good and evil principle. All happiness, the Indians think, proceeds from the former, who is incapable of injuring his creatures; and "the ills that flesh is heir to," are inflicted by the latter. The Indian names of these two adverse powers, remarkably strengthen this dogma.

The good spirit is in Indian language, *Kee-tchee-man-i-tou*; in Persian, it is *Oras-man-es*. The bad spirit is *Matchee-man-i-tou*; in Persian, *Aris-man-es*. The radical word, "man," is obtained in both, as well as in Latin, *Man-es*. The Jews, during their captivity in Chaldea and Persia, seem to have imbibed the same dogma.

The Indians have several apologues, referring to the Deluge, in which the ark, the raven, and dove are alluded to. Indeed, the present aspect of the country is itself a commentary on the Deluge. The soil of British America is evidently alluvial; the waters of the great lakes are subsiding, and the basins of many small ones are quite dry. The channel of the great river, St. Laurence, has obviously very much contracted within its former limits. In fine, from the vigour and freshness of the vegetable kingdom, it may be fairly inferred that the ground was uncovered by the waters at a much later period than in the old world.

The Indians have also a tradition that the world will be destroyed by fire. To a people ignorant of astronomy, their theory is plausible. They think that the sun is approaching nearer the earth, and that the effect is perceptible every fifty years:—of course, in time, the 'orb of fire must come near enough to consume it. Perhaps they adopted this notion from observing the evident amelioration of the climate. They have also various traditions of the Creation and the Fall of Man. One has some disfigured resemblance to scripture:

“In the beginning, a few men rose out of the ground, but there was no woman among them. One of them found out a road to heaven, where he met a woman; they offended the Great Spirit, upon which they were both thrust out. They fell on the back of the tortoise; the woman was delivered of male twins; in process of time, one of these twins slew the other.”

The mythology of the arch jugglers, though not over refined, is yet more so than that of the Greeks, whose deities were as substantial as mortals. The Goddess of Wisdom instructs her hero, Diomed, to wound the immortal gods with mortal weapons. They also believed that departed souls would come to lap a trench full of milk and blood like a pack of hounds. The Indians know that the victuals, arms, and dress, which they bury with the body, cannot be used by the spirit of the deceased, but they believe that each and every thing appertaining to the individual has, like himself,

a spirit or shade, whether it be his venison, his dog, his gun, or his tomahawk; and that those *spirituql substances* become subservient to his use in the world of spirits. In the earliest state of society among the Greeks, their oldest author, Homer, describes his Infernal Regions—which are not very different from the Indian Heaven. Ulysses, having descended into Hades, relates what he sees—

“There huge Orion, of portentous size,
Swift through the gloom—a glaſt-hunter flies,
Stern beasts in trains that by his trunchcon fell,
Now grisley forms—shoot o’er the lawns of Hell.”

And further—

“Now I the strength of Hercules behold—

* * * * *

A shadowy form he stands—in act to throw
The aerial arrow from the twanging bow.”

Odyssey, tr. by Pope, Book XI. l. 703 & 741.

Here the phantoms of the animals and of the weapons accompany the souls of the heroes. And Pope gives a similar creed to his Indian—

“Who thinks—admitted to that equal sky—
His faithful dog shall bear him company.”

Essay on Man.

Most religions have an allegory of a river to be crossed in the transit from this to the invisible world. The Indian has this also. The souls of the brave and just can stem the current and gain the celestial country; but those of cowards, liars, and

cheats cannot, but are carried away by the stream, no one knows where. They do not, however, admit a Tartarus, or Hell, in their creeds. They believe in guardian spirits, which are somewhat like the good demon of Socrates. One is assigned to every child that is born, which inspires it during all its future life by dreams, how to attain the good, and avoid the evil.

The Lord's Prayer, in the Nadowassie, or Sioux language, with a literal translation which is here given, is I believe the only one extant; that fierce nation being more opposed to Christian sentiments than any other.

• LORD'S PRAYER IN NADOWASSIE.

“ Attai-wy-ambea, ukan yengash. Nye Chasseh wawndia. Mukka mawhin. Mauckpia ukan eshenee. Onshimaunda tau go re-tauh ong koub. Taugo sijah etch kung-koub, a keke tousha oh ou kish echence onkake toushab. Inohan taugo sijah a wauchin ong ayah yahbikee taugo sijah etang ochundakoub. Maukotchie awaas natawah. Mauckpia ukan nukung nitawah tohan ye-ye-genee.”

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

“ Father ours that is above, thy name be honoured earth in, heaven above also; take pity on us, and what we have been used to eat, give us; what bad we have done forget, as what bad has been done us, we

forget; what is wicked keep from our minds, and hinder us from doing ill. Earth all is yours, Heaven is yours also, for ever and for ever. So it is."

The language of the Indians is as extraordinary as their origin. Humboldt enumerates 140 languages spoken on the American continent, but there are German authors which make them amount to more than 2000. The early French colonists have published vocabularies of those of Canada, which are generally followed; but the French are notorious for altering foreign words, and reducing the names of persons and places to their own standard. In the Indian dialects the letters *k* and *w* most frequently occur, but they are wanting in the French alphabet, and are ill supplied by other combinations. The orthography of an unwritten language must depend on the ear, and on the power of the letters in which the writer takes down the words from the mouth of the native.*

Of the three languages spoken in Canada, the Irrekee

* Professor B. Smyth Barton has compiled vocabularies of words in about fifty Indian dialects or languages, with a view of comparing them with each other, and also with selections made from the Asiatic tongues, in order to prove a general identity; but in this he appears to have failed, even by his own book; and Baron de Humboldt remarks that "the comparison between the idioms of the two Continents has hitherto led to no conclusion, that languages supply but feeble evidence of an ancient communication between the two worlds, and that the problem of the early migration of the human race remains yet to be solved."—*Humboldt's Personal Narrative*, Vol. III.—*Vide* New Views of the Tribes, and Origin of the Natives of America, by B. S. Barton. 2d Ed. Philadelphia, 1800.

is the most difficult to learn: it is highly figurative, and composed of compound epithets. On this account, they excelled in oratory; but their words are of an immeasurable length,—for instance, the name of the sun (itself an epithet) is *Lhadeshaw*; of night, *assontelay*; and of the moon, compounded of these, *assontelay-away-Lhadeshaw*,—that is, “night-walking-sun.” God is, *Yah wah-de-hu*, “Master of all.” In Chippeway, the sun is *Geezis*; the moon, *Debikgeezis*, “night sun;” God, *Keetchee-man-i-tou*, from *keetchik*, “heaven.” In the Nadowassie, the simplest and shortest, the sun is, *Paytah*, “fire;” God, *Wakon*, “Spirit.” What soft ideas must be comprised in, *Noo-ho-mantam monee knan noon no nash*, “our loves!” The Mexican verb is not so soft—*Tlazottle ta littzle*, “I love.” On the whole the Indian languages resemble the Hebrew in construction, having a few radicals; but they seem to have neither cases, declensions, numbers, genders, nor degrees of comparison.

The Bible has been translated into a dialect of the Six Nations as early as 1664, by Elliot, a Protestant minister, whose missionary labours obtained for him the title of Apostle of the Indians; but that and other translations are become a dead letter, in consequence of the extinction of the tribes.

When the Indian population had been reduced three-fourths, they began to attempt making converts: the Puritans of New England on one side, and the Jesuits of New France on the other. In point of talent,

learning, and address, the latter had greatly the advantage, having some eminent men among them, as Fathers Hennepin, Charlevoix, Brebeuf (who was burnt by the Indians), Lallemand, &c. The Puritans having fled from persecution, became the most cruel persecutors. Meanwhile, the Indians, seeing the white settlements around them increasing and prosperous, were converted in great numbers to both the Protestant and Roman Catholic faith. The Sachems openly avowed that their own religion was as good, but not so lucky as the Christian. Between 1660 and 1670, there were in New England more than 5000 converted Indians: these have long since been absorbed, and their descendants are not known from the whites. Their misfortunes alone induced them to embrace Christianity; and it is no wonder that they were puzzled in the choice, when they witnessed the witch mania, and the Quaker persecutions. About 1630, the witch mania spread like an epidemic over all Christendom, but it gained its acme in New England. A law passed at Boston, to make suspected witches and wizzards confess their witchcrafts, and this of course introduced torture. Mrs. Greenwich, an innocent crazed creature, was the first victim; she was hanged for having confessed that the devil had lain with her. Giles Corry, and his wife Martha, were accused and condemned on the evidence of a ghost. Martha suffered, but Giles refusing to plead guilty, was pressed to death. This infatuation was cruel and absurd in the extreme; but it was an

infatuation: whereas the Quaker persecution, with cool heads, outdid any thing perpetrated by the Inquisition. The Quakers, male and female, were kept to hard labour in prison, whipped twice a week, and at last sold for slaves. William Ledray, a Quaker, was hanged at Boston, March 14, 1660*, for returning from banishment. His last words at the gallows were,—“I am brought here to suffer for bearing my testimony against the deceivers and the deceived.”*

The strong good sense of the Indians were not a little disturbed at the contradictory doctrines of the French and English Friends, who were labouring for their salvation. The former preached to them that the Virgin Mary was a French lady, and that the English crucified the Saviour out of hatred to the French; consequently, that they could not perform a more acceptable service to God than by tomahawking those heretics.† On the other hand, the Puritans told them that they must pray by the Spirit; and the Episcopalians taught that they must depend on the Book for their salvation: in fine, they agreed in nothing but in raising a persecution against the only real friends the Indians ever had—the Quakers. At length, the latter established themselves in Pennsylvania; and Penn honestly purchased from the natives the ground on which he built Philadelphia. This

* * Increase and Cotton Mather's account of the New England Witches, small 4to. Boston, 1680.

† Dr. Cotton Mather's Eccles. Hist. folio.

morally-grand character was regarded by all Indian people with affection and veneration. He traversed the continent often alone, with no other defensive armour than his drab coat, slouched hat, and his integrity,—every where persuading fierce, contending tribes to bury the hatchet.

The Quaker and Moravian missionaries alone have succeeded in persuading the Indians to exchange their precarious hunting for an agricultural life. They first taught the most necessary arts, and then followed religious instruction. But it was not without great difficulty that the various federal governments of the union have been able to fix in the respective states the Indian tribes within limited stations. “We see,” said a delegated Indian orator at one of the provincial meetings, “we see among you a people with black skins. We see you beat them with whips and make them work like horses, whether they choose it or not, and all because they have black skins. Now, if we were to live with you as you propose, in community, I see no reason why you should not treat us in the same way, because our skins are red.” This logic had no effect with the resolutions of the states government. They reject any claims which aborigines might make to hunting grounds, within the states, possessed by themselves or their ancestors. They compel them to resign their lands for what compensation they choose to award, and to become citizens, amenable to the laws of the state ; from whence it results that numbers among

the late powerful tribes of Meskoques or Creeks, of the Choktaws, Chikasaws, and Cherokees, are gradually melting into the general population, and becoming as white as the Anglo-Americans. In fine, the whole of these populous tribes are impounded, as it were, within the borders of the southern states. They have lost their national names and independence, and have ceased to be a distinct people; it is to be hoped they may gain in manners and religion, what they lose in Indian virtues. There are still some broken and scattered independent tribes along the Mississippi; but means are taken to "compel them to come in," that they may be incorporated with the virtuous citizens of Tennessee and Kentucky.

There are three nations inhabiting the Canadas, decidedly distinct;—the Irrekees, or Six Nations, the Chippewas, and the Nadowassies, or Sioux. The languages of these nations are so different in their words and idioms, as to be quite unintelligible to each other. The Nadowassies are the most remote, and the least changed by intercourse with Europeans. They inhabit the vast plains and savannahs to the west of the lakes, and north of the Missouri. They have established a breed of horses, originally taken from the Spanish colonies of New Mexico, and are become excellent horsemen. The Chippewas, who were by far the most numerous nation, occupy all the countries north and south of the great lakes. They are divided into many tribes, generally at war with each other; yet, like the

Greek states, they unite for common defence. The principal tribes are—Illenecs, called also Chippeways, north and south of the lakes; Shawonese, Pottowattemies, Wyandotts, Munsees, Miamces, Ottawaes, and Delawares, or Lenni-lenapès, that is, freemen. These last were expelled from the shores of the Atlantic, and are considered the most civilized; their dialect being the standard—the *Attic*—of the Chippeway language. The Irrekees originally sprung from the Hurons. They were driven east and north by the Algonkins, a powerful and warlike tribe of the Chippeways; but, after a long war, *ad necem*, the Algonkins were finally defeated and exterminated. The Irrekees were established on the Mohawk River, and round Lakes George and Champlain, as well as on the north side of the St. Laurence. They were divided into five tribes, to which, afterwards, a sixth was added—Mohawks (properly Makwass), who style themselves the Elder Brothers; Oneydas; Kayugas, Sons of the Mohawks; Onondagas; Senekas, Brothers of the Mohawks; and Tuskaroras, Nephews to the Mohawks. These formed a powerful confederacy, with which the surrounding nations dared not quarrel. They were making rapid advances in arts, arms, and in civil polity, when, in an evil hour, two rival white nations, French and English, appeared on their borders. They could not avoid getting embroiled in the quarrels of the strangers, and taking opposite sides, to their own destruction; so that, with presents

of powder and shot and ardent spirits in one hand, and small-pox and religious bigotry in the other, the rising republics became nearly extinct. Their spirit and independence are gone; and little is now left of them but their memory.

The spirit and bravery of the Six Nations, who were rather inclined to the English interest, in resisting the invasion of the French, could not be surpassed. In spite of the superior arms and tactics of the enemy, they displayed "a courage never to submit or yield." At length, the cross came to the aid of the sword. The converted Irrekees were arrayed against their heathen brethren. "If you are brought to the stake by the fortune of war," said the proselyters to their converts, "you will gain the crown of martyrdom; whereas your enemies, in the same condition, will exchange the temporary fagot for eternal fire." At length, the unconquerable resistance of the Irrekees, after their towns were burned, and their old men, women, and children, butchered in cold blood, induced Louis XIV. to order that all the savage prisoners, being a robust and able-bodied race, should be sent to France, to serve on board his Majesty's galleys.*

The *skeleton* of the Six Nations is disposed of, at this day, as follows:—three villages of French Roman Catholics—at Lorette, near Quebec; at Cocknawaga,

* Charlevoix, Hist de la Nouv. France.

opposite La Chin; and at the village of the Two Mountains, on the Ottawa. Three of English Protestants; namely, two on the Bay of Kwentu, and one on the Grand River—the Ouse. The Tuskaroraes are incorporated within the United States. Once the Irrekees could muster 20,000 warriors; now the six villages could not collect together 800 fighting men.

It is not presuming too much to suppose, that if the country had not been visited by Europeans, they would have emulated, in some degree, the Greek republics. It is true, they had not letters; but neither could Homer, nor his heroes, read or write. The Irrekees joined the eloquence of the Athenians to the courage, frugality, fortitude, and equality of the Spartans. They had no gorgeous temples built with hands; but the sky was their temple, and the Great Spirit was their God. They fared as well as the kings of Sparta, who eat their black broth at the same board with their fellow-citizens, in a building not better than a Mohawk council-house; they lived in thatched cabins, and so did Phocion and Socrates, in the midst of the magnificence of Athens.

Many fine specimens of the personal appearance of the Indians may be seen in the Illenee, Pottowattemie, and Miami tribes, that are still independent,—strait, clean limbed, erect figures; and many Roman countenances may be noticed among them. The figure of the Indian warrior, in the fore-ground of West's Picture of the Death of General Wolfe, gives

a good idea of them.* Such a figure was the Shawanese warrior Tekumseh, who suddenly appeared on the theatre of events in Canada, and proved the Indian fire was not even yet extinct. He was not only a warrior, but, an orator, sachem, and prophet. In the late short American war, when hostilities commenced on the Canadian frontier, in 1812, he took up the hatchet, and commanded the Indian allies on our side. He had the address to go into several of the states to bring away Indian recruits; but the whole he could muster, with our own, was only about 650 men. The American general, Hull, crossed the Straits at Amherstburg, and erected the American standard, evidently with a design to make a permanent establishment in Upper Canada. He attempted in vain to bring over our provincials and Indians; not one joined him. Meanwhile, Major General Brock collected all

* The nearest colour to that of the young American Indian is sheet copper; as they grow old, it becomes darker from the effects of paint and the weather. This colour remains unchanged through all the varieties of climate in the Western Hemisphere. The Indian race are very long-lived. They have few wrinkles in old age, and still fewer grey hairs. I myself never saw an old female among them with grey locks, but abundance of black. Humboldt states, that "the age of 100 years is common in Mexico and Peru. When I was at Lima," he adds, "the Indian, Hilario Pari, died at the village of Chignata, at the age of 143: he was for ninety years married to Andrea Cella Zar. She attained the age of 117. When 130 years old, Pari walked three or four leagues daily. Of thirteen children, only one daughter survived him, who was at his death 77 years of age."—*Humb. Rem. Spain*, Vol. I. p. 151.

his forces, which did not amount to 3000 men, regulars, provincials, and Indians. Machilliemakinak was taken, and Tekumseh and his band of warriors broke up from Lake Michagan, and surprised the American posts along the lakes. The Americans had not forgotten the severe defeat they suffered under General St. Clair in 1793, by the confederate Indians. Tekumseh burst upon them, like another Judas Maccabeus, bringing terror and devastation. He co-operated with Major General Brock, and, at the battle of Kappohanno, forced Hull to recross the Straits. He was pursued by Brock, who attacked the American camp before Detroit, and obliged Hull to surrender that important fortress by capitulation. In the subsequent campaign, the enemy crossed again at Queenston; he was repulsed, and driven over, but in this action, Brock was struck with a rifle ball, and fell dead from his horse; Tekumseh also fell, by a similar murderous shot, in a skirmish: but not till the gallant efforts of these heroes had already saved Upper Canada.

Tekumseh was no less a warrior than an orator and politician. The vigour of his physical powers was only surpassed by the energy of his mind. He conceived a practical plan of collecting the various tribes to the west of the lakes, and founding a confederate red republic. There still remains the brave Nadowassie nation, with its congenial tribes. They are expert and intrepid horsemen; and the whole hope of Indian independence, rests with the possibility of

some Indian Gengis, Breber, or Tamerlane, rising up and organizing the red Cossacks. But these speculations are vain. *Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.* The deadly (white) arrow sticks in their side. The influx of white emigrants from various countries has set in so strong, wave impelling wave, that the natives have been literally pushed off their paternal hunting grounds, and driven further into the wilderness.

Their history is as mysterious as their fate is severe. Like the autumnal leaves of their illimitable forests, they are driven before the blast—they are gliding from the face of the earth like guilty ghosts, leaving no memorial on record that they ever had existed.* An unlettered race, their laws and customs, their feats of arms, their speeches, their wars, and their treaties, have only been preserved in belts of wampum, a sealed book to all the world but themselves. No Homer, no Ossian, has transmitted to posterity, in traditional rhapsodies, their heroes, battles, and adventures—

“ Sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgenter, ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia Vate sacro.”

Horat.

* Except, perhaps, in the names of rivers, lakes, and mountains. The Indian language, like the Hebrew and Celtic, comprises in the name the physical qualities and local features of places; and this is almost all we know of the former existence of our Celtic ancestors in the British Isles, and all that posterity will know of the American Indians.

THE STARS.

BY FREDERICK MULLER.

OH! 'tis lovely to watch ye at twilight rise,
When the last gleam fades in the distant skies,
When the silver chime of the minster-bell,
And the warbling fount in the woodland-dell,
And the viewless sounds in the upper air,
Proclaim the hour of prayer !

Then ye shine in beauty above the sea,
Bright wanderers over the blue sky free!
Catching the tone of each sighing breeze,
And the whispering sound of the forest-trees,
Or the far-off voice, through the quiet dim,
Of some hamlet's hymn !

And the midnight too, all still and lone!
Ye guard in beauty, from many a throne!
In your silver silence throughout the hour,
Watching the rest of each folded flower,
Gladdening with visions each infant's sleep,
Through the night-hour deep !

Yes, ye look over Nature's hushed repose,
By the forest still where the streamlet flows,
By the breezeless hush of many a plain,
And the pearly flow of the silver main,
Or sweetly far o'er some chapel-shrine
Of the olden time!

Thus in shadeless glory ye onwards roll,
Bright realms of beauty, from Pole to Pole!
'Midst the vaulted space where your bright paths lie,
In the hidden depths of the midnight sky,
To some far-off land,—to some distant home,
'Neath the ocean's foam!

But, hark! the far voice of the waking sea,
And the dim dew rising o'er lawn and lea,
And the first faint tinge of the early day,
Shining afar o'er the ocean-spray!
Oh, ye that have been as a power and a spell,
Through the dim midnight!—Farewell! .

AN IMPROMPTU,

On three Schoolfellows, who had cut their Names, about Fifty Years before, in the Bark of an Oak, a Lime, and an Ash; at Polwhele, near Truro. 1827.

BY THE REV. R. POLWHELE.

WHAT suns have shone, what storms have raved,
 Since that delicious prime,
 When on these trees our names we graved,
 As if to mock at Time!

Full oft did *Pocock, Painter, Joy*
 Along this valley dash,
 Then pausing, each salute, fond boy!
 His oak, his lime, his ash.

How frolic on his favourite tree
 Did Pocock, Joy, and Painter,
 Carve letters doomed, though deep, to be
 Faint every year, and fainter.

I hail Nick *Pocock's* gnarled oak,
To find his name; but . . . lo!
As through its glimmering moss I poke,
Time puts me off with . . . *Po . . . !*

Poh! Poh! on Time may I retort!
That ash will serve me better:
Thy name, young *Joy*? . . . In cruel sport
Hath time erased each letter!

And shall I now the lime-tree search
For PAINTER, all in vain?
Ευρηκα! . . . Yet old Time, so arch,
Has left me only . . . PAIN!

CARTHAGE.

(A Picture by Linton.)

BY T. K. HERVEY.

Is it some vision of the elder day,
 Won from the Dead Sea waters, by a spell
 Like her's who waked the prophet? or a dream
 Of burning Egypt,—ere the Lybian sand
 Had flung its pall above a perished world,—
 Dreamt on its dreary grave that has no flowers?
 —It is the eastern orphan's ocean-home!—
 The southern queen!—the city of the sea,
 Ere Venice was a name!—the lofty heart,
 That battled for the empire of the world,
 And all but won—yet perished in the strife!
 Now in her young proud beauty!—the blue waves,
 Like vassals, bending low to kiss her feet,
 Or dancing to their own sweet minstrelsy!
 The olives hanging round her crested front,

Like laurel wreaths upon a victor's brow !
Amid her marble ranks and climbing bowers,
Darts, like a sunny flash, the antelope :
And bound the wild deer, where the severing boughs
Wave forth 'a goddess !—In her hunter guise,
She wakes the perfumes of the Tyrian's groves,
To welcome from the waves her pilgrim-boy,
And point his tangled pathway to the towers
That, to his homeless spirit, speak of home !

Alas ! the stately city !—is it here,
'Mid all this palace-pomp and leafy store,
(Bright as some landscape which the poet sees,
Painted by sun-set on a summer sky ;
In hues the dolphin borrows when he dies,)
Here, 'mid this clustering loveliness and life,
Where treads the Trojan,—that, in after years,
A lonelier exile and a loftier chief
Sat amid ruins ?



Painted by the artist, J. J. A.

Painted by the artist, J. J. A.

THE WOODS AND THE DANCE

THE WOODS AND THE DANCE

THE MOUNTAIN DAISY.

A Village Sketch.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

THERE was no use in arguing the matter; it would have been ridiculous to attempt to persuade a single inhabitant of the village, high or low, that our Mountain Daisy was any thing short of absolute perfection;—a little terrestrial angel—a—how we rummaged our perplexed brains to procure an appropriate name for that dear child, when first she came to Devon Glade. Her own to be sure was a very pretty one, Isabel de Mondalberto, but it would not do for us. First, we called her the Lily of the Vale; but Mr. Crabthorne (who is a great botanist) sensibly remarked that it was a very improper title, because a lily was white, and Isabel was very brown; the lily of the vale moreover delights in valleys, but our little favourite's cottage hung like a bird-cage over one of the Devon crags; and she was continually forming acquaintance with all the wild

goats in the neighbourhood. Then my cousin designated her *The Forget-me-not*:—We asked him why? and he very foolishly said, because Isabel's eyes were like that lovely flower. The great goose!—her eyes were black! And such eyes! no artist upon earth, except Sir Thomas Lawrance, could paint such eyes:—not the firm set English greys, so properly governed that they open and shut like those of the great doll in Oxford Street, but living, speaking eyes—so rich, so lustrous, that when they were suffused with tears (and they sometimes were) they sparkled like diamonds under rain drops. We were indeed sadly puzzled, but at last the matter was settled—she was meek as she was beautiful—she dwelt amongst rocks and mountains: and she was everlastingly decking her pet kid's neck with daisy garlands—so we called her—I do not think we could have done better—"the Mountain Daisy."

"The Goat Nest," (as the cottage where our Daisy dwelt had long been designated,) after the death of old Simon Mattocks, was for a considerable period without a tenant; it was so wildly situated, and so difficult of access, that the landlord would have pulled it down, were it not that viewed from the glade, it formed a wild and beautiful object. The larch, the fir, the oak, and here and there the spreading beech, afforded it shelter from sun and storm; and the ledge of mixed shingle and sward on which it rested was so carefully cultivated by our little mountaineer, that even in the valley's inmost bosom, the rose and honeysuckle did not blossom or

twine more luxuriantly than over the Goat Nest. The garden was speckled with geraniums and myrtles, and such delicious thyme! that her bees—nature's wild and useful commoners—seldom winged over the low rustic wall that was more than half covered by virgins-bower and gigantic wall-flowers, but hummed and worked in their own realm, setting a sweet example of industry, cheerfulness, and contentment. A very high rock towered behind the cottage, and from it poured a stream of the coldest, purest water, which sometimes gurgled and made its way through the tangled brushwood, wrangling with every bush and bramble that intercepted its course, then dashing over the fallen trees and sharp stones, with the impetuosity of a young lordling at his first fox hunt, and finally continuing its course in the valley, over a bed of sparkling sand, with as much sweetness and placidity as if nothing had happened to disturb it in its path. The Daisy's greatest enjoyment was to take off her shoes and stockings, and with no other living companions than her goats, accompany this mountain stream on its way; now in, now out of the water; now gathering the tasselled hazel, the broad fern, or the clustering wild grape: or in spring, peeping into the nest of the soaring lark, or scattering crumbs for the familiar robin, which soon learnt to follow her steps, and pour forth its thanks along every path she trod.

Mid-way down the hill, there was a somewhat level piece of ground, called "the Rest," where the village

girls washed their clothes ; and there, one morning, I surprised my little heroine, leaning against a tub that some one had left on the edge of the bank, her dress more off than on, and her eyes upturned, with a sweet yet melancholy expression, which I shall never forget ; her kid was drinking at her feet, but there was no garland round its neck.

"What a charming morning, Isabel," said I : "but, love, you will catch cold : where are your shoes ?"

"I left them at the cottage, Madam ; and I do not fear cold :" was her reply.

"There is something the matter, my dear," I continued, for she turned from me to hide the tears that were gathering in her eyes.

"Oh, no, only I am so glad to meet you ; my dear grandmamma is not well, and I wanted to send to you, and she would not let me ; but I strolled down, and was waiting for some one who would take a message into the village to you ; for I fear she is very ill, worse than she seems."

There was a mystery about the inhabitants of the Goat Nest which completely teased the gossips of Devon Glade. Madame de Mondalberto, our Daisy's grandmamma, was hardly ever seen in the village ; and her only attendant, a stiff elderly Italian woman, either did not, or pretended not to, understand English. I had several times clambered up to her dwelling and visited the old lady, and was always received by her with that dignified politeness, which shewed

more acquaintance with courts than cottages. When, indeed, she thanked me for the kindness shown to our beloved Daisy, the tears used to rush to her eyes, and a warm and affectionate glow spread over her calm and majestic features: but lately, either from illness or some secret cause, she was very seldom seen. When I entered the cottage, the servant seemed as stately as the mistress.—“Do not, my own dear grand-mamma, be angry with me for asking our kind friend to come and see you. See, mamma, she has climbed the mountain—she is so good: and do,—oh, do tell her ——” “My dear Isabel,” said the courtly lady, “I am proud of the honour done me; and hope I shall always be able to receive your kind friend as she deserves; though this poor cottage is not——” the colour flushed her pale cheek, and she burst into an unconstrained flood of tears. Isabel looked at her venerable parent with an indescribable expression, and dropping on her knees, besought her to be calm, and repeatedly assured her, that she did not mean to offend, by bringing me there. “Offend! no, my child; but,” she added, turning to me, “there are times, there are circumstances, which, particularly during illness, oblige us to feel the presence of our dearest friends a——pray be seated, Madam, and forgive an old woman, who is unable either to command or to express her feelings——” I lamented her illness, and pressed my services as long and as earnestly as I could; but she declined my advances, and my drooping Daisy saw me depart without

being of the slightest use to her venerable parent. The next evening, the stiff Italian came to me, and for the first time spoke something like English. I quickly understood that Madame de Mondalberto was much worse, and wished to see me. I found her very ill, but supported in an old oak chair by pillows, and dear Daisy sitting on a little stool at her feet; a large silver rosary lay on the table, and a Latin breviary was open on her lap. I had taken some fine grapes, and some cordials in my little basket, and my favourite's eyes sparkled brightly, when I presented my offering.

"I have sent for you, Madam," she said, "that I may have an opportunity of conquering my foolish pride, which now ill becomes me, and at the same time of proving that I value and respect you."

The lady thought she was dying; and she was anxious to inform me who my beloved Daisy was, that if it pleased God to call her, the mountain girl might have one friend, in what her parent knew was a cold, a very cold world.

Madame de Mondalberto, a widow before most women are wives, was a native of Florence, she had one son, who, at a very early period of life, went to the East, with the hope of amassing wealth sufficient to retrieve the honours of a falling house. He there married a young and beautiful Hindoo girl, which created so much enmity towards him on the part of his rich and powerful relations, that they soon ceased all communication with him,—all but his mother, to

whom he subsequently consigned his first-born child, and who, in consequence of her receiving "the little pagan," as they called the infant traveller, under her protection, became so much persecuted, especially by her brother, who was Abbot of Il Santo Pietro, that she resolved to visit England, where indeed she had before resided; and there, with one faithful attendant, she was supported by the money received for the maintenance and education of Isabel. Her health was very much impaired, and she preferred the calm retirement of Goat Nest, where she had leisure to impart to her beloved child the information she herself had acquired in her long intercourse with the world.

More than a year had elapsed without Madam de Mondalberto's hearing from India, and her heart fainted within her when she thought of the possibility of her dear son's death:—forgetful of his mother and child she knew he could never be. But absolute want awaited her; and for many weeks she had been supported by the goats' milk, and the wild fruit and vegetables that her grand-child's affection procured from the mountains, in the dark twilight or early morning. "She could not work, to beg she was ashamed;" and she would have perished for want of proper nutriment had not her anxiety for Isabel conquered her other feelings, and obliged her to confess her real situation. By God's blessing, with proper care she seemed gradually recovering; and were it not for the wearing and wasting anxiety of her spirit, her body would have regained

its usual strength. The first effort she made, when she got a little better, was to reach the summit of West Crag, a spot that overlooked the high road, and sit and watch the distant postman wending his solitary way round the side of the mountain into the glade; but though no letter arrived, each succeeding day found the old lady at the same spot; and she was rendered miserable also from the fear that she should not live to repay the money she had borrowed, for on no other terms would she accept assistance.

One fine evening, on the West Crag, I had been reading to her St. Paul's beautiful definition of charity,—for although we did not worship in the same manner, we worshipped the same one and true God. Daisy had been listening attentively, and was just then busily employed in adorning the pet kid with her favourite flowers, when her attention was attracted by a splendid carriage, with outriders and gay liveries, rolling beneath us, and at length stopping at the only inn in the village. Really my heroine had less curiosity than most of her sex, for she never cared who or what any body was; but this equipage was so very grand, so superior even to the county members at the time of the grand election, that the stiff Italian extended her neck to ascertain which road the carriage would next take. But our astonishment increased when we saw the horses taken off, and we occupied full ten minutes in conning the who and where-all of the matter.

Madame returned to her cottage, but Daisy would

accompany me on my way home. "Come down by the stream, pray do," said the dear girl, "and you need not wet your feet." "It is too far about, love; and see, the grey evening is closing." "Oh, never mind, I will take you beyond 'the Rest,' and you know I can run up the rocks like a kidling." On we went, and had just reached "the Rest," when a rustling in the brush-wood attracted our attention. "Holloa! who's there?" said my little friend, with her usual intrepidity. The trees divided, and a gentleman in a rich travelling dress inquired the path to the Goat's Nest.—"Oh, Sir, you do, you do, I am sure, know something of my dear Papa; Oh do, Oh do tell me!" and the child clung almost convulsively to the stranger's cloak. "You are"—"Isabel de Mondalberto," I exclaimed—and in another instant my Daisy was folded in her father's arms. We managed to prepare our aged friend in some degree for the reception of her son. The Signor easily accounted for the delay which had occurred. His uncle, the Abbot, at his death, felt, and acknowledged the injustice he had done his nephew, and contrived to leave him much of the wealth he had accumulated. The Signor wrote, and sent an increased remittance to his parent, before the usual time, mentioning that he was leaving the East to take possession of the property bequeathed him in his native land, but the letter never reached its destination. His beloved wife—his dear Zara—for whom he had suffered loss of family and fortune so many years, died on the passage,

and our poor Isabel had no mother. The wide waters closed over the being whom her child, in a distant country, had so fondly loved.

Our favourite's fortune had now been indeed changed; but, though happy to see her almost unknown parent, Daisy had many mortifications to encounter. The Signor was a proud, and somewhat austere man, and had lived too long in India not to have imbibed much of the indolent and haughty character of the residents of that gorgeous country, which at first made one fear that he had but little of the milk of human kindness in his bosom. He delighted in seeing his child's black clustering curls, which till then had known no other confinement than a wreath of hedge-roses, banded with pearls; and her feet, which, to own the truth, were somewhat more expanded than nature intended, were crammed into tight French shoes, with embroidered sandals; that was a trial, but the saddest one of all was her being forced to quit Goat Nest, and accompany her father and grandmother to Paris. Only fancy my dear Mountain Daisy transplanted, with all the purity of innocence and virtue fresh about her, to that hot-bed of thoughtlessness and folly!—however, so it was. We all urged how dangerous it would be to remove her from the mountain breezes to a crowded metropolis, but our remonstrances were in vain; and the only consolation left us was, permission to put old Lucy Green into the cottage to take care of it, and to leave her goats under my charge. Bitter tears were shed at

parting ; and the Count himself promised very faithfully that he would soon bring back our sweet flower if she continued to wish it. His liberality to our villagers was unbounded ; and, indeed, there were cases in which it did no good, for some of the young dames bought silk gowns, which the old people all said was not becoming their station. I heard often from our beloved girl ; and perceived that though her mind and heart remained uncontaminated, her health suffered from confinement and constant application. Madame de M. also, like my friend Miss Mitford's Mademoiselle Therese (who, by the way, steals, I suspect, almost as many hearts as Miss Mitford herself,) found Paris a better place to talk about, than to live in ; and at last our friends returned to Devon Glade. I met my sweet child at the coach door ; and when she threw her pale brown arms around my neck, and pressed her cold lips to my cheek, I knew and felt that Isabel had suffered much illness. "I shall soon be better, my dear friend ; I shall soon be quite well." The goats heard her soft voice, and came scampering towards her ; and her dear grandmamma was pleased to see those affectionate animals caress her favourite. The village was in an uproar ! such bonfires—such bell ringing—there was nothing done for a week. And to crown the matter, Prospect Hill was to be sold. The very thing for all parties. Grand and majestic enough for the Signor and his mother : and quite as romantic as my Mountain Daisy could wish.

Her goats are permitted to wander from the Park to their usual haunts; and their mistress looks so fresh and beautiful after her mountain excursions, that I positively detected her father in the very act of untwisting some crimson silk, and helping her to tie a garland of wild flowers around the neck of the great-grand-kid of her old favourite goat, while his eye rested with an expression of love and admiration on the noble face of his daughter. He confessed, also, the other day, that notwithstanding its murky skies, its uncertain seasons, and the somewhat sulky disposition of its inhabitants, England is as *comfortable* a country as he could live in; particularly when brightened by the smiling looks of his MOUNTAIN DAISY.

WOMAN AND FAME.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Happy—happier far than thou,
 With the laurel on thy brow ;
 She that makes the humblest hearth,
 Lovely but to one on earth.

THOU hast a charmed cup, O Fame !

A draught that mantles high,
 And seems to lift this earthly frame
 Above mortality.

Away ! to me—a woman—bring
 Sweet waters from affection's spring.

Thou hast green laurel-leaves that twine
 Into so proud a wreath ;

For that resplendent gift of thine,
 Heroes have smiled in death.

Give *me* from some kind hand a flower,
 The record of one happy hour !

Thou hast a voice, whose thrilling tone
Can bid each life-pulse beat,
As when a trumpet's note hath blown,
Calling the brave to meet:
But mine, let mine—a woman's breast,
By words of home-born love be bless'd.

A hollow sound is in thy song,
A mockery in thine eye,
To the sick heart that doth but long
For aid, for sympathy;
For kindly looks to cheer it on,
For tender accents that are gone.

'Fame, Fame! thou canst not be the stay
Unto the drooping reed,
The cool fresh fountain, in the day
Of the soul's feverish need;
Where must the lone one turn or flee?—
Not unto thee, oh! not to thee!

LINES WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF
THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

'Tis not the public loss which hath imprest
This general grief upon the multitude,
And made its way at once to every breast,
The young, the old, the gentle, and the rude ;
'Tis not that in the hour which might have crowned
The prayers preferred by every honest tongue ;
The very hour which should have sent around
Tidings wherewith all steeples would have rung,
And all our cities blazed with festal fire,
And all our echoing streets have peeped with gladness ;
That then we saw the high-raised hope expire,
And England's expectation quenched in sadness.
It is to think of what thou wert so late,
O thou who now liest cold upon thy bier !
So young, and so beloved : so richly blest
Beyond the common lot of royalty ;
The object of thy worthy choice possessest ;
And in thy prime, and in thy wedded bliss,

And in the genial bed,—the cradle drest,
 Hope standing by, and Joy, a bidden guest !
 'Tis this that from the heart of private life
 Makes unsophisticated sorrow flow ;
 We mourn thee as a daughter and a wife,
 And in our human nature feel the blow.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

CHRIST LAID IN THE SEPULCHRE.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Imitated from Gabrielle Fiamma, a Poet of the 16th Century.

WHERE is the aspect, more than heaven serene,
 That rapt celestial spirits with delight ;
 The meekness and the majesty of mien,
 That won the yielding heart with gentle might ?
 Where is the voice, whose harmony could bind
 Seas in their wrath, and demon-frenzy quell ;
 The eye, whose glance was sight unto " the blind,
 And filled the soul with joy unspeakable ?"
 Where is the arm that crushed our fiercest foe—
 Satan, and all the powers of darkness bound ?
 Where is the Servant's humble form, below,
 In which the eternal Son of God was found ?
 Lo ! where his pilgrimage of mercy ends !
 What glory *here* into the grave descends !

THE GRAVE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

OH Grave, thou hast thy victory !
Beauty and strength are laid with thee !
Thus is it in each distant clime ;
Thus was it in the ancient time.

The prophets are of former days ;
All who win honour, love and praise,
The eloquent tongue, the arm of might,
The bard, whose soul is love and light,
The patriot-king, the wise, the brave,
Are ever mouldering in the grave.

Oh Grave, thou hast thy victory !
The desert-sands are sown by thee ;
And years must pass, in misery steeped,
Ere that dread harvest will be reaped :
The desert-air is parched and dry,
And thousands have lain down to die ;
The traveller's steps grow slow and faint,
His kind hear not his last complaint,
See not his last convulsive start,
As death is busy at his heart ;

His grave is in the burning sand,
His memory in his native land.

Of old thou hadst thy victory!
And Cheops nobly built for thee;
Raising thy trophy in the pile
That casts its shadow many a mile.
Thine was the gain when rose on high
The Egyptian mother's midnight cry;
And when God's angel, with the blast
Of death, among the Assyrians passed;
When the unnumbered Persians lay
On Salamis at break of day;
And when, 'mid revelry, came down
Darkness on the Italian town,—
Oh Grave, thou hadst thy victory!

Thine are the isles, and thine the sea;
The hoary hills are all thine own,
With the grey cairn and cromlech-stone;
And groves of oak, and woods of pine,
And the dim ocean-caves are thine.
Thy ancient slumberers lie beneath
The untilled verdure of the heath;
And, in the field, thy ardent race
Outstrips the hunter in the chase;
The mariner finds no unknown bay,
But there thou lurkest for thy prey.

Oh, Grave, what woe is wrought by thee!
What clouded years of misery!

What loving hearts hast thou bereft ;
What joyless, hopeless mourners left !
Young innocence, without a guide,
Beset with snares on every side ;
Age, with white hairs and chilled blood,
Pining in friendless solitude !

Yet, than earth's mightiest, mightier,
Oh Grave, thou hadst thy vanquisher !
Long in thy night was man forlorn,
Long didst thou laugh his hope to scorn ;
Vainly philosophy might dream,
Her light was but the meteor gleam,
Till rose the Conqueror of Death—
The humble man of Nazareth ;
He stood between us and despair ;
He bore, and gave us strength to bear ;
The mysteries of the grave unsealed ;
Our glorious destiny revealed ;
Nor sage, nor bard may comprehend
The heaven of rest to which we tend.
Our home is not this mortal clime ;
Our life hath not its bounds in time ;
And death is but the cloud that lies
Between our souls and paradise.

O Grave, well might each thoughtful race
Give thee the high and holy place !
Mountains and groves were meet for thee,
Thou portal of Eternity !

A WALK IN THE TEMPLE GARDENS
IN THE SUMMER OF 1827.

Affectionately inscribed to her Companions in that Walk.

BY AMELIA OPIE.

THERE is a melancholy pleasure in visiting the scenes which we first saw in early youth, when youth has long been past, and when life, which then stretched widely, and brightly before us, its pains as yet unknown, and its pleasures only too vividly anticipated, is drawing, comparatively, to a close.

I have recently experienced this pensive gratification while walking in the Temple Gardens—a spot which I first visited in my youthful days, and with a bridal party; and I had scarcely taken one turn on the walk along the river side, before that long-forgotten scene appeared in all its gaiety to “my mind’s eye.” I saw the beautiful bride with her bloom heightened by a sense of happiness, and the consciousness of the admiration

which followed her steps ; I also remembered, that even in those days of my own unblighted expectations, the instability of human enjoyment was ere long painfully forced upon me ; for the lovely being in whose bridal train I had followed in those cheerful gardens, was, ere another year had revolved, a mother, and a corpse !

While recalling these visions of vanished days, I fell into thoughtful silence, till I was roused from my reverie by the admiration which my companions expressed of the increased beauty thrown over the scene by the gradual approach of twilight.

But, lovely as was the *present* view, it could not entirely wean me from contemplation of the past, and I began to put them in comparison.

Then a full tide of ever-changing human beings was running along its walks—*now*, my companions and myself were almost its only visitants :—*then* it was enlivened by the bright sun of a summer afternoon—*now* it was clothed in the pale tinted shadows of evening, and the magic of light and shade was rapidly spreading around, while the view from the bank of the river was acquiring increasing solemnity and beauty ; for the mysterious power of twilight was making the tall columns of the shot manufactories appear as grand as the more distant towers of Westminster Abbey, and the lights on the graceful arch of the Waterloo Bridge were reflecting themselves in the clear waves beneath ; still, it was not yet dark enough for the windows of the rooms around to be closed, nor

for candles to be lighted; when, as we were walking opposite the high range of chambers on the outside of the garden gates which fronts the river, I observed at the very top of the building one single globe of burning light, but I could not discover whether it was outside, or inside the window. My companions, however, assured me that it was only a globe lamp, standing, no doubt, on the table of the person to whom the room belonged. But while the other rooms in these vast buildings lay darkening in the twilight, this, and this alone, was illuminated: therefore, as we argued, the student who occupied that apartment (if student he was) must be peculiarly diligent and praiseworthy, and as soon as we had so judged of the owner of the lamp, our imaginations took fire.

One fancied him a young barrister, who was looking over his first brief, with anxious and pleased diligence; a second suggested that he was possibly a Henry Kirke White—that beloved, and lamented son of genius,—and was burning the *evening* as well as the midnight oil, because he was jealous of every minute which did not tend to the improvement of *time*, and to a preparation for eternity. While we willingly adopted this pleasing suggestion, we gazed on the lamp with a sort of reverent interest, and one of us expressed a strong desire to ascend the staircase and visit the interesting student. In short we were uttering a great deal of amusing nonsense, and were watching the lonely light with an absorbing curiosity, when one of my

companions exclaimed, "I see a face;" but, before the rest of us could see it, it had disappeared; presently, another cried out, "I see a hand;" and the friend who first spoke observed, "Yes; I too see a hand, and it is *lighting a segar*!"!!!

In a moment the sweet illusion was dissolved; and in the owner of the lamp we beheld, instead of the pale, interesting, intellectual, self-denying student, a pampered sensualist, indulging in Asiatic luxury, and enjoying his indolent leisure and his segar after a probably luxurious repast, alone, or with a companion as earthly and indolent as himself!

Perhaps we were a little mortified at this discovery; but we could not help indulging in the most innocent of all laughter—laughter at ourselves, for our fantastic fancies: we had also the satisfaction of knowing that as we had not degraded, but exalted the unconscious object of them, we had neither injured ourselves nor him by the short-lived delusion.

By me, however, the little romance of the lamp was not soon forgotten, and it made me fall into a train of serious thought and moral reflections.

I could not but remember with some bitterness of spirit and humiliation of heart, how often delusions of the imagination, like those of the student and his lamp, had strewed thorns on my path of life; but that, unlike the temporary delusion in the gardens, this fallacious fancy had sometimes clothed my days in gloom, and my pillow in wakefulness. I could not

but own, that I had often thrown over both near and distant objects, the glow of my embellishing imagination, and then had reason to mourn over the different view in which they appeared to me when the sober realities of life had stript them of their delusive covering, and that they stood before me as they really were.

But was this infirmity of nature, and were these pernicious illusions confined to me alone? Were not the beloved companions of my walk in the Temple Garden, as liable to be deceived as I had been? Were they never to experience again illusions and delusions like those of the lamp? Was I alone exposed to be the victim of fancies which, though equally absurd, might not be so harmless nor so innocent? Alas! I could only answer the question with a peremptory *no*, especially as their youth was as yet in its prime, and they had not the shield of experience.

"Let me then," said I to myself, "endeavour to impress the remembrance of our evening walk more deeply on their youthful minds, by committing an account of it to paper, and drawing a moral from the incident by which it was distinguished."

Yes, dear young friends, I could not be satisfied till I had fulfilled this task; and often, since we parted, as I was wandering in distant scenes, that solitary lamp has beamed before my fancy as if inviting me to finish my manuscript, and reproving me for my neglect.

The moral which I would draw from our adventure in the garden is this—the *necessity* of checking every

tendency to *overrate* the value of *persons, pursuits, and things*, and the propriety of endeavouring to *see* them as they *really are*.

I would advise you to examine every thing with the discriminating and sober eye of truth—supplicating at the same time the God of all truth to bestow upon you what *He* alone can give—power to sift the wheat from the chaff, and to separate the gold from the dross.

But I must here observe that if, through the delusions of the imagination, we converted the inhabitant of the chamber into a Henry Kirke White, we might be equally under a delusion when we pronounced him to be an earthly-minded sensualist because we saw his hand employed in lighting a segar—it does not follow that a man cannot be intellectual or spiritual-minded because he smokes segars. His health might require him to smoke; and though my first impressions were against the fancied student when you discovered his employment, a little reflection convinced me that we might only be exchanging one fallacy for another, and that we might still be as far removed from the truth as before.

Then, let me again presume to assure you, my beloved companions, and from my own painful *experience*, that you cannot be too much on your guard against hasty judgments of persons and things; believe me, that a lively imagination is the greatest of all enemies to that *true, sober, just* view of this world, its pleasures, its pains, its temptations, and its dangers, which

constitutes our safety as we go along the path of life. But if our imagination will put in its claim to be occasionally indulged as well as our other faculties, let its powers be exercised where even its loftiest flights can be productive only of benefit and enjoyment, namely, on the glories of the unseen world, and on the greatness of Him, who is the light thereof.

The brightest dreams of fancy must fall far short of the reality of Him, and of His kingdom; for it is written, that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." Those glorious sources of admiration and interest can never, like our earthly idols, change and fade to our view, calling forth in us feelings of aversion, contempt and disgust, instead of love, confidence and respect; but while we contemplate *them*, we shall feel our hearts animated to desire, and encouraged to hope that, through faith in the Redeemer, we may at last be permitted to enter into those realms of glory where no change comes, where "faith is lost in sight," and where we shall behold the face of Him "who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

THE CHAPEL ON THE CLIFF.**BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.**

LIKE childhood making mirth of age,
In its unthinking levity,
So on these ruined walls the sun
Spends his meridian glee.
He idly jeers the desolate—
The chapel grey, and him who now
Upon the ivy-stone reclines,
With wrinkled hand and brow.
And yet I sin, perhaps—forgive,
Creator of the orb of day!
If I, an old and altered man,
Wax peevish with decay.
The time hath been, when all around
Woke joy, for all was light within;
Even from this mourning pile a voice
Exclaims, such time hath been!
Be still, ye glossy beechen leaves!
Ye echoes of the broken hill,
Ye birds, and winds, and fretful waves,
A moment be ye still!

For I would breathe a quiet spell—
That, as the prophet's prayer for rain,
May pour new life into a heart
Long shrunk in every vein :
The spell is breathed—Oh, memory !
Thy dreamy mantle wraps my frame ;
I see a vision of my youth
In all, save life, the same.
In her fast-ripening loveliness
I note a white-robed maiden shine,
And, faithful to her foot-print, one
Whose form and face were mine.
'Tis summer with the blue, blue sky,
With earth and with its flowrets fair ;
'Tis summer with the glancing lake,
And with that happy pair :
They're roaming by the water side ;
They're seated in a fairy skiff,
And for a landing-place they seek
The chapel on the cliff.
A light breeze courts the little sail,
A merry, wanton breeze, I trow ;
It skips among the maiden's curls,
And lips her breast of snow.
An arm, afraid to press, just meets
Her heart, to still its throb of fear ;
'Tis not more fluttered than thy own,
Thou timid mariner !

Among the lilies of the lake
The youth has moored the tiny skiff;
The chapel greets the voyagers
Ascending the rude cliff.
He leans against the mossy arch
Which topples o'er the depths below;
Her hand restrains the willow branch
That waveth to and fro.
The wild rose blushes at his feet,
He culls the rarest of the bough,
And offers it with cheek as red,
And a half-murmured vow.
The maid refuses not the flower,
Though silently she turns away;
Before she knew what she had done,
It on her bosom lay.
O heaven! the longest, brightest life
Can bring but one such hour as this!
The first confession of deep love
Sealed with a bashful kiss!
Beneath yon tall and branching oak
The lady and her love recline;
The sweetest of the forest shrubs
Around their heads entwine.
They linger till the thrush has piped
His farewell flourish to the breeze,
Till the romantic moon gleams through
The foliage of the trees.

Within the chapel on the cliff
An altar green and mouldering stands,
And by it, in their innocence,
They join their hearts and hands.
Louise! my first and last adored!
Upon this well-remembered spot,
I pledged the faith which death hath tried;
Hath tried—but shaken not.
Louise! the pensive primrose here,
In spring time weeps upon thy grave,
Meet bushes, trained by willing hands,
Above thy head-stone wave.
Still to this consecrated place
My faltering steps are duly bound;
A miser pale, that steals to watch
His treasure's burial-ground.
All cheerful sights, all gladsome sounds,
Are grievous to my sense and soul;
The tides of life and bliss have ceased
With vernal strength to roll:
And yet, the dream that I have dreamt
Of days when thou, Louise, wert mine,
Should yield me many a grateful thought,—
Not teach me to repine.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY WILLIAM WILTON.

O vanæ sollicitudines, O terrestrium fontes amaræ ! O scaturigines
aquarum viventium, sanctæ, perpetuæ.

Scalig. Epistola.

FRIENDSHIP ! first treasure of the breast,
Strong as the stamp on iron prest,
Changeless by trial, time, or shore,
And firmer still as cools the ore !
Within the earth's deluding round,
How art thou sought, how art thou found ?

Not swifter on the eye decays
The meteor of the evening haze—
The morning coronet of dew,
That bends the harebell's tender blue ;
Not swifter fades the rose's sigh,
Than Earth, thy Friendship is gone by.

But, what is life itself? A dream,
A pageant of the things that seem—
Youth, fiery manhood, weary age,
The passers o'er a painted stage—
Our very world a whirling sphere,
And shall we ask for Friendship here?

Dim children of the storm and cloud,
Where is all shadowy but the shroud—
Where hope, love, genius, beauty, power,
Pass like the summer's gleaming shower,
Shall to our clasp the form be given,
But born in heaven, and made for heaven!

SONNET—FILICAJA.

TRANSLATED BY ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

As by her filial circle girt we see
 A mother gaze, and yearn with love's fond throes;
 One's brow she kisses, to her bosom close
 Clasps one, and this on foot, and that on knee

 Seats: and while sign, or sigh breathed audibly,
 Or look their various vast ambitions shows,
 Here she a glance and there a word bestows—
 But smile she, frown she, smiles, frowns lovingly :

 So watches for man's weal high Providence,
 Soothing now him that wants, now him that grieves ;
 So heed and aid His cares to all dispense :

 And if some blessings unbestow'd He leaves,
 He but withholds, to wake the prayer intense ;
 Or seems but to withhold, and in withholding gives.

ADVICE TO BACHELORS AND SPINSTERS.

BY HORACE SMITH.

A DASHING Captain of Hussars,
 Dressed in the livery of Mars,
 Mustachio, lace, and sabre ;—
 Who talks soft nonsense—sings a song,
 Waltzes, quadrilles the whole night long,
 To fiddle, pipe, and tabor,—

Oh ! grant me such a man, ye Fates !
 Some giggling girl ejaculates,
 Whose heart is Cupid's Ætna ;
 She loves his golden epaulettes,
 He loves her gold to pay his debts,
 So off they dash to Gretna.

The Scottish Vulcan, who unlocks
 To runaways, Pandora's box,
 That holds his marriage charters,
 Soon makes them one, and they who came,
 False worshippers of Hymen's flame,
 Return as Folly's martyrs.

Forger of Gretna chains ! that gall
And grind the very soul, could all
That erst thine altar flew to,
Their present wretchedness reveal.
From thee such iron tears would s,
As once were shed by ~~Pluto~~.

From foppery, lucre, rashness—free
Your minds, if ye expect to be
By marriage bliss rewarded ;
For its pure joys can never greet
The thoughtless and the indiscreet,
The forward and the sordid.

The knave who traffics in a wife,
Content, if rich, to take for life,
A wanton or a ninny,
Will gain small pity if instead
Of Fortune's fool, he chance to wed
A fool without a guinea.

She who for fashion, figure, birth,
Not kindred tastes or moral worth,
Her happiness will barter,
Who thinks each dear Adonis-love,
Must needs be constant as the dove,
May sometimes catch a Tartar.

Useless when both are thus deceived,
To balance which is most aggrieved,
Each may lament the other ;—
No need relations scold and huff;
The wretched pair are sure enough
To punish one another !

Be not of future joys too sure,
Rather the present share secure,
And prize them ere they leave thee ;
Distrust appearances, for bliss
May greet thee with a Judas kiss,
When plotting to deceive thee.

The wise, the virtuous, the discreet,
May oft in life's probation meet
Disastrous disappointment ;
But friends will honour them the more,
And their own minds for every sore
Will yield a healing ointment.

Not so when Providence condemns
The man of guilt and stratagems
To ruinous reverses ;
His own black thoughts—the public hate,
His ill success will aggravate,
And prove his direst curses.



Engraved by J. M. P. D.

THE FISHERMAN LEAVING HOME.

Painted by W. Collins R.A.

THE FISHERMAN.

BY S. C. HALL.

It was as calm an evening as ever came from heaven,—the sky and the earth were as tranquil, as if no storm from the one had ever disturbed the repose of the other; and even the ocean—that great highway of the world,—lay as gentle as if its bosom had never betrayed,—as if no traveller had ever sought its embrace. The sun had gone down, and the pensive twilight would have reigned over the scene, but for the moon, which rose in her full-orbed glory, the queen of an illimitable world, to smile upon the earthly things of ours, and to give a radiance and a glory to all she shone upon. It was an hour and a scene that led the soul to the contemplation of Him who never ceases to watch over the works he has made, and whose protecting care displays itself alike upon the solid land and the trackless wastes of the deceitful sea.

On the western coast of the county of Devon, which has been termed, and, it may be added, justly, "the garden of England," upon such an evening, a group had assembled around one of the fishermen's cottages. The habitation was built in the true style of the olden time, when comfort was the principal object of the projector. At either side of the door were scattered the lines and nets and baskets that betokened the calling of the owner, and the fisherman was taking his farewell for the night, of his happy, loving family, who were bidding him "God speed" on his voyage. A fine old man was leaning his arms on the railing, and talking to an interesting girl whose hand lay upon the shoulder of a younger sister. The stout fisherman, dressed in his rough jerkin, and large boots that reached far above the knees, was in the act of kissing a little cherub, who seemed half terrified at being elevated so high as the father's lips; while the wife and mother, with her infant nursling on her lap, was looking anxiously upon her husband as she breathed the parting blessing, and the prayer for his safe return. A little boy, the miniature of his father in countenance and in dress, bearing a huge boat-cloak across his shoulders, and the lanthorn that was to give light when the moon departed, completed the group,—if we except a noble Newfoundland dog, some steps in advance of the party, watching for the nod to command his march to a kind of pier where the fisherman and his boy were to embark.

"Good luck, good luck!" exclaimed the old man;

“good luck, and safe home again, John : ye want no more but God’s blessing, and that ye may have for asking : but ye may as well take mine too,—God bless ye, and good bye to ye.”

The blessing was heartily echoed by his ~~kind~~ partner and his children, and, whistling as ~~he~~ went, with his boat-hook on his shoulder, his dog Neptune before, and his boy following, he trudged along to the beach.

With the earliest dawn of morning the fisherman’s family were astir ; the elder girl was busily arranging their little parlour, while the younger was preparing the breakfast table, and the mother spreading before the fire the clothes of her husband and her boy. An hour passed, and she grew somewhat uneasy that he had remained abroad beyond the usual period of his return. Another hour had elapsed, when she said to her father, “Father, go out to the hillock and try if you can see his sail upon the water ; he seldom stays out so long when the sea is calm and the weather fair ; my little boy too was not quite well last night, and this alone should have hastened him home.”

The old man went forth, and one by one his grandchildren followed him, until the mother was left alone, rocking the cradle of her unconscious babe. After the lapse of another hour, her daughter entered with news that a neighbour had spoken to her father in the night, and that he would certainly be soon home.

“God grant it!” said she, and she spoke in a tone of deep anxiety,—“He never was away so long but once,

and that was when he saved the crew of the ship Mary: and then the whirl of the sinking vessel had well nigh made his grave."

Again she stirred the fire, again arranged the clothes before it, and poured some hot water into the tea-cups. Still the breakfast remained untouched.

The sun was now soaring to his meridian height, when once more the family assembled in their humble dwelling; the prop of the whole was yet wanting. They sate down to a cheerless meal, the seats at either side of the wife remaining vacant. The old man was the only individual who appeared to anticipate no evil; but he hastily finished his breakfast and went forth.

The noon was rapidly passing, and the sun had already given tokens of the glory of his departure, when the fisherman's wife, having lulled her infant asleep, went herself to the hill that commanded an extensive view of the wide-spread ocean. All the little household soon assembled on the spot, but no boat was seen upon the waters,—nothing that could give hope except the aspect of the waves which looked too placid to be dangerous.

Their deep dread was no longer concealed; and while the old man paced to and fro, looking earnestly at brief intervals over the lonely sea, the mother and the daughter were sobbing audibly.

"Fearless let him be whose trust is in his God!" exclaimed the father.—The sentence was uttered involuntarily, but it had its effect.

"Ay," said the mother, "he always trusted in God, and God will not forsake him now."

"Do you remember, Jane," continued the old man, "how often Providence was with me, amid the storm and the wreck, when help from man was far off, and would have been useless if near?"—And they cheered and encouraged one another to hope the best,—but to submit to the decree of Heaven, whether it came as the gentle dew to nourish, or as the heavy rain to oppress. From that hillock which overlooked the ocean, ascended their mingled prayers that God would not leave them desolate.

The fisherman—the object of their hopes and fears—had been very successful during the night, when at day-break, as he was preparing to return home, he remembered his promise to bring with him some seaweed to manure the potato plot behind his cottage. He was then close to rocks which were only discernible at low water; he pulled for them, jumped on shore, fastened the painter of his boat to a jutting part of a cliff, and took his boat-hook with him. He collected a sufficient quantity of the weed, but in his eagerness to obtain it, had wandered from the landing-place, when he heard his boy loudly hallooing and exclaiming that the painter was loose. He rushed instantly towards the boat, which was then several yards off; the boy was vainly endeavouring to use both the oars, and Neptune, the faithful dog, was running backward and forward, howling fearfully, as if conscious of his

master's danger, at one moment about to plunge into the waves to join him, and the next licking the face and hands of the child, as if he foresaw that for him his protection would be most needed.

The fisherman perceived at once the desperate nature of his situation ; the tide he knew was coming in rapidly, and his hope of escape was at an end, when he perceived that his boy, in an effort to use the oars, had let one of them fall overboard. " Father, father," exclaimed the poor lad, " what shall I do ?"—the boat was at this moment so distant that his distracted parent could scarcely hear the words, but he called out to him as loud as he could to trust in God, the father of the fatherless. He then stood resigned to the fate which he felt awaited him, and watched the drifting boat that bore the child in peril from the fatal rocks. He had offered up a brief prayer to the throne of mercy, when in an instant, a light broke upon his mind. " Good God !" he exclaimed, I may yet be saved." With the energy of hope battling with despair, he collected all the stones around him, and heaped them rapidly upon the highest ledge of rock : it was indeed wonderful how he could have gathered so many in so short a time ; but the Almighty gave strength to his arm, and he was labouring not for life merely, but for beings still dearer to him. The tide came on, on, on, and soon obliged him to abandon his work. He then mounted the pile he had heaped, planted his boat-hook firmly in one of the crevices of the cliff, and prepared to

struggle for existence : but his heart failed him, when he considered how slight was the possibility that the waters would not rise above his head. Still, he determined to do all he could to preserve life. The waves were not rough, and the boat-hook supported him.

The awful moment rapidly approached ; the water had reached his knees ; but he stood firmly, and prayed that he might be preserved. On, on, on, it came, slowly and gently, but more fearfully than if it had raged around its destined prey ;—soon it reached his waist, and he then prayed that it might go no higher. On, on, on, it came, and his shoulders were covered ;—hope died within him, and he thought of himself no longer, but of those who were so dear to him—his wife, his children, and his father—it was for blessings on them that he then implored Heaven. Still on, on, it came, and he was forced to raise his head to keep as long as possible from death ; his reason was almost gone, his breath grew feeble, his limbs chill ; he panted, and his prayers became almost gurgling murmurs. The blood rushed to his head ; his eye-balls glared as if they would start from their sockets. He closed them with an effort, and thought for the last time on the home that would be soon so wretched ! Horrible images were before him—each swell of the wave seemed as if the fiends were forcing him downward, and the cry of the sea-bird was like their yells over their victim. He was

gasping, choking, for he had not strength to keep his head above the waves, every moment it was plashing upon them, and each convulsive start that followed only aroused him to the consciousness, if consciousness it could be called, that the next plunge would be his last.

Merciful powers!—at the very moment, when the strength and spirit of a man had left him, and the cold shudder of death had come on, he felt that the tide rose no higher. His eyes opened, closed, and a fearful laugh troubled the waters! They eddied in his throat, and the bubbles floated around his lips—but they rose no higher—that he knew—again and again his bosom heaved with a deep sob, as he drew in his breath, and gave it forth anew in agony. A minute had passed since the salt sea touched his lips;—this was impossible if the tide still flowed: he could reason so much. He opened his eyes, and faintly murmured forth—“O God, be merciful.”—The flow of the ocean had indeed ceased; there he still stood motionless; but praying and weeping—thinking of his beloved home, and hoping that his place there might not be for ever vacant. The waters in a short time subsided, and he was enabled to stretch his chill limbs, and then to warm them by exercise. Soon, the rock was left dry as before, and the fisherman knelt down upon that desolate spot among the billows—hid his face in his hands, and praised and blessed his Creator—his Preserver!

Oh! it was the well-known bark of his faithful dog

that he heard above the waves; in another moment the creature was licking his pale cheek. He was saved—he was saved—for his own boat had touched the shore, and his own boy was in his arms! He had been drifted to the land, and had easily found those who rowed hard for the chance of saving his father's life.

Now homeward, homeward! he exclaimed. Homeward, homeward! echoed the child, and Neptune jumped and barked at the welcome sound.

The fisherman's family were still supplicating Providence upon the hillock that overlooked the deep, when the old man started from his knees, and exclaimed—"We are heard! there is a speck upon the distant waters."

"Where, where?" was echoed by the group; and he pointed out what he hoped to be the absent boat. They eagerly strained their eyes, but could see nothing: in a few minutes, however, all perceived a sail; still it was impossible to tell the direction in which its course lay.

Then was the agony of suspense; it continued, however, but for a short time; a boat was evidently advancing towards the shore; in a few minutes, they could clearly perceive a man at the bow, waving his hat above his head, and soon after the well-known bark of Neptune was borne to them by the breeze. The family rushed to the extremity of the rude pier, and the loud huzza of the fisherman was answered by the

“welcome, welcome” of his father, and the almost inarticulate “thank God” of his wife.

And now all was joy and happiness in the cottage, where there had been so much wretchedness; the fisherman, his boy, and his dog, were safe from the perils of the great deep; but he would return no answer to the many questions, as to what had detained him so long beyond the usual hour of his return—“Wait, my wife,” said he, “until we have dressed and refreshed ourselves, and you shall know all; but before we do either, let us bless God for his mercy, for out of great danger hath he preserved me.”

Never was there a more sincere or more earnest prayer offered up to the Giver of all goodness, than ascended from that humble dwelling. And when the fisherman had told his tale, how fervently did they all repeat the words that had given them so much consolation in the morning,—

“Fearless let him be whose trust is in his God!”

THE WOOING SONG OF JARL EGILL SKALLAGRIM.

BY WILLIAM MOTHERWELL,

Author of "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern."

Jarl, or Earl, Egill Skallagrim, was a celebrated warrior and poet: He and his brother Jarl Thorolfr, with their followers, rendered great assistance to King Athelstan in his wars with the Scots; they were the sons of Skallagrim, the Northern historian, who records many of their actions. They had gone to Saxony and Flanders, to win spoil with their swords, when hearing that Athelstan was inviting men of valiance around his standard, they steered towards England, accompanied by a train of three hundred warriors, and offered him their services, which were accepted. In a bloody and protracted conflict, the English King owed his success solely to the desperate bravery of the brothers, but on the second day of the engagement, Jarl Thorolfr was slain. The historian gives a full description of the formidable weapons used by the two Northern heroes, and describes in powerful language the fierce countenance and stalwart frame of Jarl Egill. That Egill sustained his character as a bard while in Britain, appears by the express mention of certain poetic effusions composed during his sojourn. Neither honours nor treasures could retain Jarl Egill in England, which he quitted for Norway in a great war-ship that had a hundred towers.

BRIGHT maiden of Orkney,
Star of the blue sea!
I've swept o'er the waters,
To gaze upon thee.
I've left spoil and slaughter,
I've left a far strand,

To sing how I love thee,
 To kiss thy small hand.
 Fair daughter of Einar,
 Golden-haired maid !
 The lord of yon brown bark,
 And lord of this blade ;
 The joy of the ocean,
 Of warfare and wind,
 Hath boune him to woo thee,
 And thou *'must* be kind.
 So stoutly Jarl Egill wooed Torf Einar's daughter.

In Jutland, in Iceland,
 On Neustria's shore,
 Where'er the dark billow
 My gallant bark bore,
 Songs spoke of thy beauty,
 Harps sounded thy praise,
 And my heart loved thee long ere
 It thrilled in thy gaze ;
 Ay, daughter of Einar,
 Right tall may'st thou stand,
 It is a Vikingir
 Who kisses thy hand :
 It is a Vikingir
 That bends his proud knee,
 And swears by Great Freya,
 His bride thou must be !
 So Jarl Egill swore when his great heart was fullest.

Thy white arms are locked in
 Broad bracelets of gold ;
Thy girdle-stead's gleaming
 With treasures untold ;
The circlet that binds up
 Thy long yellow hair
Is starred thick with jewels
 That bright are and rare.
But gifts yet more princely
 Jarl Egill bestows ;
For girdle his great arm
 Around thee he throws ;
The ship of a sea-king
 For palace gives he,
While mad waves and winds shall
 Thy true subjects be.
So richly Jarl Egill endowed his bright bride.

Nay, frown not, nor shrink thus,
 Nor toss so thy head ;
'Tis a Vikingir asks thee,
 Land maiden, to wed !
He skills not to woo thee,
 In trembling and fear,
Though lords of the land may
 Thus troop with the deer.
The cradle he rocked in,
 So sound and so long,
Hath framed him a heart
 And a hand that are strong :

He comes then as Jarl should,
Sword belted to side,
To win thee and wear thee,
With glory and pride.
So sternly Jarl Egill wooed and smote his long brand.

Thy father, thy brethren,
Thy kin keep from me
The maiden I've sworn shall
Be Queen of the sea!
A truce with that folly—
Yon sea-strand can shew
If this eye missed its aim,
Or this arm failed its blow;
I had not well taken
Three strides on your land,
Ere a Jarl and his six sons
In death bit the sand.
Nay, weep not, pale maid, though
In battle should fall
The kemps who would keep thy
Bridegroom from the hall.
So carped Jarl Egill and kissed the bright weeper.

Through shadows and horrors,
In worlds underground,
Through sounds that appal,
And sights that confound,
I sought the Weird Women,
Within their dark cell,

And made them surrender
Futurity's spell ;
I made them rune over
What they only see ;
And mutter how Fate sped
With lovers like me :
Yes, maiden, I forced them
To read forth my doom,
To say how I should fare
As jolly bridegroom.*
So Jarl Egill's love dared the world of grim shadows.

They waxed and they waned,
They passed to and fro,
While lurid fires gleamed o'er
Their faces of snow ;
Their stony eyes moveless,
Did glare on me long,
Then sullen they chaunted ;
" The Sword and the Song
Prevail with the gentle,
Sore chasten the rude,
And sway to their purpose
Each evil-shaped mood !"
Fair daughter of Einar,
I've sung the dark lay,
That the Weird Sisters runed, and
Which thou must obey.
So fondly Jarl Egill loved Einar's proud daughter.

The curl of that proud lip,
The flash of that eye,
The swell of that bosom,
So full and so high ;
Like foam of sea billow
Thy white bosom shows,
Like flash of red levin
Thine eagle eye glows : —
Ha ! firmly and boldly,
So stately and free
Thy foot treads this chamber,
As bark rides the sea :
This likes me—this likes me,—
Stout maiden of mould,
Thou woost to purpose :
Bold hearts love the bold !
So shouted Jarl Egill and clutched the proud maiden.

Away ! and away, then,
I have thy small hand ;
Joy with me—our tall bark
Now bears toward the strand ;
I call it the Raven—
The wing of black night
That shadows forth ruin
O'er islands of light :
Once more on its long deck,
Behind us the gale,

Thou shalt see how before it
Great kingdoms do quail;
Thou shalt see then how truly,
My noble-souled maid,
The ransom of kings can
Be won by this blade.
So bravely Jarl Egill did soothe the pale trembler.

Ay, gaze on its large hilt,—
One wedge of red gold;
But doat on its blade, gilt
With blood of the bold.
The hilt is right seemly,
But nobler the blade,
That swart Velint's hammer,
With cunning spells made:
I call it the Adder,
Death lurks in its bite;
Through bone and proof harness
It scatters pale light!
Fair daughter of Einar,
Deem high of the fate
That makes thee like this blade,
Proud Egill's loved mate!
So Jarl Egill bore off Torf Einar's bright daughter.

FRAGMENTS
OF A
JOURNEY OVER THE BROCKEN, &c.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

THROUGH roads no way rememberable, we came to Gieloldshausen, over a bridge, on which was a mitred statue with a great crucifix in its arms. The village, long and ugly; but the church, like most Catholic churches, interesting; and this being Whitsun Eve, all were crowding to it, with their mass-books and rosaries, the little babies commonly with coral crosses hanging on the breast. Here we took a guide, left the village, ascended a hill, and now the woods rose up before us in a verdure, which surprised us like a sorcery. The spring had burst forth with the suddenness of a Russian summer. As we left Gottingen there were buds, and here and there a tree half green; but here were woods in full foliage, distinguished from summer only by the exquisite freshness of their tender

green. We entered the wood through a beautiful mossy path; the moon above us blending with the evening lights, and every now and then a nightingale would invite the others to sing, and some or other commonly answered, and said, as we suppose, "It is yet somewhat too early!" for the song was not continued. We came to a square piece of greenery, completely walled on all four sides by the beeches; again entered the wood, and having travelled about a mile, emerged from it into a grand plain—mountains in the distance, but ever by our road the skirts of the green woods. A very rapid river ran by our side; and now the nightingales were all singing, and the tender verdure grew paler in the moonlight, only the smooth parts of the river were still deeply purpled with the reflections from the fiery light in the west. So surrounded and so impressed, we arrived at Prele, a dear little cluster of houses in the middle of a semicircle of woody hills; the area of the semicircle scarcely broader than the breadth of the village.

* * * *

We afterwards ascended another hill, from the top of which a large plain opened before us, with villages. A little village, Newhoff, lay at the foot of it; we reached it, and then turned up through a valley on the left hand. The hills on both sides the valley were prettily wooded, and a rapid lively river ran through it. So we went for about two miles, and almost at the end of the valley, or rather, of its first turning,

we found the village of Lauterberg. Just at the entrance of the village, two streams come out from two deep and woody coombs, close by each other, meet, and run into a third deep woody coomb opposite; before you a wild hill, which seems the end and the barrier of the valley; on the right hand, low hills, now green with corn, and now wooded; and on the left, a most majestic hill indeed—the effect of whose simple outline painting could not give, and how poor a thing are words! We pass through this neat little town—the majestic hill on the left hand soaring over the houses, and at every interspace you see the whole of it—its beeches, its firs, its rocks, its scattered cottages, and the one neat little pastor's house at the foot, embosomed in fruit-trees all in blossom, the noisy coomb brook dashing close by it. We leave the valley, or rather, the first turning on the left, following a stream; and so the vale winds on, the river still at the foot of the woody hills, with every now and then other smaller valleys on right and left crossing our vale, and ever before you the woody hills running like groves one into another. We turned and turned, and entering the fourth curve of the vale, we found all at once that we had been ascending. The verdure vanished! All the beech trees were leafless, and so were the silver birches, whose boughs always, winter and summer, hang so elegantly. But low down in the valley, and in little companies on each bank of the river, a multitude of green conical fir-trees, with herds of cattle

wandering about, almost every one with a cylindrical bell around its neck, of no inconsiderable size, and as they moved—scattered over the narrow vale, and up among the trees on the hill—the noise was like that of a great city in the stillness of a Sabbath morning, when all the steeples all at once are ringing for church. The whole was a melancholy and romantic scene, that was quite new to me. Again we turned, passed three smelting houses, which we visited;—a scene of terrible beauty is a furnace of boiling metal, darting, every moment, blue, green, and scarlet lightning, like serpents' tongues!—and now we ascended a steep hill, on the top of which was St. Andrias Burg, a town built wholly of wood.

We descended again, to ascend far higher; and now we came to a most beautiful road, which winded on the breast of the hill, from whence we looked down into a deep deep valley, or huge bason, full of pines and firs; the opposite hills full of pines and firs; and the hill above us, on whose breast we were winding, likewise full of pines and firs. The valley, or bason, on our right hand, into which we looked down, is called the Vale Rauschenbach, that is, the Valley of the Roaring Brook; and roar it did, indeed, most solemnly! The road on which we walked was weedy with infant fir-trees, an inch or two high; and now, on our left hand, came before us a most tremendous precipice of yellow and black rock, called the Rehbürg, that is, the Mountain of the Roe. Now again is nothing but

firs and pines, above, below, around us! How awful is the deep unison of their undividable murmur; what a one thing it is—it is a sound that impresses the dim notion of the Omnipresent! In various parts of the deep vale below us, we beheld little dancing waterfalls gleaming through the branches, and now, on our left hand, from the very summit of the hill above us, a powerful stream flung itself down, leaping and foaming, and now concealed, and now not concealed, and now half concealed by the fir-trees, till, towards the road, it became a visible sheet of water, within whose immediate neighbourhood no pine could have permanent abiding place. The snow lay every where on the sides of the roads, and glimmered in company with the waterfall foam, snow patches and waterbreaks glimmering through the branches in the hill above, the deep basin below, and the hill opposite. Over the high opposite hills, so dark in their pine forests, a far higher round barren stony mountain looked in upon the prospect from a distant country. Through this scenery we passed on, till our road was crossed by a second waterfall, or rather, aggregation of little dancing waterfalls, one by the side of the other for a considerable breadth, and all came at once out of the dark wood above, and rolled over the mossy rock fragments, little firs, growing in islets, scattered among them. The same scenery continued till we came to the Oder Seich, a lake, half made by man, and half by nature. It is two miles in length, and but a few hundred yards in breadth, and winds

between banks, or rather through walls, of pine-trees. It has the appearance of a most calm and majestic river. It crosses the road, goes into a wood, and there at once plunges itself down into a most magnificent cascade, and runs into the vale, to which it gives the name of the "Vale of the Roaring Brook." We climbed down into the vale, and stood at the bottom of the cascade, and climbed up again by its side. The rocks over which it plunged were unusually wild in their shape, giving fantastic resemblances of men and animals, and the fir-boughs by the side were kept almost in a swing, which unruly motion contrasted well with the stern quietness of the huge forest-sea every where else.

* * * *

In nature all things are individual, but a word is but an arbitrary character for a whole class of things; so that the same description may in almost all cases be applied to twenty different appearances; and in addition to the difficulty of the thing itself, I neither am, nor ever was, a good hand at description. I see what I write, but, alas! I cannot write what I see. From the Oder Seich we entered a second wood; and now the snow met us in large masses, and we walked for two miles knee-deep in it, with an inexpressible fatigue, till we came to the mount called Little Brocken; here even the firs deserted us, or only now and then a patch of them, wind-shorn, no higher than one's knee, matted and cowering to the ground, like our thorn

bushes on the highest sea-hills. The soil was plashy and boggy; we descended and came to the foot of the Great Brocken without a river—the highest mountain in all the north of Germany, and the seat of innumerable superstitions. On the first of May all the witches dance here at midnight; and those who go may see their own ghosts walking up and down, with a little billet on the back, giving the names of those who had wished them there; for “I wish you on the top of the Brocken,” is a common curse throughout the whole empire. Well, we ascended—the soil’ boggy—and at last reached the height, which is 573 toises above the level of the sea. We visited the Blocksterg, a sort of bowling-green, inclosed by huge stones, something like those at Stonchenge, and this is the witches’ ball-room; thence proceeded to the house on the hill, where we dined; and now we descended. In the evening about seven we arrived at Elbinrode. At the inn they brought us an album, or Stamm Buck, requesting that we would write our names, and something or other as a remembrance that we had been there. I wrote the following lines, which contain a true account of my journey from the Brocken to Elbinrode.

I stood on Brocken’s sovran height, and saw
Woods crowding upon woods, hills over hills;
A surging scene, and only limited
By the blue distance. Wearily my way
Downward I dragged, through fir groves evermore,

Where bright green moss moved in sepulchral forms,
Speckled with sunshine; and, but seldom heard,
The sweet bird's song become a hollow sound;
And the gale murmuring indivisibly,
Reserved its solemn murmur, more distinct
From many a note of many a waterbreak,
And the brook's chatter; on whose islet stones
The dingy kidling, with its tinkling bell,
Leapt frolicsome, or old romantic goat
Sat, his white beard slow waving. I moved on
With low and languid thought, for I had found
That grandest scenes have but imperfect charms
Where the eye vainly wanders, nor beholds
One spot with which the heart associates
Holy remembrances of child or friend,
Or gentle maid, our first and early love,
Or father, or the venerable name
Of our adored country. O thou Queen,
Thou delegated Deity of Earth,
O "dear, dear" England! how my longing eyes
Turned westward, shaping in the steady clouds
Thy sands and high white cliffs! Sweet native isle,
This heart was proud, yea, mine eyes swam with tears
To think of thee; and all the goodly view
From sovran Brocken, woods and woody hills
Floated away, like a departing dream,
Feeble and dim. Stranger, these impulses
Blame thou not lightly; nor will I profane,
With hasty judgment or injurious doubt,

That man's sublimer spirit, who can feel
That God is every where, the God who framed
Mankind to be one mighty brotherhood,
Himself our Father, and the world our home.

We left Elbinrode, May 14th, and travelled for half a mile through a wild country, of bleak stony hills by our side, with several caverns, or rather mouths of caverns, visible in their breasts. And now we came to Rubillaud,—Oh, it was a lovely scene! Our road was at the foot of low hills, and here were a few neat cottages; behind us were high hills, with a few scattered firs, and flocks of goats visible on the topmost crags. On our right hand a fine shallow river of about thirty yards broad, and beyond the river a crescent hill, clothed with firs, that rise one above another, like spectators in an amphitheatre. We advanced a little farther,—the crags behind us ceased to be visible, and now the whole was one and complete. All that could be seen was the cottages at the foot of the low green hill, (cottages embosomed in fruit trees in blossom,) the stream, and the little crescent of firs. I lingered here, and unwillingly lost sight of it for a little while. The firs were so beautiful, and the masses of rocks, walls, and obelisks started up among them in the very places where, if they had not been, a painter with a poet's feeling would have imagined them. Crossed the river (its name Bodi), entered the sweet wood, and came to the mouth of the cavern, with the man who

shews it. It was a huge place, eight hundred feet in length, and more in depth, of many different apartments; and the only thing that distinguished it from other caverns was, that the guide, who was really a character, had the talent of finding out and seeing uncommon likenesses in the different forms of the stalactite. Here was a nun;—this was Solomon's temple;—that was a Roman Catholic Chapel;—here was a lion's claw, nothing but flesh and blood wanting to make it completely a claw! This was an organ, and had all the notes of an organ, &c. &c. &c.; but, alas! with all possible straining of my eyes, ears, and imagination, I could see nothing but common stalactite, and heard nothing but the dull ding of common cavern stones. One thing was really striking;—a huge cone of stalactite hung from the roof of the largest apartment, and, on being struck, gave perfectly the sound of a death-bell. I was behind, and heard it repeatedly at some distance, and the effect was very much in the fairy kind,—gnomes, and things unseen, that toll mock death-bells for mock funerals! After this, a little clear well and a black stream pleased me the most; and multiplied by fifty, and coloured *ad libitum*, might be well enough to read of in a novel or poem. We returned, and now before the inn, on the green plat around the Maypole, the villagers were celebrating Whit-Tuesday. This Maypole is hung as usual with garlands on the top, and, in these garlands spoons, and other little valuables, are placed. The

high smooth round pole is then well greased; and now he who can climb up to the top may have what he can get,—a very laughable scene, as you may suppose, of awkwardness and agility, and failures on the very brink of success. Now began a dance. The women danced very well, and, in general, I have observed throughout Germany that the women in the lower ranks degenerate far less from the ideal of a woman, than the men from that of man. The dances were reels and the walzer; but chiefly the latter. This dance is, in the higher circles, sufficiently voluptuous; but here the emotions of it were far more faithful interpreters of the passion, or rather the appetite, which, doubtless, the dance was intended to shadow; yet, ever after the giddy round and round is over, the walking to music, the woman laying her arm, with confident affection, on the man's shoulders, or (among the rustics) around his neck, has something inexpressibly charming in it. The first couple at the walzen (pronounced waltsen) was a very fine tall girl, of two or three and twenty, in the full bloom and growth of limb and feature, and a fellow with huge whiskers, a long tail, and a woollen night-cap; he was a soldier, and from the more than usual glances of the girl, I presumed was her lover. He was, beyond compare, the gallant and the dancer of the party. Next came two Bauers; one of whom, in the whole contour of his face and person, and, above all, in the laughably would-be frolicksome kick out of his heel, irresistibly reminded me of Shakspeare's

Slender, and the other of his Dogberry. Oh! two such faces, and two such postures! O that I were an Hogarth! What an enviable talent it is to have a genius in painting! Their partners were pretty lasses, not so tall as the former, and danced uncommonly light and airy. The fourth couple was a sweet girl of about seventeen, delicately slender, and very prettily dressed, with a full-blown rose in the white ribbon that went round her head, and confined her reddish-brown hair; and her partner waltzed with a pipe in his mouth, smoking all the while; and during the whole of this voluptuous dance, his countenance was a fair personification of *true German phlegm*. After these, but, I suppose, not actually belonging to the party, a little ragged girl and ragged boy, with his stockings about his heels, waltzed and danced;—waltzing and dancing in the rear most entertainingly. But what most pleased me, was a little girl of about three or four years old, certainly not more than four, who had been put to watch a little babe, of not more than a year old (for one of our party had asked), and who was just beginning to run away, the girl teaching him to walk, was so animated by the music, that she began to waltz with him, and the two babes whirled round and round, hugging and kissing each other, as if the music had made them mad.

THEMISTOCLES IN EXILE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE, M. A.

Now I have all that earth can give
 Of pageantry and pride ;
 Yes, all for which the mighty live,
 For which the brave have died ;—
 A thousand slaves obsequious wait
 My nod, as 'twere the frown of fate—
 And what remains beside ?
 The empty name is all I need
 To seem, to be A KING indeed !

Yet am I happy ? When my brow
 The bright tiara bears,
 Is there no trace of latent woe,
 Of inly gnawing cares ?—

Oh ! what is sadder than the smile
Assumed and worn but to beguile ?

Yet still the mask it wears,
Nor would I that the world should see,
O Athens ! how I pine for thee !

Still are thy towers before mine eye—
Thine image on my heart ;
Thence never but with memory
And life can they depart !
By day they fill each waking thought,
By night in dreams are backward brought—
And then from sleep I start,
To feel *he* is no longer free
Who lived—and would have died for thee.

Who *would* have died ? Why died I not
On thy triumphant day ?—
Then had my name, without a blot,
Thine annals graced for aye :—
And now—but earth at length shall know
I was not, could not be thy foe,
Though thrust in scorn away
E'en from the land mine arm had saved,
To tyrant-lords, and realms enslaved.

Yet though my foes have been the free,
The lord of slaves *my* friend,
Still, Athens ! is my heart with thee,
And shall be to the end.

The Persian calls—but calls in vain—
One way remains to burst his chain,
And e'en in death defend—
How could I bear to work thine ill
Despite my wrongs, who love thee still ?

I loved thee, when my sun of fame
In all its brightness shone ;
And now 'tis veiled in scorn and shame,
Yet love I madly on.
'Twere vain to say I love thee more—
I knew not how I loved before—
Now know I—but 'tis done—
Fate soon shall lay thy victim low—
Then, Athens, then—**THOU TOO SHALT KNOW.**

MORTALITY.

WRITTEN ON SEEING A SKULL ON COWPER GREEN.

BY JOHN CLARE.

"Obscurity and fame,
The glory and the nothing of a name."

Byron.

ONE morn, I wandered forth with spirits high,
In mood that morning's peering breath instils;
And, like my shade, my mind in ecstasy
Stretch'd as a giant o'er the pasture hills:
I mused on reasoning man's exalted sway
O'er the brute world—pride made my feelings brave—
Creation's lord to me he seemed that day.
I felt as if all nature were his slave;
But, Time's glass soon did mock my visioned might—
I saw—and shrunk an insect at the sight!

For, as I wandered by a quarry's side,
Where an old hoary weather-beaten swain
Was delving sand—in life's rude troubles tried,
An humble pittance, nature's boon, to gain:
He stopt his toil, and, with a feeble hand,
Pointed to where a human skull lay bare,
And mingled with the refuse of the land,
Fallen from life and pride to moulder there.
I looked upon the relic with deep awe,
While silence seemed to question what I saw!

What wert thou upon earth?—perhaps a King;
For such the relics of earth's best renown,
Thou pompous shadow, and proud trifling thing.
Bare is the brow that triumphed 'neath a crown—
By rank forsaken, stript of pride's attire—
Death's sad reality, fate only claims,
All else like shadows bidden to expire.
Time keeps the wreck to mock at earthly fames;
To show vain glory in its golden birth
Of what poor value it is held by death!

Wert thou a Tyrant? that disdained, though clay,
The laws of God and man—and, with vain power,
For earth's vain glories, threw the heavens away.
How art thou fallen at this lonely hour!
Thy vengeance, that did like the lightning sear,

Ordaining hosts of murders in a breath,
Hath vanished—and the slave forgot his fear
Beneath the banner of that tyrant Death!
Even the little ant, now undismayed,
Creepeth o'er thee, and feeleth not afraid!

A Warrior thou? who sped, in victory's ways,
As overbearing as a mighty wind?
Ah! little thought thy pride, that victory's praise
So soon should leave her hero's fame behind;
From war, and all its havoc long deterred;
Thy courage, withering in its mad career,
Bowed before death—tame as a broken sword.
And, ah! how silent doth it harbour there;
Its fame all sunk to nothingness away,
As showers by night wash out the steps of day!

Wert thou a Lover? ah! what else so warm
As lover's thoughts, that lead the heart to bliss!
How sad the change, in Death's o'ertaken storm!
Cold, wrecked, and stranded, in a place like this.
Love! that will nestle 'neath the eagle's wing,
And find a dwelling in the lion's den,
Hath long forsaken thee, thou lonely thing
Of mystery, and knows thee not again.
Warm hopes, gay thoughts, rapt joys, and fond desires,
Have lost their home—Death put out all their fires!

Wert thou a Poet? who, in fancy's dream,
Saw immortality throw by her veil;
And all thy labours in fame's temple gleam
In the proud glory of an after-tale?
If so, how cheated thy ambition died;
How vain the hopes, the Muses visions gave;
Death, with eternity, scarce took one stride,
Ere thou wert left forgotten in the grave;
Chilled all thy powers with thoughts o'erflowing full,
And nought left extant, but this empty skull!

In vain I question—nought will answer me
Of what thou wert—yet, know I, that thou art
A faithful portrait of what life shall be;
Thus much thy mystic vision doth impart.
King! Tyrant! Warrior! Lover! Bard! and all,
Shall into nothing every name resign;
And Fame's proud scroll at last shall be the pall
To hide them, as oblivion hideth thine;
While Virtue's deeds shall longest live, and be
A wreath to girdle vast eternity!



Illustration by H. P. A.

Illustration by H. P. A.

THE ITALIAN MOTHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELWYN;" "TALES OF THE
MOORS," &c.

I WAS defying—where alone, perhaps, beneath Italian skies, it can be safely and effectually braved—the pitiless brilliancy of even an April noon-tide sun, under the venerable Ilex groves and interminable shades of Castel Gandolfo (the only appendage of papal power I ever felt inclined to covet)—I had seen, from the summit of the Alban mount, that sun rise in bootless splendour over the wastes of the Campagna; and explored, during the less sultry hours of morning, the lovely margin of the Alban lake; my curious footstep had scared the reptiles cowering amid the subterranean depths of its famed *emissario*—Rome's work of peace, surviving in its simple strength the trophies of her warlike glory—and sated at length with even the matchless charms of Nature, I had strolled, to slumber away the sense of exhaustion, beneath the giant oaks that fling, unreprieved by human sympathy, their oblivious

shadows over the shapeless ruins of the villa of Domitian.

I lay and mused, and dreamed, as men will dream in Italy—where thoughts of other days come “thick as leaves in Vallambrosa”—making the past seem present, and bidding the forms of buried greatness people the haunts their memory has hallowed. It was but yesterday that I had sat a breathless pilgrim, perchance, where Cicero leaned a careless auditor, in the rustic theatre of Tusculum; three days had not elapsed since I had lounged at Tibur, in fancied flow of soul with Horace, before the threshold of Mæcenas. In my very path to-day, the tomb of the Horatii had told the tale of Roman heroism—that of Pompey raised abhorrence of barbarian treachery. A halo of bright memories played around my busy fancy: arts, arms, philosophers and heroes, filled her glowing page; a breath from Nature stirred the changeful leaf; all was anon forgotten amid a scene of humble rustic life, and present human sympathies.

A sense of strange oppression in the atmosphere—a gloom deeper than ever the broad oaks flung around them—a thousand symptoms indicative of a southern tempest—warned me to start up suddenly and seek, ^{1/2} along a soft and shady avenue, the probably soon welcome shelter of the city of Albano. Ere, however, I could gain the part of the town where its small inn is situated, the water-spout (for I can no otherwise designate the almost tropical torrent) had burst upon me;

and I hailed, with no small satisfaction, the haven afforded by a large artificial grotto, half overgrown with shrubs and ivy, forming part of the substructions of Pompey's celebrated Alban Villa. The darkness of this cave—for such it might have seemed—the sole vestige of art it presented, being a fragment of a carved frieze, employed in repairing it for some modern purpose—prevented my being at first aware that it was occupied by other travellers, driven thither by the pitiless pelting of the storm. The plaintive wail of infancy, however, and the low soft tones of an Italian voice engaged in hushing it, first drew my attention to a family group I could but faintly guess at through the gloom, but who, on the first glimpse of sunshine, respectfully withdrew to the entrance of the vault, to hail its beams, and rid me of their supposed intrusion.

I had thus light and leisure to scrutinize the group—as sweet a one, in sooth, as ever Correggio or Parmigiano drew from fancy's treasure-house, or the pure models of their land of beauty. A youthful mother, from whom many a stiff madonna might have borrowed grace and tenderness, bending over a babe, whose helpless period of early infancy, though past, she seemed yet fondly to prolong by infantine endearments, and who, deep cradled in his wicker prison, stretched wistful hands towards the bright coral berries of a neighbouring arbutus; while an elder boy (like the St. John of many a Holy Family) enjoyed the younger's transports, and smiled all radiantly through clustering curls of raven

hair. Behind him stood a matron form—such as Elizabeth is sometimes represented—absorbed in pleased, yet sober, contemplation of the scene!

I sketched them unsuspected, from my quiet nook, before I ventured, by attempts at conversation, to disturb the charming picture; then peeping gently over the shoulder of the engrossed mother, I asked the elder boy, in Italian, if it still rained. The unconscious child looked up, and blushed; and, till thus questioned, wholly regardless of the elements, put up his little hand to ascertain what, bareheaded as he was, he never had found out. Some lingering drops, though few and far between, warranted the ready answer of "*Signor sì*," and gave me a pretext for prolonging my stay in the grotto, and entering into conversation with its inmates.

"You are travellers, like myself, methinks," said I, glancing at a bundle by the mother's side, and a goat-skin knapsack, on which the boy was sitting. "May I ask whither bound?" "On pilgrimage, Signor," replied the elder female; for the younger seemed to find the answer more than she was able for. "On pilgrimage! and to what patron saint?" exclaimed I, with the ready levity of Englishmen, where aught that savours of superstition is concerned. "Non lo sa, poverina," again replied the matron; "cerca il suo marito, e non c'è Santo che val più d'un altro per trovarlo. Se fosse io, me n'andrei a San Pietro che pria di esser Santo aveva preso moglie!"

The poor young mother looked up and shook her head reproachfully at this effusion of her Alban hostess's gay, reckless disposition, and said, with a quickness I scarce expected from her dove-like cast of countenance, "Che Santi? Io mi raccomando a Dio!"

This sentiment of pure and rational piety from an Italian peasant—for such her rustic many-coloured boddice, square linen veil, and scarlet petticoat bespoke her—surprised me more than those can imagine who have never seen, for months and years together, the glorious majesty of Heaven eclipsed by its own puny satellites—the Creator sunk in the created—the Redeemer blotted from his people's memory, even by the blood of martyrs in his cause! Often and often had I been, since in Italy (to use the Apostle's emphatic language,) "in perils in the deep, in perils by land, in perils among robbers;" but never, amid the utter cowardice of her degenerate offspring, had I heard extorted one prayer or vow to the Most High! while saints and madonnas were importuned to weariness and disgust. But here it was my fate, "mid antres wild," to hear a daughter of the land commit her simple cause to *Him* "who doeth all things well!"

My interest in her fate redoubled. At the risk of giving pain—offence I felt I could not give—I pursued my interrogatory; but it was aside to the elder female. "Is her husband dead, think you?" asked I in a whisper. "Iddio lo sà!" replied the woman—(as if her meek companion's declaration had revived the

sense of God's omniscience in her mind)—“ He went from home to serve in the armies some three years since, in the time of i *maladetti Francesi*. The rest of our young men are come back, or their deaths certified; but Battista, poor fellow, I doubt, sleeps in a Russian snow-wreath, never to wake more in this world.”

“ He is not dead !” exclaimed the mother, in a subdued but steady voice, as if replying to what she could scarce have overheard. “ Battista is not in glory, else he would have come to tell me so; nor yet in suffering, for he would have besought my prayers. I dream of him for ever; but it is as a living breathing man, somewhere upon this weary earth: and God that bade me seek, will guide me to him !”

“ Amen !” said I, from the very bottom of my heart. Yet, naturally anxious to know how so much harmless superstition could inhabit the same bosom with so clear a view of the supremacy of God, amid surrounding idolatry, I could not help asking the grounds of her exclusive trust in the great Ruler of the universe. She drew from out of her bosom a leaf from an Italian Bible, printed in England, containing the Ten Commandments, with the suppressed or cancelled SECOND, restored to its legitimate rank among the statutes of the Lawgiver. “ This,” said she, kissing it as she replaced it in her bosom, “ was given me by a good Signora Inglese, who was passing this winter through Velletri (where I lived), and lay ill of a fever

at the post-house many weeks together. She could not, *povera donna!* be waited on by clumsy *Cameriert*, and they sent for me (who in my youth had served a noble lady) to tend and comfort her. She was a sweet and patient sufferer—no murmur ever crossed her lips: though sick in a strange land, she never seemed alone or forsaken; and when I said, ‘Madonna, what supports you thus?’ her answer ever was, ‘My trust in God!’ She spoke but little Italian, else I might have learned, no doubt, a thousand precious lessons; *one* her example taught me without aid from speech,—to trust in God in every time of trouble. And when she left me, weeping on the threshold, she tore this leaf out of her own blessed book for me; and said, ‘Giovanna, keep yourself from idols; pray to God alone!’ Poor lady! she spoke but very truth and reason. When she was sick and like to die, we never thought of calling the poor ignorant Medico of Velletri, nor even the Signor Dottore of Albano—no! money was not wanting—and to Rome we sent at once; and there came to our aid a great and skilful physician, who cured her, while those blunderers would have been finding out what ailed her. God forbid I should despise the saints; but if I bowed before an image, all the good Donna Inglese’s legacy of trust in God would leave me quite. I feel it here,” said she, rising suddenly (as one who had been an unwitting loiterer), “and it tells me to be gone.”

“Whither?” asked I, detaining her, and keeping

as a pledge her babe, while she adjusted her less pleasing burden. "To Bologna," said she. "The young Marchese L. (whose mother I served, and with whom Battista was sent to the wars) they say has returned to his country and possessions; *he*, if any one, can tell me my husband's fate. Besides, Bologna is my home; I only came here to live with distant relations, when the cruel conscription tore Battista from me. I could not live in my own fertile Bolognese without a curse upon its tyrants in my heart and on my lips. *Here* the Church still bore sway, and they told me there was peace. I found it not, till at the post-house of Velletri I learned its name was 'Trust in God.'"

"Farewell! pilgrim of faith and hope!" said I—(giving the sleeping child a parting kiss, and slipping my purse into its brother's knapsack)—I feel, like thee, strange confidence, that thine will be indeed a blessed pilgrimage!" A tear stood on the toil-worn cheek of the matron of Albano; it met another from the down-cast lids of the departing stranger, as, with a sisterly embrace, they separated, perhaps to meet no more below. I followed the group with my eye down the steep rugged street; nor remembered I was at ~~Athens~~, till my guide came and bored me about Pompey. ~~But~~ what was he to me, or I to Pompey then?

I went to Naples and to Pæstum—ascended Vesuvius, and dived into Pompeii—breathed all the magic fluences of that land of Circe; yet, amid its spells, thought sometimes of Giovanna. Summer surprised

me within its flowery precincts. A burning journey through Italy was not to be encountered or risked; so I endured the heats as best I might, tempered by the sea-breezes of Sorrentum and Castellamare. As early, however, as the October rains removed the interdiction from the Pontine marshes, duty and inclination alike summoned me to the north; and passing rapidly through now deserted Rome, and fast-filling Florence, I started from the latter city later at night than prudence warranted, to cross the then unsafe and brigand-haunted Appennines.

A hasty breakfast, swallowed on the summit, formed the only interruption of the day's forced march; and as the still and sober hues of autumn lent fresh dreariness to the unpicturesque expanse of mountains round me, I could not help wishing (while the delusive meteor blaze of Pietra Mala illumined the lone hill side) that it had been some cheerful cottage hearth, ready to greet the way-worn saddened traveller! The sun was setting fast, as near the post-house of Logrogno, we entered on the rich and woody skirt that encompasses, like some costly fringe, the bleak and barren ridge above. Some delay in getting the horses, as well as the charms of the scenery, induced me to walk forward; when, lo! a cottage, the very beau ideal of my jaded fancy, rose before me, in a forest glade, within a few yards of the road.

The weather had been damp and chilly; the forest afforded ample fuel; and the blaze my mind's eye

pictured, gladdened my bodily sense. I was irresistibly drawn out of the road by its fascinations, like those of Will-o'-the-whisp of old: but they proved more substantial; for from the glowing embers, issued forth a fragrant odour of roasted chesnuts, which the breeze wafted to me, long before I reached the hut. I gazed a moment through its vine-clad lattice, ere I craved a traveller's welcome. Heavens! the group around the hearth, can it be that of the *spelonca* at Albano? It is—it is; I recognize the dark-eyed smiling boy—the meek and graceful mother; but she has given her babe to rest on other knees; it slumbers in the arms of a tall, slight, yet martial-looking peasant. Battista is returned, unharmed, from field and flood; and will Giovanna ever cease to trust in God?

MORNING WALK.

BY DELTA.

THE morning sunshine, warmly bright,
Drinks up the pearly dews of night;
While circling cloudlets, softly fair,
Seem amber mountains hung in air;
And larks melodious soar and sing
Up from the sward, on twinkling wing.

A sleepless night—with sorrowing breast
I leave the couch, but not of rest,
To wander 'mid Creation's charms;
The glad, the glowing scene disarms
My soul of sadness, and beguiles
Away my gathered grief with smiles.

The grandeurs of a fairy dream,
In blossomed steep, and sparkling stream,
And sprouting field, are here; on high
How soft the pure cerulean sky,
Which seems the floor of Heaven, outspread
By God's own finger over head.

Time's tooth wears on unseen, how lower
The grey walls of that ivied tower !
Its potent chiefs, of long ago,
Possess alone the vaults below ;
Parade, and pomp, and princely sway,
Gone, like the light of yesterday !

The roof with moss is green, and twines
Dark ivy round the sculptured lines ;
Wallflower upon the keep is seen,
With yellow bloom, and leaf of green ;
And, where of yore the garden smiled,
Sprout apple-trees, all gnarled and wild.

Hush !—the broad river murmurs by,
'Tween banks, where bell and daisy vie ;
What varied windings it hath made,—
Now slow, now fleet ; in sun and shade ;
Now slumbering in its sylvan dome ;
Now rushing o'er the rocks in foam.

Tall elms embower me ; and the dell
Sends up the larch-tree's fragrant smell ;
There plane, and oak, and ash, and pine,
Their vernal tint of leaf combine ;
Bright shines the sun ; beneath is made
A wondrous lattice-work of shade.

I wade 'mid rank grass through the grove ;
The boughs commingle far above ;
And, through the verdant gloom profound,
The ring-dove's plaintive cooings sound,
Accordant with the heart, whose tone
Is vibrating to pleasures flown.

The umbrageous wood is cleared ; again
My steps retrace the daisied plain ;
Green vistas, bright with sun, expand
Their lessening fields on either hand ;
And, far remote, the mountains high
Seem giants that uphold the sky.

Both bleating flocks, and lowing herds,
Roam the green meads ; the joyous birds
From bush to brake are flitting here ;
The wild-bee booms in free career ;
That plough-boy sings ; and, down the dale
Yon kerchiefed milkmaid bears her pail.

The mount is clomb—lo ! in the west,
Far Ocean spreads his ample breast ;
Green islands chequer o'er the scene ;
And snowy sails glide on between ;
And fitful sea-birds are descried,
That winnow, with their wings, the tide.

At such an hour, on such a morn,
The heart dilates, the soul is borne
Above this cold, terrestrial sphere,
And will not deign to linger here ;
But proudly, with triumphant eye,
Forsakes the earth, and seeks the sky.

Oh! might a feeble tongue rehearse
The wonders of the universe,
Mine were not silent; if to raise
The heart in ecstasy be praise,
Far more, far more, my spirit feels,
Of love and awe, than speech reveals.

Yes! 'mid such scenes of easeful peace,
Cares melt away, and troubles cease ;
The cloud that to the midnight clung,
Aside is by the sunshine flung ;
And Hope ascends the thornless road
That leads from earth to Nature's God.

THE THEMES OF SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

*Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love, and hope,
And melaucholy fear subdued by faith.* *Wordsworth.*

WHERE shall the minstrel find a theme?
Where'er, for freedom shed,
Brave blood hath dyed some ancient stream
Amidst the mountains, red.

Where'er a rock, a fount, a grove,
Bears record to the faith
Of love, deep, holy, fervent love,
Victor of fear and death.

Where'er a spire points up to Heaven,
Through storm and summer air,
Telling that all around have striven,
Man's heart, and hope, and prayer.

Where'er a chieftain's crested brow
In its pride hath been struck down,
Or a bright-haired virgin head laid low,
Wearing its youth's first crown.

Where'er a home and hearth have been,
That now are man's no more ;
A place of ivy, freshly green,
Where laughter's light is o'er.

Where'er, by some forsaken grave,
Some nameless greensward heap,
A bird may sing, a violet wave,
A star its vigil keep ;

Or where a yearning heart of old,
Or a dream of shepherd men,
With forms of more than earthly mould,
Hath peopled grot or glen.

There may the bard's high themes be found—
We die, we pass away ;
But faith, love, pity—these are bound
To earth without decay.

The heart that burns, the cheek that glows,
The tear from hidden springs,
The thorn, and glory of the rose—
These are undying things.

Wave after wave of mighty stream,
To the deep sea hath gone ;
Yet not the less, like youth's bright dream,
Th' exhaustless flood rolls on.

THE SABBATH-BELL.

BY JOHN BIRD.

THE Sabbath-bell!—how sweetly breathes
 O'er hill and dale that hallowed sound,
 When Spring her first bright chaplet wreathes
 The cotter's humble porch around;—
 And glistening meads of vernal green,—
 The blossomed bough,—the spiral corn,—
 Smile o'er the brook that flows between,
 As shadowing forth a fairer morn.

The Sabbath-bell!—'tis stillness all,
 Save where the lamb's unconscious bleat,
 Or the lone wood-dove's plaintive call,
 Are mingling with its cadence sweet:
 Save where the lark on soaring wing
 At heaven's gate pours her matin-song:
 Oh! thus shall feathered warbler sing,
 Nor man the grateful strain prolong.

The Sabbath-bell!—how soothing flow
Those greetings to the peasant's breast!
Who knows not labour, ne'er can know
The blessed calm that sweetens rest!
The day-spring of his pilgrimage,
Who, freed awhile from earthly care,
Turns meekly to a heaven-taught page,
And reads his hope recorded there.

The Sabbath-bell!—yes, not in vain
That bidding on the gale is borne;
Glad respite from the echoing wain,
The sounding axe, the clamorous horn:
Far other thoughts those notes inspire,
Where youth forgets his frolic pace,
And maid and matron, son and sire,
Their church-way path together trace.

The Sabbath-bell!—ere yet the peal
In lessening murmurs melt away,
'Tis sweet with reverent step to steal
Where rests around each kindred clay!
Where buried love, and severed friends,
Parent and offspring, shrouded lie!
The tear-drop falls,—the prayer ascends,—
The living muse, and learn to die!

The Sabbath-bell!—'tis silent now;
The holy fane the throng receives:
The pastor bends his aged brow,
And slowly turns the sacred leaves.
Oh! blest where blending ranks agree
To tread the paths their fathers trod,
To bend alike the willing knee,
One fold before one fostering God!

The Sabbath-bell!—Oh! does not time
In that still voice all-eloquent breathe!
How many have listened to that chime,
Who sleep those grassy mounds beneath!
How many of those who listen now
Shall wake its fate-recording knell,
Blessed if one brief hour bestow
A warning in the Sabbath-bell!

THE BATTLE OF BUNAAUIA, IN TAHITI,

One of the Georgian Islands.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM ELLIS,

*Missionary to the Sandwich Islands**

MIDWAY between South America and Australia, or New Holland, amid the clustering islands that stud the bosom of the wide-rolling Pacific, two interesting groups of islands are situated. They were probably first seen by Quiros, a Spanish navigator, in 1606; also by Captain Wallis, in 1767; but little was correctly known respecting them until two years afterwards, when they were visited and explored by Captain Cook. By him, in honour of his late Majesty George III., under whose patronage the expedition was undertaken, the eastern group, including Tahiti and Eimeo, was called the

* We have been favoured with the following highly interesting article, from the pen of a gentleman equally distinguished as a writer, and a successful labourer in the cause of which he is the able advocate. It is intended to form part of a work, which Mr. Ellis is now preparing for publication, under the title of "Polynesian Researches."

Georgian Islands; and the western group was denominated the *Society Islands*, in honour of the Royal Society, at whose recommendation the voyage had been made. Conspicuous among the former, in the extent of its surface and the beauty of its scenery, is Tahiti, the largest of the Georgian group. Combining all that is salubrious in climate, fertile in soil, bold and romantic in form, luxuriant and diversified in verdure, it has not been unappropriately distinguished as "the Queen of Islands."

Its isolated inhabitants, who imagined they were the only human beings in the world, appeared to their early visitors a mild and inoffensive race. Living in soft, luxurious ease, and appearing to form an exception to the declaration of Scripture, that in the sweat of his brow man should eat his bread, they seemed to live only to be happy, if man could be happy while ignorant of God. To impart to them a knowledge of that Being who had strewed around them the beauties and the wonders of creative power; whose hand, unseen indeed by them, bestowed his bounty with perpetual munificence; and to unfold to them the way whereby they might enjoy his favour; an institution was formed, uniting some of the most pious and benevolent men of the age. It was denominated the Missionary Society. A ship was purchased, and a number of devoted men embarked in the generous enterprize of seeking to convert the inhabitants of Tahiti, and the neighbouring islands, to the Christian faith. In the year 1797, they

landed at Tahiti, and soon perceived that the morals of the people were most degraded, and their superstition most barbarous and cruel. They continued however their labours, till the year 1808, when a civil war broke out in Tahiti, during which Pomare, the hereditary sovereign of the island, in consequence of the numbers who now joined the rebel chiefs, was more than once defeated in the field of battle. The Missionaries were obliged to quit the shores of Matavai, after having maintained their post during twelve eventful years; and subsequently the king and his friends, alarmed at the increasing power of his enemies, and in despair of retrieving his affairs, took refuge in the adjacent island of Eimeo, where he continued in exile till 1815. In the year 1813, he became a convert to Christianity, and during the two subsequent years his example was followed by numbers of his subjects. The rebel and idolatrous chieftains had recourse to the most treacherous and cruel expedients, for the purpose of exterminating Christianity in the islands, and destroying those who had renounced the idols of their ancestors. Through the watchful care of the Almighty, their murderous projects failed; and in the year 1815, they made their last desperate effort, which terminated in the complete discomfiture of the idolatrous army, and the subversion of paganism in the Georgian and Society Islands. At the commencement of this year, the affairs of Tahiti and Eimeo, in reference to the supremacy of Christianity or idolatry, were evidently tending to a crisis;

and although the converts had carefully avoided all interference in the wars which had so recently desolated the larger island, they were convinced that the time was not very remote when their faith and principles must rise pre-eminent above the power and influence of that system of delusion and of crime to which they had so long been the slaves, or must be by them renounced. To maintain the Christian faith, and enjoy a continuance of their present peace and comfort, they foresaw would be impossible. Under the influence of these impressions, the fourteenth of July, 1815, was set apart as a day of solemn fasting and prayer to Almighty God, whose guidance and protection was implored. A chastened and dependent frame of mind was at this period very generally experienced by the Christians, which led them to desire to be prepared for whatever, in the course of 'divine providence, might transpire.

Soon after this event, the idolatrous chiefs of Tahiti sent messengers to the refugees in Eimeo, inviting them to return, and re-occupy the lands they had deserted. This invitation they accepted; and as the presence of the king was necessary, in several of the usages and ceremonies observed on these occasions, Pomare went over about the same time, formally to reinstate them in their hereditary possessions. A large number of Pomare's adherents, who were professors of Christianity, and inhabitants of Huahine, Raiatea, and Eimeo, with Pomare-vahine and Mahine, the chiefs of Eimeo and

Huahine, accompanied the king and the refugees to Tahiti. When they approached the shores of this island, the idolatrous party appeared in considerable force on the beach, assumed a hostile attitude, prohibited their landing, and repeatedly fired upon the king's party. Instead of returning the fire, the king sent a flag of truce, and a proposal of peace.

Several messages were exchanged, and the negotiations appeared to terminate in the establishment of confidence and friendship. The king and his followers were allowed to land, and several of the people returned unmolested to their respective districts and plantations. Negotiations for the adjustment of the differences existing between the king and his friends on the one side, and the idolatrous chiefs on the other, were for a time carried on, and at length arranged apparently to the satisfaction of the respective parties. The king and those attached to his interest were not, however, without suspicion that it was only an apparent satisfaction; and in this they were not mistaken. The idolaters had indeed joined with them in binding the wreath of peace and amity, while they were at the same time secretly and actively concerting measures for their destruction.

The twelfth of November, 1815, was the most eventful day that had yet occurred in the history of Tahiti. It was the Sabbath. In the forenoon, Pomare, and the people who had accompanied him from Eimeo, probably about eight hundred, assembled for public worship, near the village of Bunaaui, in the district of Ateburu.

At distant points of the district, they had stationed piquets, and when divine service was about to commence, and the individual who was to officiate stood up to read the first hymn, a firing of muskets was heard. Looking out of the windows of the building in which they were assembled, a large body of armed men, preceded and attended by the flag of the gods, and the varied emblems of idolatry, were seen marching round a distant point of land, and advancing towards the place where they were assembled. "It is war! it is war!" was the cry which re-echoed through the place, as the approaching army was seen from the different parts of the chapel. Many, agreeably to the precautions of the Missionaries, had met for worship under arms; others who had not, were preparing to return to their tents, and arm for the battle. Some degree of confusion consequently prevailed. Pomare arose, requested them all to remain quietly in their places, stating that they were under the special protection of Jehovah, and had met together for his worship, which was not to be abandoned or disturbed, even by the approach of an enemy. Auna, formerly a warrior, and an Areoi, now the minister of a native church in Sir Charles Sander's Island, who was my informant on these points, then read the hymn, the congregation sang it, a portion of Scripture was read, a prayer offered to the Almighty, and the service closed. Those who were unarmed, now repaired to their tents, and procured their weapons.

In assuming the posture of defence, they formed themselves into two or three columns, one on the sea-beach, and the others at short distances towards the mountains. Attached to Pomare's camp were a number of refugees, who, during the late commotions in Tahiti, had taken shelter under his protection, but had not embraced Christianity; on these the king and his friends placed no reliance, but stationed them in the centre or the rear of the columns. The *bure Atua*, or converts to Christianity, requested to form the *viri*, frontlet, or advanced guard, and the *paparia*, or cheek of their forces, while the people of Eimeo, immediately in the rear, formed what they called the *tapono*, or shoulder of their army. In the front line, *Auna*, *Upa-paru*, *Hitoti*, and others equally distinguished for their steady adherence to the system they had adopted, took their station, and on this occasion shewed their readiness to lay down their lives rather than relinquish the Christian faith, and the privileges it had already conferred. Mahine, the king of Huahine, and Pomarevahine, the heroic daughter of the king of Raiatea, with those of their people who had professed Christianity, formed themselves in battle-array immediately behind the people of Eimeo, constituting the body of the army. Mahine, on this occasion, wore a curious helmet, covered on the outside with plates of the beautifully-spotted cowrie, or tiger-shell, so abundant in the islands, and ornamented with a plume of the tropic, or man-of-war bird's feathers. The queen's

sister, like a daughter of Pallas, tall, strong, and rather masculine in her stature and features, walked and fought by Mahine's side, clothed in a kind of armour of net-work, made with small and strongly twisted cords of romaha, or native flax, and armed with a musket and a spear. She was supported on one side by Farefau, her steady and courageous friend, who acted as her squire or champion, while Mahine was supported on the other by Patini, a fine, tall, manly chief, a distant relative of Mahine's family, and one who, with his wife and two children, has long enjoyed the parental and domestic happiness resulting from Christianity, but whose wife, prior to their renunciation of idolatry, had murdered twelve or fourteen children. Pomare took his station in a canoe, with a number of musqueteers, and annoyed the flank of his enemy nearest the sea. A swivel, mounted in the stern of another canoe, commanded by an Englishman, called Jem, by the natives, and who came up from Raiatea, did considerable execution during the engagement.

Before the king's friends had properly formed themselves for regular defence, the idolatrous army arrived, and the battle commenced. The impetuous attack of the idolaters, attended with all the fury, imprecations and boasting shouts practised by the savage when rushing to the onset, produced by its shock a temporary confusion in the advanced guard of the Christian columns. Some were slain, others wounded, and Upaparu, one of Pomare's leading men, saved his life

only by rushing into the sea and leaving part of his dress in the hands of the antagonist* with whom he had grappled. Notwithstanding this the assailants met with steady and determined resistance.

Overpowered however by numbers, the viri, or front ranks, were obliged to give way. A kind of running fight commenced, and the parties were intermingled in all the confusion of barbarous warfare.

“ Here might the hideous face of war be seen
Striped of all pomp, adornment, and disguise.”

The ground on which they now fought, excepting the sea-beach, was partially covered with trees and bushes which often separated the contending parties, and intercepted their view of each other. Under these circumstances it was, that the Christians, when not actually engaged with their enemies, often kneeled down on the grass, either singly, or two or three together, and offered up an ejaculatory prayer to God, that he would cover their heads in the day of battle, and, if agreeable to his will, preserve them, but especially prepare them for the results of the day, whether victory or defeat, life or death.

* This man was afterwards an inmate of my family, and in conversation on the subject has often declared that he did not go to battle to support idolatry, for he cared nothing about it, but from the allegiance he owed to his chief, in whose cause he felt bound to fight, and who was the leader of the idolatrous army.

The battle continued to rage with fierceness; several were killed on both sides; the idolaters still pursued their way, and victory seemed to attend their desolating march, until they came to the position occupied by Mahine, Pomare-vahine, and their companions in arms. The advanced ranks of their united bands met and arrested the progress of the hitherto victorious idolaters. *Raveae**, one of Mahine's men, pierced with a musket ball the body of *Upufara*, the chief of Papara, and the leading commander of the idolatrous forces. The wounded warrior fell, and shortly afterwards expired. As he sat bleeding on the sand, his friends gathered round, endeavouring to stop the bleeding of the wound, and afford that assistance which his circumstances appeared to require.—“Leave me,” said the dying warrior; “mark yonder man in front of Mahine's ranks; he inflicted this wound; on him revenge my death.” Two or three athletic men instantly set off for this purpose. *Raveae* was retiring towards the main body of Mahine's men, when one of the idolaters who had outrun his companions, sprang upon him before he was aware of his approach. Unable to throw him on the sand, he cast his arms round his neck, and endeavoured to strangle, or at least to secure his prey, until some of his companions should arrive and dispatch him. *Raveae* was armed with a short musket which he had reloaded since wounding the chief: but of

* In 1818, this individual accompanied us to Huahine, where he died a short time before I left the islands.

this, it is supposed, the man who held him was unconscious. Extending his arms forward, Raveae passed the muzzle of his musket under his own arm, suddenly turned his body on one side, and pulling the trigger of his piece at the same instant, he shot his antagonist through the body, who immediately lost hold of his prey, and fell dying to the ground. *

The idolatrous army continued to fight with obstinate fury, but were unable to advance, or make any impression on Mahine and Pomare-vahine's forces. These not only maintained their ground, but forced their adversaries back, and the scale of victory now appeared to hang in doubtful suspense over the contending parties. *Tino*, the idolatrous priest, and his companions, had, in the name of Oro, promised their adherents a certain and an easy triumph. This inspired them for the conflict, and made them more confident and obstinate in battle than they would otherwise have been; but the tide of conquest, which had rolled with them in the onset, and during the early part of the engagement, was already turned against them, and as the tidings of their leader's death became more extensively known, they spread a panic through the ranks he had commanded. The pagan army not only gave way before their opponents, but soon fled precipitately from the field, seeking shelter in their *París*, or strong-holds and hiding places in the mountains, leaving Pomare, Mahine, and the Princess from Raiatea, in undisputed possession of the field.

Flushed with success in the moment of victory, the king's troops were, according to former usage, preparing to pursue the flying enemy. Pomare approached and exclaimed, "*Atira!*" it is enough!—and strictly prohibited any one of his warriors from pursuing those who had fled from the field of battle, forbidding them also to repair to the villages of the vanquished to plunder their property, or murder their helpless wives and children.

While, however, the king refused to allow his men to pursue their vanquished enemies, or to take the spoils of victory, he called a chosen band, among which was Farefau, who had offered up the public thanksgiving to God at the festival in Eimeo, and Patini, a near relative of Mahine's, and who had been his champion on that day, and sent them to Tautira, where the temple stood in which Oro, the great national idol, was deposited. He gave them orders to destroy the temple, altars and idols, with every appendage of idolatry that they might find.

In the evening of the day, when the confusion of the battle had in some degree subsided, Pomare and the chiefs invited the Christians to assemble, probably in the place in which they had been during the morning disturbed, there to render thanks unto God for the protection He had on that eventful day so mercifully afforded. Their feelings on this occasion must have been of no common order. From the peaceful exercise of sacred worship, they had been that morning

hurried into all the confusion and turmoil of murderous conflict with an enemy, whose numbers, equipment, implacable hatred, and superstitious infatuation from the prediction of their prophets, had rendered them unusually formidable in appearance, and terrible in combat. Defeat and death had, as many of them have more than once declared, appeared, during several periods of the engagement, almost certain; and in connexion with the anticipated extinction of the Christian faith in their country, the captivity of those who might be allowed to live, the momentous realities of eternity, upon which, ere the close of the day, it appeared to themselves by no means improbable they would enter, had combined to produce a degree of agitation unknown in the ordinary course of human affairs, and seldom perhaps experienced even in the field of battle. They now celebrated the subversion of idolatry, under circumstances that but a few hours before had threatened their own extermination, with the overthrow of the religion they had espoused, and on account of which their destruction had been sought. The Lord of Hosts had been with them; the God of Jacob was their helper, and to Him they rendered the glory and the praise for the protection he had bestowed, and the victory they had obtained. In this sacred act they were joined by numbers who heretofore had worshipped only the idols of their country, but who now desired to acknowledge Jehovah as God alone.

The noble forbearance and magnanimity of the king

and chiefs, in the hour of conquest, when under all the intoxicating influence of recent victory and conscious power, was no less honourable to the principles professed, and the best feelings of their hearts, than it was serviceable to the cause with which they were identified. It did not terminate with the declaration made on the field of contest, to be satisfied with victory, and the command to forbear pursuit, but it was a prominent feature in all their subsequent conduct.

When the king despatched a select band to demolish the idol temple, he said, "Go not to the little island, where the women and children have been left for security; turn not aside to any of the villages or plantations; neither enter into any of the houses, nor destroy any of the property you may see; but go straight along the high road, through all your enemy's districts." His directions were attended to. No individual was injured; no fence broken down; no house burned; no article of property taken. The bodies of the slain were not wantonly mangled and left exposed to the elements, or to be devoured by the wild dogs from the mountains, and the swine, that formerly would have been allowed to feed upon them: they were all decently buried by the victors, and the body of the fallen chief, Upufara, was conveyed to the district of Papara, to be interred among the tombs of his forefathers. He was an intelligent and interesting man; his death was deeply regretted by Tati, his near relative and successor in the government of the district. His mind had been for

some time wavering, and he was, almost to the moment of the battle, undetermined whether he should renounce the idols, or still continue their votary. One of his intimate companions informed me, that a short time before his death he had a dream which somewhat alarmed him. He thought he saw an immense oven (such as that used in preparing *opio*), intensely heated; and in the midst of the fire, a large fish, writhing in apparent agony, unable to escape, and yet unconsumed, living and suffering in the midst of the fire. An impression at this time fixed itself on his mind, that perhaps this suffering was designed to shew the intensity of torments which the wicked would suffer in the place of punishment. He awoke in a state of great agitation of mind, with profuse perspiration covering his body, and was so affected with the circumstance, that he could not sleep again that night. The same individual, who resided with Upufara, stated also, that only a day or two before the battle, he said to some one with whom he was conversing, "Perhaps we are wrong. Let us send a message to the King and Tati, and ask for peace, and also for books, that we may know what this new word, or this new religion, is." But the priests resisted his proposal; assured the chiefs, that Oro would deliver the Bure Atua into their hands, and the *hau* and *mana*, government and power, would be with the gods of Tahiti. In addition to this, and any latent conviction that still might linger in his mind, relative to the power of Oro, and the result of his

anger, should he draw back, he stood pledged to the cause of the gods, and probably might feel a degree of pride influencing his adherence to their interest, lest he should be charged with cowardice, in seeking to avoid the war, on which the chiefs, who were united to suppress Christianity, had determined.

The party, sent by the king to the national temple at Tautira, in Taiarabu, proceeded directly to their place of destination. It was apprehended, that notwithstanding what had befallen the adherents of idolatry in battle, the inhabitants of Taiarabu, who were at that time more zealous for the idols than those of any other part of the island, who considered it an honour to be entrusted with the custody of Oro, and also regarded his presence among them as the palladium of their safety, might, perhaps, rise *en masse* to protect his person from insult, and his temple from despoliation. No attempt, however, of this kind was made. The soldiers of Pomare, soon after reaching the district, proceeded to the sacred grove, acquainted the inhabitants of the place, and the keepers of the temple, with the events of the war, and the purpose of their visit. No remonstrance was made, no opposition offered; they entered the depository of Tahiti's former god. The priests and people stood round in silent expectation—even the soldiers paused a moment; and a scene was exhibited, probably strikingly analagous to that which was witnessed in the temple of Serapis, in Alexandria, when the tutelar deity of that city was destroyed by the

Roman soldiers. At length they brought out the idol, stripped him of his sacred coverings and highly-valued ornaments, and threw his body contemptuously on the ground. It was a rude, uncarved log of *aito* wood, *causarina equisetifolia*, about six feet long. The altars were then broken down, the temples demolished, and the sacred houses of the gods, together with their apparel, ornaments, and all the appendages of their worship, committed to the flames. The temples, altars, and idols, in every district of Tahiti, were shortly after destroyed in the same way. The log of wood, called by the natives the body of Oro, into which they imagined the god at times entered, and through which his influence was exerted, Pomare's party bore away on their shoulders, and, on returning to the camp, laid in triumph at their monarch's feet. It was subsequently fixed up as a post in the king's kitchen, and used in a most contemptuous manner, by having baskets of food, &c. suspended from it; and, finally, it was riven up for fuel. This was the end of the principal idol of the Tahitians, on whom they had long been so deluded as to suppose their destinies depended; whose favour kings and chiefs and warriors had so often sought; whose anger all had deprecated; and who had been, during the preceding thirty years, the occasion of more bloody and desolating wars than all other causes combined. The most zealous devotees were, in general, now convinced of their delusion; and the people united in declaring that the gods had deceived them,—were unworthy of

their confidence, and should no longer be the objects of dependence or respect.

Thus was idolatry banished in Tahiti and Eimeo; thus were the idols hurled from the thrones they had for ages occupied, and the remnant of the people liberated from the abject slavery and wretched delusion in which, by the cunningly-devised fables of the priests, and the doctrines of devils, they had been for ages held, as in fetters of iron. It is impossible to contemplate the mighty deliverance thus effected, without exclaiming, "What hath God wrought!" and desiring, with regard to other parts of the world, the arrival of that promised and auspicious era, when the gods that have not made the heavens shall perish, and "the idols shall be utterly abolished."

The total overthrow of idolatry, splendid and important as it was justly considered, was but the beginning of the amazing work that has since advanced progressively in those islands. It resembled the dismantling of some dark and gloomy fortress, or the razing to its very foundations of some horrid prison of despotism and cruelty, with the very materials of which, when cut and polished and adorned, a fair and noble structure was, on its very ruins, to be erected, rising in grandeur and in symmetry, to the honour of its proprietor and architect, and the admiration of every beholder. The work was but commenced, and the abolition of idolatry was but one of the great preliminaries in those designs of mercy, and arrangements of the providence of God,

which were daily unfolded with increasing interest of character, and importance of bearing, on the destiny of the people.

The conduct of the victors after the memorable battle of Bunaauia, had an astonishing effect on the minds of the vanquished, who had sought safety in the mountains. Under cover of the darkness of night, they sent spies from the retreats in which they had taken shelter to their habitations, and to the places of security in which they had left their aged and helpless relatives, their children and their wives. These found every one remaining as they had left them on the morning of the battle, and were informed by the wives and relatives of the defeated warriors, that Pomare and the chiefs had, without any exception, sent assurances of security to all who had fled. This intelligence, when conveyed to those who had taken refuge in the mountains, appeared to them incredible. After waiting, however, some days in their hiding places, they ventured forth, and singly, or in small parties, returned to their dwellings. When they found their plantations uninjured, their property secure, their wives and children safe, they were utterly astonished. From the king they received assurances of pardon, and were not backward in unitedly tendering submission to his authority, and imploring forgiveness for having appeared in arms against him. Pomare was now by the unanimous will of the people reinstated in the throne of his father, and raised to the supreme authority in his hereditary dominions. His clemency

in the late victory still continued to be matter of surprise to all parties who had been his opponents. "Where," said they, "can the king and the Bure Atua have imbibed these new principles of humanity and forbearance? We have done every thing in our power, by treachery, stratagem, and open force, to destroy him and his adherents; and yet when the power was placed in his hand, victory on his side, we at his mercy, and his feet upon our necks, he has not only spared our lives and the lives of our families, but has respected even our houses and our property." While making these enquiries, many of them, doubtless, recollected the conduct of his father in sending one night, when the warriors of Atehuru had gone over to Tautira, a body of men, who at midnight fell upon their defenceless victims, the aged relatives, wives and children of the Atehuruans, and in cold blood, cruelly murdered upwards of one hundred helpless individuals; and this probably made the conduct of Pomare II. appear more remarkable. They might also remember what is stated to have taken place with regard to the king himself, who, it is said, was seen after one battle to drag along the beach, in order to gratify his horrible revenge, a number of murdered children strung together, by a line passing through their heads from ear to ear. At length they concluded that it must be from the new religion, as they termed Christianity, that he had imbibed these principles; and hence they unanimously declared their determination to embrace its doctrines, and to place

themselves and their families entirely under the direction of its precepts.

The family and district temples and altars, as well as those that were national, were demolished, the idols destroyed by the very individuals who had but recently been so zealous in their preservation, and in a short time there was not one professed idolater remaining. Messengers were sent by those who had hitherto been pagans, to the king and chiefs, requesting that some of their men might be sent to teach them to read, instruct them concerning the true God, and the worship and obedience required by his word. Those who sent the messengers expressed, at the same time, their purpose to renounce every evil practice connected with their former idolatrous life, and their desire to become altogether a Christian people. Schools were built, and places for public worship erected, the Sabbath observed, divine service performed, child-murder and all the gross abominations of idolatry discontinued.

RHAPSODY FROM ZECHARIAH,

Chap. VI.

BY THE REV. R. POLWHELE.

AGAIN I turned, the Prophet cries:

I turned, and lifted up mine eyes:

And lo! there rushed *four chariots* from between
Two mountains towering to the skies!

And the mountains were of brass.*

Dire on my sense the vision burst—

Horses of flame whirled on the *first*;

And fiercer in the *second* car

Sable were the steeds of war;

And in the *third*, of dazzling white

The coursers urged their rapid flight;

* Dr. Blayney tells us, that the four chariots, drawn by horses of different colours, represent the four great empires of the world—the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman, distinguishable both by their order and their attributes. The two mountains of brass are said to denote God's immutable decrees.

And in the *fourth*, with far o'erwhelming force,
Statelier seemed each grizzled horse.

Then cried I to the angel: Lord, what mean

These sights insufferable, to surpass

All mortal durance? And he said:

These are the four great Spirits of heaven that, sped

By the Omnipotent, go forth*

His ministers of wrath,

Through all the subject earth;

That strike the nations with dismay

As vast dominions roll away,

And raise up empires mightier yet than they;

That crush the purple tyrant's throne,

And bid thee lick the dust, proud Babylon!

That shall to ruin hurl, as erst they hurled

The arrogant and vain, to appal a guilty world!

* According to Poole, the four spirits of the heavens signify angels, who have, as ministers of Divine Providence, "a share in the management of affairs both of church and state." The vision in general, indeed, I should consider as a representation of these servants of the Almighty acting their parts in the great revolutions of the world, till the preaching of the gospel, by Christ and his apostles.



Portrait by H. S. S. S. S.

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THE WATER-CRESS GIRL.

THE sun was shining with an aureate glow,
Through the green branches of the summer trees;
On high the birds were singing, and below
The balmy wild flowers seemed alive with bees;
The trouts were leaping from the waveless stream,
And insects sported in the solar beam.

Joy throbbed in Nature's heart; the wide earth seemed
A sinless realm of health and happiness,
The Paradise of which in youth we dreamed,
Ere the untutored bosom owned distress,
Or time had taught the bosom, that the strife
Of sin and suffering chequers human life.

Forth as I wandered in the calm pure air,
Though all around so glorious seemed, and glad,
So bright and beautiful, a weight of care
Oppressed my bosom, and my heart was sad;
I thought of what had been, and what might be,
What changes I had seen, what change might see!

I thought of friends, who, in the sun-bright days
Of boyhood, were like brethren, and who now,
Estranged in faith and feeling, meet my gaze
With cold unthrobbed heart, and marble brow;
As if we ne'er the same school-fare partook,
Played the same games, or read from the same book !

I thought of visions, which by ardent youth
Were to the unsuspecting bosom brought,
Rich air-built castles, which the wand of Truth
Struck down all rudely, crumbling them to nought;
Dreams of romance and innocence, all bright
With hues of morning, soon to fade in night!

Then o'er my spirit passed the Elysian dreams
Of Love, as, coloured by its rainbow dyes,
With more celestial music flowed the streams,
And the green earth again seemed Paradise;
Creation but created to impart
Joy to the eyes, and rapture to the heart.

I saw the wicked like the green bay tree
Elate; the worthless in earth's pomp arrayed;
And, while in sunshine of prosperity
Stalked Vice, sat Virtue pining in the shade,
And Worth and Wisdom sickening to behold
Man's homage paid alone to paltry gold.

All things seemed wrapped in gloom—a blank decay
O'ershaded Nature, and my thoughts were dark;
From living things I yearned to flee away,
For, 'mid the future, nought mine eyes could mark
But disappointment, misery, and the pain .
Which the heart feels, whose hopes have proved in vain.

Thus, as I wandered sorrowful and lone,
Amid fair scenes, whose beauties charmed not me,
I reached the stream, and, lo! from stone to stone,
Tripping amid the shallows, chanced to see,
With basket on her arm, a creature young
And fair, and ever to herself she sung.

And ever as she sung, she tripped along,
Companioned by the household dog, and took
With dipping hand, amid her ceaseless song,
The floating water-cresses from the brook,
And lifted up her eyes, and gazed abroad, .
As if Grief dwelt not 'mid the works of God!

I listened and I looked;—my heart was smote
With shame and grief; for in her garb I saw,
That, bearing thus contentedly her lot,
“The world was not her friend, nor the world's law;”
That she was meanly housed, and poorly fed,
Thus from the waters gathering scanty bread.

" Oh thou of little faith!" unto my heart
I said, " Why ever thus wilt thou despair?
Will He, who fashioned thee, not strength impart,
If at his shrine thou pourest thyself in prayer?
Will He not bring thee from the gates of Death,
And make thee glad, Oh thou of little faith?

" Will He, who, from the black and midnight wood,
Hearkens the hungry lions when they roar;
Who to the nestled ravens brings their food,
And feeds the wild-fowl on the barren shore;
Who paints the lily, and perfumes the pea—
O thou, my soul, forgetful prove of thee?"

I felt the bow-string of my strength renewed,—
Away the cloud from off my spirit fled;
By sorrows and by sufferings unsubdued,
Proudly I made resolve life's path to tread,
Vice to detest, and virtue to revere,
And fearing God, to have no other fear.

TEARS.

BY CAPTAIN M'NAGHTEN.

THERE is a tear that early flows,
The first to fall, like morning dew,
And leaves, like it, the cheek's young rose
Unseared in leaf, undimmed in hue;
It springs but from some transient pain,
And chasing smiles are always near;
'Tis lightly shed, like April rain—
And this is childhood's griefless tear.

There is a tear, than smiles more bright,
Which springs into the beaming eye,
And sparkles there in all the light,
Which souls new bless'd in love supply;
Fond hopes perfected, which the heart
Deemed fate's hand lifted to destroy,
Will make it into being start—
It is the tear of cordial joy.

There is a tear which yields relief
To the o'erburdened anxious breast,
But feeds, while it assuages grief,
And never soothes the heart to rest;

'Tis as the gushing stream, whose source,
Though hid too deeply to appear,
Exhaustless still supplies its course—
And this is sorrow's ceaseless tear.

There is a tear, whose muteness speaks
More than all language can convey ;
A tear, by which the full heart seeks
Its warm emotions to pourtray ;
'Tis the most precious gem, in sooth,
That can by virtue's eyes be viewed,
In the heart's mine of age or youth—
It is the tear of gratitude.

There is a tear, that, like the stream
Of lava from the burning hill,
Comes forth from souls, whose fierce fires seem
Like hell's own flames—unquenchable ;
It flows, and scathes where'er it falls,
The simoom's blast less sure to sear ;
On death the frenzied victim calls,
To dry despair's guilt-springing tear.

There is a tear, more sweet and soft
Than beauty's smiling lip of love ;
By angels' eyes first wept, and oft
On earth by eyes like those above :
It flows for virtue in distress,
It soothes, like hope, our sufferings here ;
'Twas given, and it is shed, to bless—
'Tis sympathy's celestial tear.

STANZAS TO *** *****

BY T. K. HERVEY.

FLOWER of my cold and darkened year!
 Sweet fount amid my spirit's dearth!
 Be near me, with the smiles that cheer
 The happy home and quiet hearth;
 That still, 'mid winter and 'mid night,
 Like fairies, play their sunny part,
 To turn the darkness into light,
 And make it summer in the heart!

What though my early hopes have flown,
 Like Noah's bird, that came not back,
 And many a faded leaf has strown,
 All—all too soon, my summer track;
 My heart has treasures of its own,
 Shrines on which ruin cannot fall,
 And, cherished there, *thy* look and tone
 Are birds, and flowers, and hopes, and all!

Oh! blessed time of smiles and tears,—
Ere smiles or tears are mournful things,—
Of hopes—ere hopes are born with fears,—
And wishes—that have, all, got wings!
Oh! could I tread, again *youth's* track,
With thee,—beloved as thou art!
But who shall bring the shadow back,
Upon the dial of my heart?

Forward, like rivers to the main,
Time passes on—for ever on!—
The moon shall never pause again
Upon the vale of Ajalon!—
The sun comes o'er the eastern hill,
On Gideon,—as on days gone by,
But that high voice has long been still
That bade him linger in the sky!

Yet, thou hast been to me a beam,
Pure as that bright and angel form*
That stood beside the troubled stream,
And gathered healing—*from its storm!*
Thy love—when all was strife around,—
Like music, sung my soul to rest,
And thou hast fondly sought—and found
A thousand fountains in my breast!

* The angel at the Pool of Bethesda.

Oh!—like the bloom that thou hast shed
Along my wasted breast and brow,—
May flowers spring up beneath *thy* tread,
And make thy life-path bright as now!
Still may thy fancy daily fleet,
As here, 'mid glad and happy themes,
And visions—sweet, as thou art sweet,—
Come gliding to thy nightly dreams!

May mercy shield thy breast and brain,
(Descending like a gentle dew,)
Alike from grief's and pleasure's pain,
—For, pleasure has her poisons too!
Bliss—like the Spirit's flaming sword,—
Consuming from its very light,
And hopes that—like the prophet's gourd,—
Grow up, to perish in a night!

May years pass o'er thee, like the breeze
That sweeps along a spicy vale,
That bows—but will not break—the trees,
And draws fresh perfume with each gale!
And, when thy wintry day draws in,
Light—precious as thyself,—be given,
To cheer thee through this darker scene,
And point thee to thy native heaven!

THE ROSE OF FENNOCK DALE.

(A true Story.)

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

'My good name is gone, Jane;
 My joys are all flown, Jane;
 My hope is alone
 In the land o' the leal."
Old Scotch Ballad.

"Do not grieve so, my sister," said Frances Dillon;
 "do not sorrow as those without hope: do not mourn
 as those who have no comforter.—See, even the bonny
 roses, that not an hour ago I placed in your bosom,
 are covered with your tears," she continued, while a
 bright smile played for a moment over her anxious
 face. Rose looked on the flowers; and, while her
 blooming sister shook their drooping leaves, she ex-
 tended her arm, and pushed from her forehead the
 clustering curls that shadowed her sweet face. "Yes,
 Frances, yes: my tears blight your roses, just as my
 sorrows blight your happiness. Alas! alas! that I
 cannot alone suffer, who am alone guilty."

She raised her dark and expressive, but almost rayless eyes to the unclouded sky: and still more rapidly the tears passed along her pallid cheek.

It was a fine clear evening in September; and perhaps nature had never blessed such a solitary spot with so much beauty. A narrow trout-stream gurgled through the dell, that was adorned by groups of pine, ash, and platanus; the bright purple and yellow of autumn slightly tinged their foliage; the surrounding heights were speckled with sheep; and on the slope of one of the most distant hills, the white spire of the village church of D—— peered over the lofty trees that seemed anxious to conceal it from the profane and vulgar gaze. The bank of the streamlet on which stood the cottage of Frances Dillon, embowered in fragrance, like the nest of the cushat dove, was carpeted with purple thyme; while the hair-bell, the fragile poppy, and the sky-tinted cyanus, bordered the path-way that led to her sweet but humble abode. Myriads of singing birds nurtured their young, and poured forth their melody in this fairy scene; the timid partridge, in spring, hardly evaded the foot of the village girls; the robin, every where familiar, was *there* an inmate; and the green woodpecker remained undisturbed in its beech-tree haunt, even by the barking of old Ranger, who, participating in the feelings of his young mistress, suffered bird, rabbit, and squirrel, to pass and repass his path unmolested.

Frances was the youngest, and Rose—the withering

Rose — the once “bonny Rose of Fennock Dale,” the eldest child of respectable and industrious parents. Rose was ten years older than Frances: and the younger had at *one* time been so accustomed to look up to the elder sister as an example of female excellence, as well as of female loveliness, that even at the period to which I have just alluded, Frances often fancied the tale of Rose’s wretchedness a dream.

Time was, when every feeling of that poor girl’s ingenuous heart sent the crimson blush to that pale pale cheek: time *was*, when the brilliancy of those fine dark eyes dazzled all who looked on them:—*now* that cheek is indeed faded; those eyes have become rayless; the bounding step is changed to a feeble totter: the joyous voice is now hardly articulate. Her form and features are indeed still beautiful; but the character of their beauty is sadly, is fearfully altered. Once she was—but what avails it now? What is the violet, robbed of its perfume?—what is the lily, when its purity is stained?—what is the casket, when the jewel is stolen? Alas! that such similes ~~should~~ apply to Rose Dillon.

Her mother died when Frances was only two years old; and to this infant, Rose was all that even an affectionate parent could have been. Her beauty, her wit, but above all her tenderness to her sister, were the constant subjects of village panegyric; and many ardent admirers watched the steps of the rustic beauty, as she ascended to the church of D——, leaning on her father’s

arm, and supporting the still tottering steps of the little Fanny.

With many virtues, Rose was too great a favourite not to possess many faults. Her taste was so often consulted by the village girls—her affectionate attention to her father and sister so praised by the village pastor—and her beauty and superior acquirements so admired by the young, and even by the aged inhabitants of D——, that weeds soon sprung up, and mingled with the flowers. They were, indeed, weeds that might have been easily rooted out; but unhappily her indulgent father saw them not, and they grew on unchecked. She was impatient of restraint, fond of display, too often angry, and sometimes, though not frequently, haughty to her equals. 'Tis true, that tears of sorrow usually followed, when she had been angry without a cause, or had wounded the feelings of her village friends; but such bursts of tenderness did not teach her the luxury of self-control; and the noble generosity of her disposition made those, who ought to have corrected this growing evil, forget the past in the present. She was idolized by the poor, for she was truly kind to them; and when she sighed for wealth and power, she *fancied* it was only that she might become the Lady Bountiful of Fennock Dale.

Sometimes the Pastor would seriously lecture her on her love of dress.—“The flowers,” she would answer, “grew in my father’s garden; and it was only to please *him* that I twined this jessamine in my hair:

surely, dear Sir, there can be no *harm* in gratifying my beloved parent."

Alas! how truly did he tell her, that the love of ornament creeps slowly, but surely, into the female heart;—that the girl who twines the lily in her tresses, and looks at herself in the clear stream, will soon wish that the lily was fadeless, and the stream a mirror.

A circumstance occurred, when Rose was about eighteen, which caused her father bitter sorrow; and he feared that his child had imbibed "high flighted" notions, for which, poor man, he could not account.

George Douglas was the son of an opulent gardener in the village of D——, and he had been long and sincerely attached to Rose Dillon. Her father urged, in strong and affectionate language, the suit of this upright and generous youth; but a scornful smile curled her lip, as she told her parent "it was quite impossible that she could marry any man in Mr. Douglas's situation."

"*Situation*, Rose," repeated the astonished Dillon; "what do you mean by *situation*? George Douglas is a pattern for village youths. He has loved you long—since childhood you have known each other. Who can say they saw George idle?—who ever saw him intoxicated? His word is his bond: and, ah! Rose, in the house of God, have ye not marked his godly and pious conduct?"—"I cannot find fault in any way with George. I love him as a brother; but, indeed,

father, I could not marry the son of a” She paused, ashamed of her own feelings. “The son of whom, Rose?” said her father, really angry. “I hoped, child, that I did not at first understand you. What means this pride? The son of an English yeoman, whose station in life is equal, whose wealth is superior to mine—I ask what you mean by this?”

Rose wept; and Heterick Dillon, the tender, *too* tender parent, was softened. “Well, do not cry, Rose: I would not make thee unhappy, child, for the wealth of worlds: but God”—(the old man clasped his hands)—“God of his infinite mercy grant that you may be as happy with the man of your own choice, as you would have been with poor George.”

Rose kissed her father, and assured him that she never would marry but for his or her sister’s advantage.

The old man drew himself up to his full and majestic height.

“Daughter, all I desire is, that you may ever support the honest character bequeathed you by your forefathers. The Dillons have lived in Fennock Dale nearly two hundred years—their daughters without spot—their sons without blemish. I want nothing from my children but their affection,—and that,” he added, “they will not refuse their gray-headed father.” Long and fervent were the prayers of the old man that night for this wayward child. Two or three years passed away—Rose increased in beauty—but her faults had not departed with time.

D—— Park, the residence of the Earl of D——, had been long neglected by its possessors; but an uninterrupted course of dissipation at length obliged the Earl and his worn-out Countess to rusticate for some months at their beautiful seat. What village, ever so remote, has not, at one time or other, experienced the contagion of vice—the origin of which can be too often traced to some of the *beau monde*, making it their place of refuge from debts and duns; and, in exchange for the shelter they receive, imparting their follies to its unsuspecting, admiring, and wondering inhabitants! Half-pay officers, briefless barristers, and the junior branches of the nobility, are always anxious for a few weeks' fishing or shooting: and many of this description wished (most disinterestedly, no doubt,) to prevent their *dear* and *noble* friends from feeling the sudden change from St. James's Square to D—— too melancholy, and volunteered their services to spend a short time with them, much to the discomfiture of the lord, who wished to retrench, and to the joy of the pleasure-loving lady. Perhaps there are few things more distressing than to witness the profanation of a sweet and retired village, by the thoughtless and the vicious crowding the train of some mighty noble, who visits his paternal estates, not, certainly, as the dispenser of blessings. To hear the murderous gun, where the loudest sound had been the cooing of the wood-pigeon, or the cawing of the venerable rook—to see the scarlet jacket of the brutal huntsman glaring through the green wood, and then

a train of *lordly* men pursue to death the timid hare—sweet commoner of nature's wildest paths! The village youth, instead of inhaling the perfumed air, or joining in manly sport on the open green—now within the walls of the loathsome “public,” betting, drinking, and swearing, with my lord's lackey, or the colonel's body-guard. And the sweet village maids—creatures so pure—so devoid of art and guile, with the bright tint of innocence on their cheeks, and the words of truth on their lips—changed by the flattery of the men, and the example of the city misses, into—what it makes one's blood curdle to think upon.

The beauty of Rose Dillon was of so commanding and striking a nature, that she was soon designated, at the Park, as the “haughty maid of Fennock Dale.” She smiled contemptuously at the politeness of the Earl's own gentleman; and even the French valet—the man of essence and elegance—a *connoisseur*, and a decider on matters of *virtu*, met with nothing but her ridicule: the village girls wondered—and the pastor and her father extolled her strength of mind.

One fine spring morning, little Frances wandered farther than usual from her father's cottage, and stooping to gather a bunch of primroses, which peered through the green sedges that skirted the trout-stream, her foot slipped, and she fell in. A gentleman who was fishing near the spot heard the splash, and with much promptitude and decision, rescued the child from a watery grave. As one of the visitors at D—— Park, he had heard of the

beauty of Rose, and was pleased to have an opportunity of seeing the "Rose of Fennock Dale"—who, bending over the body of her half lifeless sister, far surpassed what this man of fashion had expected to behold.

The first feeling of Rose's heart towards the preserver of her sister was gratitude—her next, admiration: his noble and insinuating manners, his fine form, and his expressive face, were *all* objects of admiration to the unsuspecting girl. She thought the world unblemished as the book of nature—she had never found the poison of the aconite in the perfume of the rose, or the deadly hue of the nightshade on the white bosom of the lilly.

Greville thought Rose the most beautiful girl he had ever met. In the brilliant circles in which he moved, both in London and Paris, he had seen nothing like her: he was wearied of the match-making mothers, and husband-hunting daughters, who crowd our assemblies: he was wearied of *conversazioni*, where stars and blues and *litterati* sip weak tea, and—"blackier—bitterer stuff"—*ennui* devoured him, and he sought refuge at D[—] Park, where, until he beheld Rose Dillon, he saw nothing to amuse his restless mind. He had served his country, and the laurel was yet fresh on his brow: foremost in the battle-field, and gayest in the hall, Greville was still the slave of his passions—the victim of his vices: he called the mild doctrines of Christianity, priestcraft; forgiveness of injuries, cowardice; Voltaire was his oracle; Rousseau, the fatally insinuating Rousseau,

his high priest. Saved 'midst the slaughter of thousands—" 'twas chance," he said, "that turned the thunderbolt of war."

To his surprise he found Rose's mental powers much superior to her birth and station, and he soon discovered in her the pride that "leadeth to destruction." To marry her was contrary to his feelings and interests; and basely and wickedly did he labour to undermine her principles, that she might become his prey; but so he called it not. He called it "emancipating her free-born mind"—"teaching her to read the book of nature"—"casting off the trammels of a foolish world"—"making use of the noble gift of reason." He was too skilful a courtier—too wise in wickedness, to frighten her at once by the doctrines of Deism; but gradually and cautiously did he labour to sap the foundation, on which her honest and virtuous parent had built.

Then how dull and cold to her once attentive ear became the precepts of the village pastor—how wearisome the ascent to the village church—the endearments of Frances became troublesome; but when at night her venerable father opened the book of life, and read the Holy Scriptures, in his usual firm, unbroken tone, Rose's spirit sunk, and felt sick and troubled; her voice sounded faintly in the evening hymn, and the unbidden truth flashed not unfrequently across her mind, that her heart's home was not in Fennock Dale.

It is painful to trace the events that followed—suffice it, that in six months from the time that Greville saved

the life of the little Frances, Fennock Dale Cottage had no mistress—Heterick Dillon but *one* child that he called his own.

But weak as was the fabric, and powerful as had been the attack, the only way that Greville could accomplish his object was by a feigned marriage; this, with so accomplished a villain, was a matter of little consequence. And when the truth was afterwards revealed to his wretched victim, there was not sufficient virtue left to induce her to pursue the only course by which repentance could have been availing.

Alas! what bitterness—what heart-grief was in the once happy dwelling of her father!—but there is a voice which speaks peace to every wounded heart. And, as years passed on, old Heterick prayed that *she*—that lost one, might yet find refuge in a Saviour's dying love.

The flowers of Fennock Dale still bloomed sweetly; the trout-stream still reflected the clear blue heavens and the clustering trees; and the bustle and misery, occasioned by the Earl of D.'s sojournment at D—— Park, had passed; but the bitterness of death was in Dillon's cottage.

"Raise me up, Frances," said the old man, "and let me once more see the sun sink behind the hills."

The beauty of age equals that of youth, though its *character* is so very different. He was noble even in his dying hour. His white hair, thinly scattered over his wrinkled forehead; and then his lovely child,

kneeling at his bed-side; her fair white arms resting on the large old Bible, which lay widely open on the snowy coverlid—her almost breathless gaze turned to her revered parent;—it was a beautiful picture, and language cannot do it justice.

Heterick Dillon rested his elbow on the pillow, and, with a trembling hand, turned over the leaves of his forefathers' Bible, until he arrived at the last page, where his birth, and the birth of his children, *had been* recorded. A huge blot was the only token of where Rose's unhappy name *once* had been. "Frances, give me a pen; I want to replace—her's—your sister's"—*my child's* name, he would have added; but the words died on his quivering lip. With a bursting heart, the youthful girl presented the pen. Dillon made a strong effort—replaced her name in the holy book. "Shew her this." After a pause, he whispered, "Tell her *I* forgave—God will forgive her. She was a mother to thy infancy, child; forget her not—now pray." He was closing the still open volume, when a shadow flitted past the lattice. In an instant, a ghastly figure, half fell, half rushed, into the little chamber, and a fearful shriek—"Father, forgive!" The old man, with a last effort, sprang from his bed, staggered a few spaces, and fell a lifeless corpse, on the body of his wretched daughter. The ink upon the Bible page was not yet dry.

Weeks—months rolled on; Rose neither spoke nor wept. Her brain was seared; her heart was breaking:

Frances amply returned the care her sister once bestowed on her. Night and day the tender girl watched the flickering reason of the wretched sister; and when she did, at length, speak and weep, extracted from her, at intervals, the tale of her miseries. Greville's love was like the desert whirlwind—fierce and destructive: it soon passed away. But he was proud of Rose; and her devoted attachment gratified his vanity, while her mental energies commanded his respect. She followed him to the sultry eastern climes, and preserved his life more than once by her judgment and care. Two of her children fell victims to the climate; a third just reached the English shore, and expired. Yet Rose lived true to her first—her only love, and almost smiled, in bitter scorn, at the wreck of a mother's hopes. Greville was still with her.

The thunderbolt was about to rend her last earthly happiness; if, indeed, *guilt* and happiness can ever be, even for a moment, united. Greville married! and to another; *him*, the idol of her adoration! Impossible! but so it was; and, with mixed emotions of grief and despair, she fled the abode of infamy. The wounded dove, even from foreign climes, will try to regain the home from which the plunderer's hand has snatched it.

Rose Dillon turned her steps towards the cot of her forefathers. She paused, and seated herself on the style that led to the village church-yard. Two peasants passed. "I know he cannot last till morning," said one. "He would have been a hale old

man even now, had it not been for that jade who brought his grey hairs with sorrow to his grave. But never mind; she'll never know rest or peace. The curse will follow her to her dying day. You had a lucky escape, Douglas, when she refused you; an ungrateful daughter could never have made a good wife." She heard no more, but rushed madly down the vale, once the abode of her innocent and happy days.

"There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked;" but there is pardon to those who repent, and peace to those who trust in a Saviour's mercy.—She did repent. In that mercy she trusted; and, doubtless, that pardon she obtained.

Rose would sit for hours with her eyes fixed on the words her dying father's hand had traced; and when, at the end of two years, the gentle and virtuous Frances consigned to the silent turf the remains of her sister, the aged pastor, who remembered the early beauty of her who had drained the cup of sorrow and of death, in a few emphatic words, told of her penitence, and of her faith in Christ.

"Conscious," said he, "of her faults—humbled to a sense of her own unworthiness—shorn of that pride which was her bane; Rose Dillon breathed out her spirit in prayers and thanksgivings to that Being, who, at the last, received her into his fold.

"You, my young friends, whom she knew in infancy, and who saw her spirit quiver on her lips, when,

in her dying moments, she summoned you to her bedside, that you might hear the last wishes of a dying penitent, will not easily forget the scene."

The foot-stone of Heterick Dillon's grave is ^{very} at the head of Rose's. Sweet in the early spring are the violets and primroses that blossom round it. No gaudy flowers mark it, even during the smiling happy days of summer; but the pale starry-eyed jessamine, the wild rose, and the creeping honeysuckle, guard the greensward from the noon-tide sun. And though the village girls do not garland it with flowers, you may often see them, standing and gazing, silently, and with tearful eyes, over the humble grave of ROSE DILLON.

STANZAS ON FRIENDSHIP.

BY THE REV. HOBART CAUNTER, B. D.

*Quæ potest esse jucunditas vitæ, sublatâ amicitia.**Cicero.*

THO' the fair field of life be o'ershadow'd with sorrows,
 And the groans of calamity burst on our ears;
 Still the heart has its joys, whilst from friendship it
 borrows
 A balm for its pangs, a relief for its tears.

In the balance of destiny, anguish, and pleasure
 Are equally poised; but where friendship prevails
 This equality ceases, and joy, without measure,
 Gives new sway to the beam, and thus varies the scales.

I have known what there is in that ardent sensation
 Which glows in the heart, when esteem is its source;
 I have known that regard, friendship's sweetest creation,
 Which lightens time's load, and gives speed to his course.

I have known that there are who a feeling can cherish,
For those who have drained the full chalice of woe;
I have known that there are who for others can nourish
That sympathy few ever deign to bestow.

And though friendship is said to have only her dwelling
With the saints in their bliss, 'mid the light of the skies,
She has cheered this dull earth—oh! what pride in the
telling!
She has challeng'd this heart, she has gladden'd these eyes.

I have known her, as if some bright angel had sent her,
Like a pure bliss from heaven, clinging fast to the soul;
And only that grave, where each mortal must enter,
Shall hide her pure light, or her fervours control.

Without her the virtues, all pale and affrighted,
Would fly to a kindlier sojourn for rest;
Without her religion, abandon'd, benighted,
Could impart not her cheer to the desolate breast.

All those social attachments which hither unite us,
But for her would be void, and this world would be then
A wild scene of things to confound and affright us,
And wolves would be less—far less savage than men.

But friendship enlivens the prospect before us,
For at her magic touch its asperities cease;
And the tempests of life as their thunders burst o'er us
Are hushed by her voice, and subside into peace.

How oft does she kindle the torch of devotion,
And lift our affections from earth to the skies;
When memory awakens the tender emotion
For friends who are gone to the scene of their joys.

Nay, tell me not, you whom no fervours enkindle,
That our days bring no cheer as before us they fly;
Whilst life's varied web is unwound from its spindle,
How the labour is lightened when friendship is by.

Shall they round whose heart all that's selfish and sordid—
Like ivy long clasped round the storm-beaten rock—
Clings, its sympathies stifling,—shall they be regarded
Who delight at the miseries of others to mock?

With such she can never have fellowship—never
Shall her pure appeals with their sympathies blend—
From those she is sundered, and sundered for ever,
Who to self's only idol devotedly bend.

'Tis not for the cold, for the selfish, unfeeling,
That friendship prepares the pure joys that she owns;
To the sensitive only her blessings revealing—
She has sweets for her *bees*, but no honey for *drones*.

A CHRISTIAN'S DAY.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

WAKING IN THE MORNING.

LORD, let my thoughts on angel wings,
 At waking, rise to thee,
 Ev'n ere the lark at ' Heaven's gate sings'
 Her hymn of ecstasy!
 And as the light, through night's dark stole,
 Increaseth more and more,
 May brighter ardours in my soul
 Thy Providence adore!

WALKING OUT INTO THE FIELDS.

While drinking in the healthful air,
 While gazing round on earth and sky;
 Lord, let my heart the influence share,
 Which nerves my frame, and fills mine eye

Let rapture wake the grateful glow,
Till thou alone my worship be !
Since all that Nature can bestow
Of bliss or beauty, flows from thee !

TAKING REFRESHMENT.

As oft I break my daily bread,
Or plentiful or scant, •
Oh ! may I ne'er forget to spread
The board of humbler want !
And as my temperate cup I take
With fervent gratitude,
May that glad act the memory wake
Of Christ's atoning blood !

GOING TO REST.

When slumbers, soft as noiseless snow,
Descend upon mine eyes,
Lord, let me sink to rest, as though
I never more should rise !
Let thy blest Spirit, from my breast,
The world, and sin, have driven,
So that if Death these lids have pressed,
My soul may wake in Heaven !

EXTON CHURCH.

BY MRS. HENRY ROLLS.

Exton Church, in the county of Rutland, is the burial-place of several ancient families—the Harringtons, Gainsboroughs, Noels, &c. Perhaps no village church in England is richer in monumental sculpture. Amongst the numerous tombs, is that of the Countess of Gainsborough, whose adventures Richardson has celebrated under the name of *Pamela*. Her fair successor is represented on another as dead. Lord Byron's exquisite comparison of the then state of Greece to a lovely corpse, seems there embodied. Each side of the "lengthened aisle" is decorated with trophies of curious armour, and from the roof of the nave, a double row of ancient banners casts a solemn shade, well according with the insignia of death scattered around.

HAIL, reverend pile! whose ancient walls
 The great of many an age surround;
 Where'er their lengthened shadow falls,
 All human glories may be found,
 All that adorns the loftiest name!
 Here matchless beauty, faultless grace,
 There valour's strength and glory joined;
 Here all the pride of noble race,
 There all the prouder gifts of mind,
 The sage's or the poet's fame!

Those who have shone in camp or court,
Guided the realm, or grasped the shield;
Eyes that have made man's heart their sport,
And bade the fiercest homage yield
To the soft force of Beauty's smile!
Unfold thy doors, and let me share
The converse of the great—the brave;
Where are they?—Echo answers—"Where"—
From each low shrine and hollow grave,
And lofty roof and lengthened aisle.

Where is the beauty, where the grace,
That once in matchless lustre shone?
Its pale cold faded image trace
In yon high monumental stone,
On which the wan moon feebly gleams.
Where those, whose valour saved the realm?
Behold yon suit of empty mail,
That rust-stained sword, that plumeless helm,
And banner rustling in the gale,
As it in time-rent tatters streams!

Where are the great—those sons of power,
The bold, the stern, the proud, the just?
Perished!—as dies the simple flower,
The mightiest noble sinks in dust;—
The shaft of death will neither spare!

The wealthy—what of them remain?

The silver scutcheon, sculptured o'er
With faint dim lines, that scarce explain
What name the careful hoarder bore;
This, of his wealth his only share!

And he who poured the chords along
Notes that made every bosom swell,
Lives but in the wild simple song,
Which milk-maids chaunt in some lone dell,
Or rustic whistles at the fold.
Yes! reverend pile! thy ancient walls
The great of many an age surround!
Read—ere oblivion's shadow falls,
Here all their histories may be found—
DEAD!—in that word their tale is told.

Exton! could ever mortal stand
And view thy richly sculptured tombs,
Thy banners ranged on either hand,
Thy rust-stained mail, thy time-rent plumes,
And turn with heart untouched away?
Thy walls impressive sermons breathe,
Thy silence woos the soul to prayer,
The dead seem whispering from beneath,
“Thou soon our lowly bed must share,—
In us behold thy kindred clay!”

Father of spirits!—we are dust!—

Thou knowest how we are formed and made,
We in thy mercy place our trust,

We call upon thy love for aid,

Whilst round us Time's dark tempests roar;
Shelter us from the scorching beam,

Support us o'er the whelming wave,

Guard us from each delusive gleam,

And from Death's endless victory save,

And waft us to thy heavenly shore!

Aldwinckle Rectory.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO ROME.

BY THE REV. C. STRONG.

THOUGH Alps in awful grandeur stood around,
With all the wonders their deep bosoms hold,
Summer's bright verdure, snow's eternal cold,
Dark pine-capt steeps, and torrent-gulf profound ;

Still, like the pilgrim on sweet errand bound,
Whose eyes with passing glance the scenes behold
Which realms of beauty to his view unfold,
I sped with eager step towards Latian ground.

My fancy lingered round the imperial halls
Where she had made herself a shadowy home,
By Tiber's banks, and Anio's waterfalls.

My childhood's thought, my youth's desire, was ROME :
Strangely I wished to walk within her walls,
And worship God beneath his proudest dome.

THE WANDERING MINSTRELS.

A Tale, founded on Facts.

BY THE REV. F. A. COX, LL.D.

A REVERSE of fortune, the particulars of which it is not necessary to detail, reduced the parents of the two individuals of whom we are about to furnish a brief account, from comparative affluence to real poverty and an early tomb. Their orphan children were consequently cast upon the wide world ere the first seeds of a poor education had germinated in the mind, and under circumstances which inevitably associated them with very inferior society. Riccolto and Annetto (such were their names respectively), after having spent the period of childhood in their native place, in the immediate vicinity of Rome, acquired the musical skill, and finally adopted the vagrant habits of the wandering minstrels of Italy. Before, however, relating their adventures, it may be proper to advert to their profession; for such was formerly the high-sounding term applied to the subject.

During the middle ages, minstrelsy was in repute among all classes of the community; and it was well

adapted to the romantic character and general habits of those times. Scarcely any country was to be found where this practice was not encouraged, and where it did not become both the means of advancing literature, and the instrument of political changes. At festivals, in abbeys, in great halls, and even in kings' palaces, minstrels were constantly present, for the purpose of celebrating heroic deeds, soothing by their wild airs the mournful heart, or inspiring with fresh hilarity the joyous one. As it was their business to operate on human passions, and to serve as the incidental—often unsuspected medium of intercourse between persons severed from each other by unpropitious circumstances; or to recount the feats of individual prowess, and of public warfare; it may easily be imagined that while they entertained or instructed others, they did not fail to enrich themselves. So well practised, indeed, were they in this art of self-advancement, that it was not unusual, at the period in question, to see the minstrel with his silver harp, and with his gold chains and rings of jewelry, sharing the best entertainment at the blazing hearth of our forefathers. Those who were not of the first class of eminence, and, therefore, unpatronized by the great, obtained subsistence by wandering from town to town, and village to village, to repeat the compositions of others, in the form of songs, ballads, and short stories of mingled fact and fiction. After the fourteenth century this profession declined in importance, till it was totally disregarded, and at length, in England, absolutely

proscribed. The general diffusion of knowledge has been unfavourable to this irregular kind of profession; but the universal love of entertainment, a certain indefinable attachment to the practices of antiquity, and especially the melodies of the Italian language, have contributed to perpetuate it, though in the humbler form, to modern times.

At the commencement of the French Revolution, when massacres and proscriptions were the order of the day,—when nothing was sacred, and no one safe,—our minstrels crossed the Alps into France, and wandered along, in the imagined security of their lowliness and poverty, to the city of Lyons, which was at that period the abode of frenzy and anarchy. The slightest indiscretion, the most innocent conversation, even an ignorant omission of what had been prescribed, was sufficient to expose to the utmost danger before the tribunals of the day. Poor Riccolto, in spite of his foreign extraction, of his language, of his profession, of his sister's agony and his own tears, having been first inserted in the *Register*, (a book of an enormous size, and filled in every page with accusations and maledictions,) was dragged to the Hotel de Ville, to make his appearance before the Provisional Commission. His crime was that of *wearing a hat without a cockade!*

On the day of his examination there were two or three accompanying prisoners, whom it may be worth while to notice, in order to show the spirit of those tribunals, and of the times. The courageous reply of one of them,

the Curè of Amplepuy, was remarkable.—“Do you believe in a Hell?” was the question.—“How,” said he, “could I entertain any doubt of it when I see what is passing here? Had I been incredulous before, when I came here I must necessarily have been convinced.” Another alleged culprit, Mary Adrian, a girl of sixteen, clothing herself in a man’s dress, performed, during the siege of the place, the dangerous and laborious service of an artilleryman. She was asked, “How came you to brave the danger, and fire the cannons against your country?”—“On the contrary,” she replied; “it was to defend, and to save it from oppression.” Another lass, of a pleasing appearance, like our minstrel did not, or would not, wear a cockade. She was asked the reason. “It is not the cockade itself,” said she, “that I dislike; but as *you* wear it, to me it seems the signal of crimes.” Lafaye gave a sign to the turnkey, who was placed behind her, to fix a cockade on her bonnet—“Go away,” said he; “while you wear this you will be safe.” The girl with great coolness immediately took it off, and addressed these few words in a dignified tone to the judges: “I return it to you;” and she instantly left the room and went to execution. At the same moment Riccolto was brought forward; but the same crime having been imputed to him, and the previous scene having produced great excitement, a nod from the presiding judge was, as in many other cases, a sufficient condemnation; and the turnkey, striking him upon the shoulder in the usual form, exclaimed, “Follow me!”

He then proceeded with his prisoner in silence along a little winding stair-case, which led under the portico of the Hotel de Ville, through the arches which support the Grand Court, into the vaults below. At the first resting-place there was an open railing for a fence, where relatives and friends were continually seen full of alarming expectation, and making anxious inquiries. Here Riccolto had a momentary glance of his distracted sister, who, in utter disregard of every observer, and of the whole universe, addressed, upon her knees, a fervent prayer to the Author of life and death, intreating him to bestow the former, and avert the latter from her suffering brother. The inexorable man of office led him to the condemned cell, which exhibited a melancholy and terrific scene. There death presented itself in a thousand forms: nothing was seen but his image; nothing read but the decisions which rendered his approach certain; nothing written on the walls but imprecations, prayers, and tender adieus. In one obscure corner were traceable the following words: "In one hundred and thirty minutes I shall exist no more. I shall have seen death. Blessed event! Will it not bring me to rest?"—Another melancholy inscription to this effect, was just perceptible: "I am calm in my last hour. I thank thee for it, Supreme Author of life and death! I am perfectly well. I go. In one hour I shall be motionless, and my body cold as ice. My head, now full of thought, will be thrown into the pit! The blood, which now warms my veins, will dye the

ground. What, then, is life? What is death? I have only to wait a moment to know."—Near the door was written in pencil, "Cruel judges! you deceive yourselves in thinking to punish me. The end of my days is the end of my sorrows, and ye are my truest friends!"

Common misery and genuine sympathy formed a bond of union in this dreary abode. As soon as the officer had left Riccolto for execution, with a crowd of other condemned persons, they pressed around him with the faint hope of imparting some consolation. "Come," said they, "come and take some supper with us: this is the last inn of life, and our journey is just ended!" Riccolto partook of the supper, such as it was, and retired to the darkest recess he could find, where, covering himself with the straw, exhausted nature at length lost in sleep the recollection of the sentence he was condemned to undergo. The morning brought with it the hour of execution. The prisoners were bound and led forth; but Riccolto was unperceived, forgotten, and left asleep in his melancholy nook. The confusion, the bustle, the number, will account for this curious oversight.

Among the victims of this fatal morning was a member of the municipality of Mornand, of the name of Laurenson. This person bore so striking a resemblance to poor Riccolto, that, looking at him as he was hurried by the grating, through her tear-streaming eyes, Annetto mistook his identity, and instantly followed, in agony, the gloomy train. Laurenson had received an energetic appeal on his behalf from

the inhabitants of his commune; but as he had been assured of a release, he deemed it unnecessary to present that important document to the judges, and put the appeal into his pocket. Now, however, contrary to his just and joyous anticipations, he was cruelly bound, and marched forward to the guillotine. Palpitating with terror, and doubting whether he was really going to suffer, or whether it was only a frightful dream, he perceived that his appeal fell out of his pocket. A gendarme immediately picked it up. "Oh!" said the condemned man, "if the judges could but read it, I should not suffer; but, alas! I cannot convey it." The brave soldier quitted his ranks, broke through the crowd, ascended to the tribunal, presented the appeal, and obtained the authority to bring back the prisoner to the common hall. There was yet time; a minute remained for Laurenson to live. Forty persons were at this time led to the guillotine, and the name of Laurenson had, by a singular casualty, or rather providence, been inserted last in the fatal roll. Already thirty-nine had fallen; already was he, the last prisoner, bound to the fatal engine; when the gendarme rushed to the spot with breathless eagerness, vociferating, "Stop!" He presented the order, and the prisoner was released: but he had become motionless with terror. It was believed he had actually expired; but life being at length restored, it was found to be worse than death, for reason was irrevocably gone. The poor sister of

Riccolto fainted at the same moment, supposing that he, whom she had mistaken for her brother, had really undergone this sanguinary execution. Upon her recovery, as she was unable to obtain, and, in fact, discouraged from seeking any tidings of her brother, she fled from the dreadful spot for ever!

We must now return to the dungeon, where he continued actually incarcerated. Upon waking from his long sleep of so many hours, he was overwhelmed with astonishment at his solitude; but resigning himself to the mysterious circumstance, the day passed on in darkness and silence and despair. The next was a Decade; no one was then judged, no one condemned, no one immured in the prison. The day following happened to be still a holiday, both for the judges and the executioner; while Riccolto, entirely forgotten, would have perished with hunger, had he not found some remnants of food which had been left behind by the former occupants of this dreary habitation. On the fourth day, the jailor brought another victim of revolutionary vengeance to this melancholy cell, when he was startled at the sight of a man. "Whence do you come?" exclaimed he, in the utmost agitation and alarm. "*I have never gone out from this place,*" replied Riccolto, in a faint voice; "doubtless the companions of my misery have been led to execution. I was asleep; I heard nothing; they forgot to call me to follow them: it is my misfortune; I wish to live no longer; *but this misfortune may, probably, be*

retrieved to-day, since I see you." The jailor instantly went up to the tribunal, and related the story. Riccolto was called and examined; his evidence was believed; and the singularity of his case induced even these infuriated monsters to set him at liberty.

The poor minstrel, restored to an almost unwelcome life, availed himself of an opportunity of flying from the scene of horror and of danger, by hastily repairing on board a small boat, frail, and roughly made, such as is now often constructed at Lyons for the purpose of descending the rapid stream of the Rhone to Avignon—a voyage most agreeable to those whose minds are sufficiently tranquil to contemplate the picturesque scenes which continually present themselves on either bank; but with what feelings now undertaken by Riccolto is better imagined than described. He repeatedly played and sung to his companions, some of whom had drank deep of the cup of woe in that period of national calamity and distraction, a few irregular stanzas, of which the following may be taken as a translation. They were a plaintive expression of the secret sorrow of his heart.

Rapidly and mournfully,
Glides the stream of life away.
O my harp! to-day—to-morrow,
Give the deep-toned notes of sorrow;
As a boon, a boon I crave,
The lowly, lonely, loathsome grave.
'Twill be a rest, a rest I ween,
From this world's dark and troubled scene.

Let the current glide away,
Rapidly and mournfully,
Into eternity.

Yet on the dark, dark stream,
There is a transient gleam :
Ah! is it the sparkle of hope I see?
Or is it the lightning glare of destiny?
Is it a reflection bright
From the blessed realms of light?
Or is it the flash of the vengeful sword,
Drawn at the Almighty word?

O my harp! to-day—to-morrow,
Give the deep-toned notes of sorrow;
Bid the stream of life away,
Rapidly and mournfully,
Into eternity!

While Riccolto was thus descending "the rapid Rhone," his sister had taken a different direction, pursuing her mournful and solitary way towards Grenoble and the Alps. Her only resource was the employment of her skill in that pleasing art to which she had addicted herself. In this manner she picked up a precarious subsistence during several years; wandering from cottage to cottage, and from village to village; often inspiring hilarity in which she could not participate, and sometimes diffusing a personal influence, of which her native modesty rendered her unconscious.

A circumstance, however, at length occurred, which became the means of transplanting the lily from the lowly vale of obscurity and want, to the garden of village notoriety and moderate competence. A

little rural festival was held in one of the districts of the Piedmontese valleys, whither she had wandered, to which a great number of the very limited population had resorted from those humble cottages which are scattered here and there over the declivities of the mountains, as on the sides of a vast amphitheatre. Amongst others, our minstrel was attracted to the spot, happy in an occasion of obtaining a few sous in exchange for her simple melodies. The lord of the feast, who was the inhabitant of a pretty, though not magnificent edifice, and the owner of a small domain of cultivated vines, was attracted no less by the performer than the performance; and beheld, through all the disguise of poverty, a certain indescribable superiority of manner, which led him to conjecture other exalted qualities. He intimated his wish to become more familiar with the songs and melodies that were to him the best amusement on this festive occasion, and did not hesitate, therefore, to intimate a wish for the repetition of them at his own dwelling on the following day. It was then his first impressions were confirmed, which ultimately led to her exaltation to the rank of his companion for life. She who had borne adversity well, was not wholly unprepared for the proper enjoyment and use of sudden prosperity; till at length, in the maturity of the noblest principles, she eminently adorned her comparatively elevated sphere.

Madame Froissart (for such was the new name she

had acquired with her new station) failed not to conciliate the universal esteem of her neighbours and dependants. It was to her a source of pure and perpetual gratification to visit the humble cottages of the district; to associate with their lowly tenants during their labours in the vineyards, where she would often recount the sorrowful adventures of her own wandering life; and to alleviate the sufferings of the wretched, by charitable distributions. As years rolled on, an infant family engaged her domestic solicitude; to whom she imparted, as she had now received, the best principles. Her husband was a descendant of one of the persecuted inhabitants of the valleys, and her mind had been gradually led to feel the life-inspiring influence of genuine religion. The prejudices of early life had, indeed, taken a deep root, but had been gradually eradicated; the extreme darkness of her mind had been effectually dissipated, though slowly, by the light of revelation. Monsieur Froissart had himself become greatly influenced by a translation of the writings of some eminent divines, which the assiduity of British benevolence and piety had sent, with the Scriptures, into these Alpine recesses; and, already prepared by adversity for the impressions of religion, she read attentively, and at length imbibed entirely, the truth and the spirit of the heavenly records. It became one of her first cares to impart the same instruction to her rising family, and then to diffuse it among the poor population of her vicinity.

About this period the attention of several foreign countries, particularly of England, had been awakened to the necessities of these descendants of the Waldenses; and as the restoration of peace in Europe had facilitated their means of communication, various benevolent plans were put into execution for their benefit. The schools of the district were encouraged by pecuniary aid, and new ones established. Of these, Madame Froissart undertook the general superintendence; and the pious traveller, who turned aside from the great road of Italy and France to visit these solitudes of Nature, had soon the satisfaction of discovering several rural institutions for the education of the poor, distributed like so many nests for the nurture of unfledged intelligence, amidst embowering shades, and on the Alpine declivities. Her own improvement corresponded with her opportunities; and her natural sympathies with children in humbler life, intermingling with her religious feelings, gave a certain vigour and zest, as well as perpetuity, to her important efforts.

In the course of a few years, however, Monsieur Froissart saw, with the deepest concern, the health of his excellent companion visibly decline; till the cold and damp of one of the schools, which she persisted in attending during the most inclement season that had been known even in that climate, produced a rapid consumption. Anxious to try the effect of some change of scene and atmosphere, he induced her to undertake a journey—a short one,

to Milan. It was too late; on the third day she was compelled to take refuge in a very mean habitation, and in a very exhausted state. The inmates, it is true, did what good nature might be supposed to dictate, to alleviate her sufferings; but they knew not how to sympathise with the elevated sentiments of her mind. Their ideas were earthly; hers, heavenly. They offered the alleviation of mirth and gaiety; she wanted the balm of pious intercourse. They brought her the music of the minstrel; her thoughts were more occupied with celestial songs and symphonies. Yet did she not altogether refuse the strain to which her youth had been devoted, and which found even yet a responsive vibration in her heart. On the second evening after her arrival, she consented, therefore, to the introduction of a minstrel, while she sat panting beneath a tall vine, looking towards the world of light which she hoped soon to enter, and catching, on her languid countenance, the beams of the setting sun, which she contemplated as the emblem of her own speedy descent into the grave. It was a solace to her mind to pursue the analogy, and to indulge the anticipation of ascending from the dark horizon of death into another sphere—into the brightness and purity of other skies.

The minstrel performed his part with admirable dexterity and effect. He touched upon themes, and fetched tones from the depths of melody once familiar and delightful to the listener. The very joy

of her youth was kindling; she felt a renovated life; she shed tears of sweet remembrance, and tears, too, of painfully pleasing recognition. One word she at length pronounced so warmly, so impressively, and with such irresistible pathos—" *Riccolto!*"—that the minstrel dropped his instrument, while she invited him to her sisterly arms, and each found in the other the long-lost companion of early years! It was to her a streak of sunshine bordering the dark valley of death! It seemed to light her passage to the tomb, if it did not almost excite a wish for delay in the regions of vicissitude and sorrow!

We attempt not to describe their emotions; nor do we relate the story of his personal adventures during the long years of their separation. Her life was now prolonged only a few days; but they were employed in endeavouring to inform the rude and ignorant mind of her brother. It was with little effect; he sympathised with her sufferings, but not with her religion: yet was he not absolutely unaffected. He watched the decay of nature with deep interest; he wondered at the peace of her dying hour; and he stood, with the deepest natural feeling, to witness the spirit of his sister, so much beloved, so little *understood*, stretch her eager pinions for the immortal flight.

It was her last request, that he would lay aside his wandering habits, and endeavour to *naturalize* himself with those among whom she had spent so many happy days. She was influenced in making this request by

a secret hope that better principles might gradually, though incidentally, enter his mind. Her anticipations were not unfounded. From utter aversion at first, which was only overruled by the request of his dying sister, and which, with minds not entirely hardened, has generally the force of a law, he at length became pleased with his new situation; and the religious instruction which he was the medium of transmitting to the different schools, in the form of books, tracts, and Bibles, finally caught his own attention, and was made the instrument of renewing his own heart. Then he discovered the secret spring of that peace which irradiated the closing scene of his sister's pilgrimage; participated in its enjoyment; and, at the distance of only eighteen months, was suddenly transported, by a rapid fever, to the society of his departed relative, and the holy visions of immortality.

THE PEER AND THE POET.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY.

WHAT though within a marble palace
He keeps his revel night and day—
What though his fathers o'er these valleys
For centuries have held their sway—
Not all the wealth that lord has wasted
On pleasures lightly prized, when won,
Could buy, what thou hast freely tasted
From Nature's bounty—her pale son!
The Baron, served by many a minion,
With many a leman at his call,
Looks as if earth were one dominion,
And he the monarch of it all.
But take from him his wine and wassail,
The trappings of his high degree,
The homage of the bending vassal,
And what a naked thing is he!

A corner of the Baron's stable
Is better than the Poet's hall ;
The hound that crouches at his table
Would scorn the minstrel's festival :
Yet would I rather, landless maker !
A brother of thy fortunes be,
Than, with a slave for every acre,
Shame my ancestral chivalry.
I'd rather claim the virgin treasure
Of Heaven's own gold within thy breast,
Than grasp of gems the richest measure
That ever burned on regal vest.
A narrow lot thou may'st inherit,
Thy daring footstep to control ;
The eagle pinions of thy spirit
Sport throughout space, and ask no goal.
The cup of luxury is flowing
With balmy perfumes, spicy wine ;
Poor, transitory joy bestowing
On those admitted to her shrine.
For thee—the Bard !—in silence gushes
A holy fount's perpetual swell,
That floats thy heart on high, and flushes
Thy cheek with hues become thee well.
The Sun, who calls the lark before him,
To chaunt glad matins near his throne,
Of all the voices that adore him,
Loves best thy everlasting tone.

Thou art encircled with a glory,
Whose splendour, wheresoe'er it stray,
Showers lustre on the ruin hoary,
And makes the gilded dome more gay.
To thee the forest and the mountain
A greener, grander scene supply;
The wind, and the light-leaping fountain
Afford thee all their melody.
The countless family of heaven,
Who leave their homes at even-tide
To cheer a drooping world, have given
Thee smiles to other eyes denied.
Even she, with beauty for her dower,
Delightful woman! little knows
How much of her enchanting power
She to thy fancy's magic owes.
Shorn of the pageantry around him,
Small homage will the Baron find;
The Bard, though wretchedness surround him,
Is still a King among his kind.
The lord, by giddy fortune courted,
Stalks through a part by thousands played;
The minstrel, proud and unsupported,
Stands forth the Noble God has made!

FOREIGN LANDS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

SPEAK but of foreign lands—we see
The child of nature wandering free :
The wild-wood hunter fearless press
On through the flowery wilderness.

Who does not trace the lonely path
Tro'd by the lion in his wrath ;
Or feast his soul with all that lies
Lovely and strange beneath the skies ?

We think upon a foreign land—
What wild, luxurious scenes expand !
The broad, deep river, like a sea ;
The untrodden wood's immensity.

The green and quiet tracks of rest
That hide within the forest's breast ;
That stillness, so profound and dread,
Ne'er broke by human voice, nor tread.

We see the gorgeous flowers lie,
In myriads, 'neath the tropic sky ;
And hear the bird, with wild cry, wake
The night-hush of the forest brake.

'Tis thus—yet foreign lands and seas
Bring other, deeper thoughts than these ;
For is there one who hath not lost
Some dear one on a foreign coast ?

Oh! many a noble heart is laid
To moulder in the forest's shade ;
The palm-tree lifts its glorious crest
O'er many a loved one's home of rest.

The sunny land, the lovely isle,
Radiant in spring's eternal smile,
Have had their prey, have rent the ties
Of home-born, heart-linked sympathies.

Alas! for this affection pales;
The eye grows dim, the spirit fails ;
Till foreign lands become a sound
That stirs the bosom but to wound.

THE CHRIST.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

I.

MONARCHS are feasting in their towers ;
 E'en through the starry midnight hours,
 The festal radiance streams around
 O'er the hushed cities, blent with sound
 Of music and luxurious mirth ;
 For boundless peace is on the earth.
 Around them famous captains sit ;
 Beauty, nobility and wit :
 Each to his proud heart saith with glee,
 " I am a king,—there's none like me !"
 Ah, foolish pride ! Ah, vaunting cheer !
 A King more mighty far is near.
 He walks the desert, and his throne
 Is of the massy mountain stone :
 He walks the waters, and they spread
 In silent homage to his tread :
 And the wild winds, with playful sweep,
 Herald his path across the deep.

Heaven's spirits in their glory speed
To wait, or minister at need.
Know ye not whence this monarch springs?
It is the King of kings!

II.

The world speeds on as it has sped
Through all the ages that are fled.
The city streets with sunshine glow;
The city throng moves to and fro:
The gay, the gainful and the grave
Mingle, like air-drops, in the wave;
Mingle, yet mix not,—seen, and lost:
Each with his own sole thoughts engrossed.
They hope no change, they fear no change,
They feel at hand no era strange;
But, from the desert scorched and dry,
Comes the wild prophet's warning cry:
And, by the brooks and shepherd's fold,
There walks One awful to behold;
And, by the borders of the sea
Passing, he says, "Come, follow me!"
And men rise up, forsaking all,
Through power of that mysterious call.
What word is that? The same which spake—
Made Earth, and shall unmake!

III.

In synagogues throughout the land
The priest and the proud Levite stand,
Dealing, without or stint or flaw,
The terrors of the ancient law ;
Bad to the bad, and to the worse
A heavier doom, a bitterer curse.
But there sits One in wilds apart,
Awful in aspect, meek in heart ;
And from his graceful lips descend
Blessing, and blessing without end.
The eager crowds around him press ;
His very glance doth heal and bless.
By desert, mountain, rock and sea
They follow him continually.
His form is glorious to behold ;
His words are drops of living gold ;
His face is like a king's, but sad,
Yet, in its light all souls are glad ;
Amaze, and dread, and love devour
All hearts, new thoughts and words of power.
Whence brings he joy in such increase ?
It is the Prince of Peace !

IV.

The sage, in his most secret cell,
Ponders each antiquated spell :

Each prophet-scroll, each starry sign,
For advent of the Hope Divine.
Oh, fool ! in knowledge lost and drowned,
They who sought not, the first have found.
Even now the ignorant and low
Hear words of wonder overflow ;
Stupendous visions view the dark :
The dumb is singing like the lark :
Lameness runs far and wide to tell
Tidings of many a miracle.
What need of seer, or sage renowned
To tell such hearts whom they have found ?
The very demons shriek with fear,
The Christ ! the Christ is here !

V.

The old man faints upon his bed ;
The young man in his strength is dead :
In silent chambers tears descend
Through anguish for the perished friend.
But at *one* death, *one* parting cry,
Earth trembles, darkness fills the sky.
The deed is done ! the deed of woe !
The King of kings has been below :
The Prince of Peace has trod the earth :
The very Christ has had his birth.
No word of old is rendered vain,
The World's Desire is found and slain.

Time has not had such guest as he !
Time never more such scenes shall see !
But every breath of his shall Time
Bear to remotest age and clime.
His words, that to the winds were sown,
In heedless ears, and places lone,
Like rains upon the mountains shed,
Shall run and fill an ocean bed :
Like beams that fall, seem quenched, yet spring
Upward in every living thing ;
Thus shall they live, spread, breathe, and burn,
Till Time expire and Christ return.

THE SOUTH SEA CHIEF.

A Fragment.

BY MISS JANE PORTER.

WHILE in the north of Europe, I met with a rather extraordinary person, whose account of himself might afford a subject for a very pretty romance; a sort of new Paul and Virginia; but with what different catastrophe, it is not fair to presage. He described himself as a Frenchman, a native of Bourdeaux; where, at an early age, he was put on board a merchant ship, to learn the profession of a seaman. About that time war broke out between Great Britain, and the lately proclaimed Republic of France; and the vessel he was in, being attacked, and taken by an English man-of-war, he was carried a prisoner into England. When there, his naturally enterprising character would not submit itself to a state of captivity; and, soon making his wishes understood, he entered on board a British sloop, bound to New Holland. While gazing with rapt astonishment on the seeming new heavens which canopied that, to

him, also, new portion of the globe; while the stars of the Cross were exciting his youthful wonder; and he could no where find the constellations of the Great, or the Little Bear in the midnight firmament, the sky was suddenly overcast with a cloud, like the pall of nature, and a fearful tempest burst from it. The scene was dreadful on that wide waste of waters; and the vessel being driven at last into the rocky labyrinths of the Society Isles, was finally wrecked on one not many leagues from the celebrated Otaheite. Laonce, the young Frenchman, and one seaman of the sloop, an honest north Briton, were the only persons who escaped; for when morning broke, they found themselves, restored from insensibility, lying on the shore, and not a trace of the ship, or of those who had navigated her, was to be discerned. The inhabitants of the island, apparently wild savages by their almost naked state, instead of seizing them as a prey, took them to their huts, fed, and cherished them. Hope for awhile flattered them that some other vessel, bound for New Holland, might also be driven upon those islands, though not with the same hard fate, and that by her means they might be released, and conveyed back to Europe. But days, and weeks, and months, wearing away without any such arrival, they began to regard the expectation less, and to turn their minds to take a more intimate interest in objects around them. Time, indeed, accustomed them to what might be called barbarous, in the manners of the people; by degrees, even themselves

laid aside their European habits; they exchanged their clothing for the half-exposed fashion of the native chiefs; and, adopting their pursuits and pleasures, became hunters, and bold fishers in the light canoe. Finally, they learnt to speak the language, as if they had been born in the island; and, at length, sealed their insular destiny by marrying native women. Laonce was hardly eighteen when he was first cast ashore amongst them; but having a handsome person, and those engaging manners, from a naturally amiable disposition added to a gentleman's breeding, which never fail agreeably impressing even the rudest minds, the eye of female tenderness soon found him out; and the maiden, being the daughter of the king, and beautiful withal, had only to hint her wishes to her royal sire; and the king naming them to their distinguished object, she immediately became his happy bride. Laonce, becoming thus royally allied, and in the line of the throne, instantly received publicly the investiture of the highest order of Otaheitan nobility, namely, a species of tattooing appropriated to chiefs alone. The limbs of the body thus distinguished, are traversed all over with a damasked sort of pattern, while the particular royal insignia is marked on the left side of the forehead, and below the eye, like a thick mass of dark tattooing.

But the young Frenchman, and his north Briton companion, had reserved to themselves means of increasing their consequence, still more than by their mere personal merits, with their new fellow-countrymen.

A few days after the wreck, the subsiding elements had cast up certain articles of the ship, which they managed to turn to good account: the most valuable of them were fire-arms and some gunpowder, and a few other implements, both of defence, and use in household, or ship's repairs. The fire-arms seemed to endow the new young chief, just engrafted into the reigning stock, with a kind of preternatural authority; and, by the aid of his old messmate, and new bosom-coadjutor, he exerted all his influence over their awed minds, to prevent their recurrence to the frightful practice he had seen on his first landing, of devouring the prisoners they took in war. His marriage had invested him with the power of a natively born son of the king; and, having made himself master of their language, his persuasions were so conclusive with the leading warriors, that, in the course of a very little time, it was rare to hear that so dreadful a species of vengeance was ever tasted, even in stealth. However, so addicted were some few of the fiercer sort, to this ancient triumph of their ancestors, that he found it necessary to add commands to persuasions, and then threats to commands; and having expressed in the strongest terms his abhorrence of so cowardly and brutal a practice, he told them, that the first man he saw attempt to touch the flesh of a prisoner to devour it, he would instantly put the offender to death.

Shortly after this warning, a fray took place between the natives of his father-in-law's dominions, and their

enemies from a hostile island. A number of captives were taken; and all under his command held his former orders in such reverence, that none, excepting two (and they had before shown refractory dispositions), presumed to disobey his edict of mercy. But these men, in derision of his lenity, particularly to the female sex, selected a woman-prisoner to be their victim; and slaying her, as they would have done a beast, they commenced their horrible repast upon her body. Laonce descried the scene at a distance just as they had prepared their hideous banquet, and, going resolutely towards them, levelled his musket at the cannibals. One of the wretches was killed with the horrid morsel in his mouth, and a second shot, brought down his voracious accomplice in the act. This bold example so awed all within ken of the fact, that from that hour, until the day he quitted the island, a period of fourteen years, no captive ever met with the interdicted fate. Though the old sovereign continued in life, he consigned the power to his new son, and Laonce became virtually king of the place. Indeed, so reconciled was he and his friend the north Briton (who also married) to the spot which had first sheltered them, and then adopted them even as its legitimate offspring, that although many ships of different nations touched there, no inducements could prevail on them to quit their sea-girt home of simple nature, for all the blandishments which civilized life could produce. Yet Laonce took a hospitable delight in showing every act of friendship in his power to the

captains of the vessels; refitting them with food and fresh water; and rendering them much essential service, in pointing out how to manage with safety the difficult navigation round the several islands.

The animation with which he recited these circumstances, after he was far from the spot where they took place, strongly portrayed the fearless independence of his former life. He spoke with the decision of one whose commands had been unappealable, and all the barbarian chief lightened in his eyes. But when he recalled his home there, his family happiness, his countenance fell, his eyes clouded, and he spoke in half-stifled words. He described his palace-hut; his arms, his hunting spear, his canoe; his return to his hut, with the fruits of the chase; the graceful, delicate person of his wife; her clinging fondness on his entrance; his tenderness for her, and for his children—for she bore to him a son and a daughter; and, while he spoke, he burst into tears, and sobbed like a child. “I was then beloved,” said he, “Honoured!—master of all around me! Now, I am nothing:—no home—no wife—no friend! I am an outcast here!—when there! Oh, Berea! wilt thou have forgotten me?” His tears, and wild agonies, prevented him proceeding; and my eyes could not remain dry, when seeing such genuine grief, such real suffering.

But the cause of his being separated from his South-Sea home, and his beloved Berea and her babes, remains to be told. It appears, that about three years

before the period I met him, a Russian ship, sent on a voyage of discoveries, touched at the island where Laonce had become naturalized. The captain was received with royal hospitality by the king; and the *Prince Laonce* became the glad interpreter between the Europeans and his august father-in-law—for the captain spoke French. And, besides procuring the crew all they wanted for common comforts, the young chief loaded the commander and his officers with useful presents. One night it blew a violent gale, and the Russian captain, deeming it impossible to keep his anchorage in a bay so full of unseen dangers, made signals to the land, in hopes of exciting some native, experienced in the navigation, to come off, and direct him how to steer. Every moment increased his jeopardy; the storm augmented; and, at each growing blast, he expected to be torn from his cables, and dashed to atoms against the rocks. No one moved from the shore. Again the signals were repeated: Laonce had risen from his bed on hearing the first. Who was there amongst all in that island, excepting his British comrade, who would have known how to move a *ship* through those boiling waves? The light canoe, and a vessel of heavy burthen, were different objects! His comrade was then watching by the side of an almost dying wife, who had just made him the father of his first-born son. Could Laonce summon him from that spot of his heart's tenderest duties, to attend to the roaring guns of distress from a stranger

vessel? Impossible! He rose, and looked out on the night. He listened to the second signal, he wrung his hands, and, sighing, was returning to his couch again. His wife had then risen also. She clasped her arms round him, and a big tear stood in both her eyes. "You tell me," said she, "that your people do not make those thunders to heaven, and to earth, till they are drowning. You know you can save them all. Go, Lao,"—and she smiled; "go; and the foreign chief, after you have saved him, will give you something for me—either a looking-glass, or a silk handkerchief. Go, Lao."

He wound his arms round the gentle pleader; and, almost ashamed that the father and the husband in his heart, should make him calculate between his own life and that of the gallant crew, he told her, that the tempest raged too tremendously for him to dare stemming it. But she laughingly repulsed his caresses, accusing his fondness for her as the inducement of his assumed apprehensions; and being too long accustomed to the rashness of her own people, in braving every weather, to believe any plea of positive danger, she still persisted; saying she must have a silk handkerchief that night from yon ship, or she should think he loved his sound sleep better than he did his fond Berea.

The enthusiastic love which still warmed the faithful husband's breast, and a third signal of distress from the struggling vessel, mastered his better judgment, and, seizing his canoe, he dashed into the foaming waves,

and boldly stemmed their fury to the object of his mission. The overjoyed crew, as they heard his voice hailing them through the storm, cast out a rope, by which they hoisted him into their cracking ship. The most rapturous acknowledgments from the captain, greeted him as soon as he jumped on the deck; and the eager seamen called him their deliverer. He was happy! he said, he was happy in the achievement of what he had done; he had obeyed the wish of his beloved Berea, and he had survived the lashing surge. He was happy, in the confidence that he should rescue the gallant vessel he came to take under his control. But that hour of happiness was his last. He took the helm in his hands; he gave the requisite directions to the seamen, for the management of the ship; and he soon steered her out of the dangers of the bay, till she rode in safety on the main ocean. He then asked for a boat to carry him on shore, for his canoe had been crushed by an accident. But the wind still blowing hurricanes, they would not venture the loss of one of their boats; and during the hot contentions between him, and the ungrateful chief of the vessel he had preserved, they were driven out far to sea; whence his swimming arm, had he plunged into the boisterous deep, could have been of no use to him. Indignation, despair, overwhelmed him. None appeared to understand the nature of his feelings; all pretending to wonder that a European born, should not be grateful to any occasion that would carry him

away from a savage country like that. In vain Laonce remonstrated; in vain he talked of his wife and children; the captain and his sailors laughed, promised him better of both sorts amongst his kindred whites; and when he cursed their hardened hearts and cruel treachery, they laughed again, and left him to his misery. At last, when the protracted hurricane subsided, and the vessel's log-book proved that she had been driven several degrees leeward of the Society Isles, abandoned to a sullen despair, he ceased to accuse or to reproach; he ceased even to speak on any subject, but cast himself into his lonely berth during the day, that he might not be irritated to continued unavailing madness, by the sight of the ingrates who had betrayed him. At night, indeed, he seated himself solitary on the deck, when the watch alone was there; and, still wordless to that only companion, discoursed with sighs and streaming tears to the starry sign, which hung over the part of the heavens that canopied his wigwam home. To his straining eyes, nothing but the silvery line of the star-lit sea was on that distant horizon; but his heart's vision pierced farther, and he beheld the sleepers in that home;—no, not the sleepers! His disconsolate, his despairing wife, tearing her bright locks, and beating the tender bosom he must no longer clasp to his own. His children—"Oh! my babes!" cried he, and the cry of a father's heart for once pierced the obdurate bosom of the captain, who, in that

moment, had happened to come upon the deck to examine the night. He said a few words of rude comfort, mixed with his usual raillery; vaunting himself as a reckless bachelor, who might range the world, without such clogs to his enterprize and promotion, as wives and children; and, to ease his Otá-heitán benefactor of the toto, he declared he had thus carried him off, to share in the honour of his expected discoveries. The unhappy chief, in then answering him, begged, that if he had, indeed, any spark of honesty towards him, he would prove it, by obeying his wish in one thing at least; and that was, to set him on shore on the first European settlement they should fall in with. "Do this," said he, "and I may yet believe you have honour. For honour is a man's own act; a discovery is fortune's; and for its advantages, did I stay, I should not have to thank you. But I want none such. Set me on shore, and there I will follow my own destiny."

To this poor request, the iron-souled commander of the vessel, at last consented; and in the course of some weeks after, Laonce was landed on the coast of Kamschatka. His secret intent was to lie in wait for the possibility of some ship touching at the port where he was set ashore, that might be bound to the track of his beloved islands; but not uttering a word of this, to the reprobate wretch who had torn him thence, he simply bade him "farewell! and to use his next pilot better;" so saying, they parted for ever.

But weeks and months passed away, and no vessel bound for the South Seas, showed itself in that distant latitude; and its gloomy fogs, and chilling atmosphere, its pale sky, where the sun never shone for more than three or four hours in the day, seemed to wither up his life with his waning hopes! In no way did it resemble the land he had left; the warm, and the genial heavens of the home he was yet bent to find again;—and he left Kamschatka for some more propitious port; but, like *Sindbad the Sailor*, he wandered in vain. A cruel spell seemed set on him, or on the spirit of adventure; for in no place could he hear of a vessel going the way of his prayers. At last he arrived, by a most tedious and circuitous journey at Moscow, with a design to lay his case before the young and ardent Alexander, the then Emperor of Russia; with the hope that his benevolence, and a sense of what he had done for the vessel which had betrayed him, would incline his Majesty to make some effort to return him to his island, and his family.

That this hope was not vain, the character of the good Alexander, since proved by a life of undeviating promptness to all acts of humanity, may be a sufficient voucher. But whether the homeward-bound chief, found, on his setting his foot again upon the ground whence he had been so cruelly rifled; and whence, indeed, the innocent confidence, the playful bravery of his fond wife, had urged him; whether he found his cherishingly-remembered home, yet standing as he left it;

and her, still the tender and the true to his never-wandered heart; and whether his children sprang to his knee, to share the parental caress; and the people around, raised the *haloo* of joy to the returned *son of their king*!—whether these fondly-expected greetings hailed his arrival, cannot be absolutely told; for the vessel that took him out, was to make the circuit of the globe, ere it returned; hence, from that, and other circumstances, the facts have never reached the narrator of this little history, of what was really the meeting between Laonce and his Berea; of the young chief, and the natives he had devotedly served! But can the faithful hearts of wedded love, doubt the one; or manly attachment suspect the other? For the honour of human nature, we will believe that all was right; and, in the faith of a humble Christian, we will believe, that “he who shewed mercy, found mercy!” That he is now restored to his island-home, and to his happy, grateful family!

SARDANAPALUS, DURING THE NIGHT AFTER THE FIRST BATTLE.

From one of the unpublished Books of the Fall of Nineveh.

BY EDWIN ATHERSTONE.

—WITH darkened brow, the king
 Along the silent chamber to and fro
 Paced slowly; paused at length, and toward the field
 Looked forth. Like the dead stillness of the corse
 From the fierce battle resting, gloomily
 Beneath the dim light lay the gory plain.
 Like to the blackened ashes, motionless
 And cold, where late the mighty spirit of fire
 Triumphantly his myriad banners waved,—
 The flaming battle-field, a drear obscure,
 Grimly reposed; shield, helmet, corslet, spear,
 Harness, and broken chariot,—never more
 Their owners' proud arms in the fight to aid,—
 To the cold moon-beam gleaming. In his heart
 The stillness and the desolation spake
 With more than trumpet tongue; thoughts calling up
 Such as, till then, within him never waked.

Motionless, rapt, he stood ; and sighs brake forth,
And heart-heaved groans. Gently, at length, his robe
Was drawn ; and when he turned to look, behold !
Azubah stood before him, and, with voice
Mild as the brooding dove, within her hands
His hand soft pressing, her pale cheek and eye
With tear-drops bright, after short silence, thus.
“ Is thy soul troubled, and shall I not soothe ?
Shall I not sing the songs that thou hast loved ?
The tales shall I not tell that gladdened thee ?
Hast thou not triumphed ? Wherefore art thou sad ?
Go to thy couch, and I the harp will wake
To gentlest music, that thy wounded mind,
As with kind balm, shall heal ; and softest songs
I'll breathe to thee, that slumber sweet shall fall,
And lull thy sorrows to forgetfulness.”

To her the king, upon her cheek a kiss
Softly impressing : “ From *thy* harp alone,
And from thy voice, if music to my soul
Could healing bring, the heavenly charm might flow :
But all within me now is dark and dread ;
Mine eye in beauty findeth no delight,
Nor in sweet sounds mine ear : the bloody field,
Shouts, groans, and sights of pain, and ghastly death,
Torture my soul, and comfort quite shut out :
And, for the days to come, o'er them hangs night
With shapes of terror filled, that from the gloom
Look out and threaten. Leave me then alone :

Music, nor soft discourse for me hath charms,
But silence only, and this solitude.
Go thou unto thy couch, and visions bright
To happier scenes thy gentle spirit bear."

His hand she kissed, and went. He, to and fro,
In melancholy musing, walked, and found
No ray to cheer his gloom.

FAME.

BY JOHN CLARE.

WHAT's future fame? a melody loud playing
In crowds where one is wanting, whose esteeming
Would love to hear it best—a sun displaying
A solitary glory, whose bright beaming
Smiles upon withered flowers, and, lone delaying,
Lingers behind its world—a crown vain gleaming
Around a shade whose substance death hath banished;
A living dream o'er which hopes once were dreaming;
A busy echo on each lip delaying,
When he that woke it into life is vanished;
A picture that, from all eyes, praise is stealing;
A statue towering over glory's game,
That cannot feel; while he that was all feeling
Is past and gone, and nothing but a name.



Drawn by J. Gandy A.R.A.

THE TEMPLE OF VICTORY.

Engraved by Robt. Wallis.

THE TEMPLE OF VICTORY.

BY CHARLES SWAIN,

Author of "Metrical Essays," &c.

Θαλάσσιος ἄνεμος
 Εἰς μίαν στιγμήν
 Τ' ἀκούει, τὸ ἔφερε
 Εἰς ἄλλην γῆν.

THE glorious spears of war,
 Gleam o'er the calm blue wave;
 Voices and lutes afar,
 Sing pœans to the brave:
 Cittern, and lyre, and trumpet-strain,
 Breathe of the red victorious plain!

Wreath, wreath the laurel crown;
 Swell forth the glad acclaim,
 Bid glory and renown
 • Record each valiant name:
 The mighty ones who by your side,
 For Hellas fought!—for Hellas died!

Fill, fill the banquet board,
Your standards wave on high,
Chiefs of the shrine and sword!
Brothers of victory!
Bring forth the guerdon of your toil,
The gold, the captives, and the spoil.

Brightly and fast the waves
Bear on the warriors now;
The tide in beauty laves,
Each tall barque's silver prow:
A myriad dashing oars sweep by,
And shouts of conquest shake the sky!

Open your gates of brass,
Ye temples! and receive
The brave whose deeds surpass
What ages may achieve!
Pour on the consecrated shrine,
The offering bright of ruby wine.

Upon your tablets trace,
In characters of light,
Which time shall ne'er efface,
The victors of the fight!
Immortal be they on your page,
Stars! which may light an after-age!

O! beautiful thou art, "
 Land of my sires! to me
 Of heaven thou seemest a part,
 A charm—a mystery
 Broods o'er thy hills—thy pleasant bowers—
 Thy vine-clad plains—thy leaves and flowers:

Mother of heroes! long
 May valour guard thy breast,
 Thou, terror of the strong!—
 Thou, shield of the opprest!
 Wither the tyrant's deadly hand,
 That would enchain my native land!

Evan Evohe! hear,
 Thy noble patriots come:
 They have brought golden cheer,
 Riches and triumph home!
 Sound, sound the tidings far and free,
 Evan Evohe! Victory!

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

Suggested by the Death of a Young Female.

BY G. F. RICHARDSON.

 EARTH.

THERE is grief, there is grief—there is wringing of
hands,

And weeping and calling for aid ;
For sorrow hath summoned her group, and it stands
Round the couch where the Sufferer is laid.
And lips are all pallid, and cheeks are all cold,
And tears from the heart-springs are shed ;
Yet who that looks on the sweet saint to behold,
But would gladly lie down in her stead !

There is grief, there is grief—there is anguish and
strife,

See, the Sufferer is toiling for breath ;
For the spirit will cling, Oh ! how fondly, to life,
And stern is the struggle with death !

But the terrible conflict grows deadlier still,
Till the last fatal symptoms have birth ;
And the eye-ball is glazed, and the heart-blood is chill ;
And this is the portion of Earth !

HEAVEN.

There is bliss, there is bliss—in the regions above
They have opened the gates of the sky ;
A Spirit hath soared to those mansions of love,
And seeks for admittance on high.
And friends long divided are hasting to greet
To a land, where no sorrow may come,
And the scraphs are eager a sister to meet,
And to welcome the child to its home !

There is bliss, there is bliss—at the foot of the throne,
See the spirit all purified bend ;
And it beams with delight since it gazes alone,
On the face of a father, a friend !
Then it joins in the anthems for ever that rise,
And its frailty or folly forgiven ;
It is dead to the earth ; and new-born to the skies ;
And this is the portion of Heaven !

THE BRIDE OF DEATH.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND,

Authoress of the "Seven Ages of Woman," &c.

How calm thou art ! on that fair brow
Hath peace for ever set her seal ;
And grief can ne'er displace it now ;
For thou hast ceased to feel.

Thou, from a world too rude for thee,
Sweet maiden ! hast for ever flown,
And, in thy virgin purity,
Hast to the grave gone down.

Life's fading roses yet awhile
Are lingering on thy placid cheek ;
And on thy lips that angel smile
Thy joy in death should speak.

I may not view those lovely eyes,
Now shrouded in their last long sleep ;
But in their depth no sadness lies,
And they have ceased to weep.

The patient look of grief resigned,
Which thou wert wont in life to wear,
When secret anguish crushed thy mind,
No longer lingers there.

But traits more heavenly far than this,
And milder, more seraphic grace,
Reflected from thy spirit's bliss,
Are painted on thy face.,

The pangs that wrung that tender heart
Are now for ever past and o'er ;
And Falsehood's stings, and Love's keen dart,
Shall never pierce it more.

In Death, who early marked thy charms,
Thou hast a kinder lover found,
And thou wilt in his friendly arms
Sleep sweetly in the ground ;

Where bitter thoughts of slighted truth
And withered hopes shall never come,
Nor aught that crossed thy wasted youth
Disturb that quiet home.

But vernal buds and summer flowers
Around thy lowly bed shall bloom,
And Heaven's best dews, and purest showers
Weep o'er thy silent tomb.

THE CALDRON LINN.

An Anecdote.

BY R. K. DOUGLAS.

AMONG the objects of curiosity to which the attention of the traveller, through the west part of Perthshire, is directed, are a fall, or rather series of falls, formed by the little river Devon—"the clear-winding Devon" of Burns—the loftiest of which is termed the "Caldron Linn;" and a bridge, that stretches its "wearisome, but needful length" over the same stream, and which, from the noise and turmoil of the waters, that tear and bellow like a chafed lion some forty feet below it, is called the "Rumbling Bridge." The Rumbling Bridge no longer exists, or rather, I should say, it is no longer accessible; and the manner in which this has been brought about is not a little indicative of the calculating genius of the people of the "north countrie." Some fifteen or sixteen years ago, the road—a wild and rugged and neglected mountain path—after toiling up the precipitous bank, dived down again almost perpendicularly,

until it reached the bridge; and, that once passed, a similar ascent and descent awaited the traveller before he could reach what was, comparatively speaking, level ground. The bridge itself was, or is—I shall explain this ambiguity by and bye—one

“ Where two wheelbarrows tremble when they meet.”

The height of the time-worn and tottering parapet had never exceeded eighteen inches; and when a way-farer, whether on horseback or in a carriage, halted on the crown of the sharply-turned arch, and beheld, within a foot on each side, the fence that mocked his fears with the semblance of protection, and looked to the wild and tangled banks and dark dripping masses of rock beetling over, and almost shutting out the light, and listened to the stream that roared beneath him in darkness all but utter, and this apparatus of terror accompanied, as it at all times was, by a strong blast of wind sweeping down the narrow and tortuous funnel through which the waters poured—he must have possessed an imagination of the dullest, and a head of the hardest materials, if he did not feel the grandeur and giddiness of the scene.

When the present secure and convenient fabric, which joins the highway from Crieff to Stirling with the hill-road to Cleish and Dunfermline, was erected, the thrifty engineer, instead of hunting about for a more suitable point of projection, wisely considered that it

would save expense to build the new bridge above the old. The abutments of the latter served as a foundation for those of the former, and the old arch was used as a *point d'appui* for the frame-work of its successor. The new bridge, in consequence, struts, in all the pride of upstart greatness, above the humble and hidden friend to whom it owes its support; and it is only by clambering down the bank for a considerable way, that a glimpse can be caught of the *real* Rumbling Bridge hanging in unapproached obscurity some twenty feet below the structure that now usurps its name. When the long and dreary nights of winter begin to settle down upon the Ochils, the inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlets have, it is said, not unfrequently seen strange forms flitting about the untrodden road-way, and perching on the crumbling parapets; and unearthly voices have been heard passing down the stream, by more than one belated shepherd; but whether these are illusions of the fancy merely, or whether they are the real pranks of the water kelpies that, time immemorial, have held their revels around the falls and in the "wies" of the Devon, I shall not take upon me to decide.—To return to the Caldron Linn. Down these falls a stray cow or sheep is now and then accidentally hurried; and in no case has it happened that the animal has not been found, at the foot of the hill, broken, and bleeding, and lifeless, from dashing against the sides of the fearful rift, in its descent. Human beings have also stumbled into the stream, and, with

one very singular and providential exception, their fate has been similar.

One fine summer day, Mr. H. (the person of whom I speak is, I believe, still alive) was wandering down the rugged banks below the "Rumbling Bridge," along with an older and more staid companion. Mr. H. was then a very young man, full of the vigour, activity, and joyousness of his years, and possessing all the fearlessness and dexterity of a mountaineer; in person somewhat about the middle size, and slightly but compactly formed. The stream had been swollen by a recent "spate," and the roaring of the cataract was like a continuous peal of thunder. Both parties were anxious to obtain a full view of the fall, but the nature of the ground rendered it a matter of considerable difficulty. They were creeping cautiously along the giddy and over-hanging bank, when Mr. H. perceived, at some distance below the spot where he hung half suspended by the roots and branches of the brushwood, a flat projecting piece of rock, within a few yards of the verge of the Linn; and pointing it out to his companion, and beckoning him to follow, he began to move downward in that direction. His more considerate friend endeavoured, by his gestures, to make him desist,—to communicate by any other means was impossible,—rather from a general apprehension of danger, than from any anticipation of what was to follow. The admonition, however, as admonitions addressed to youth usually are, was received with a laugh of ridicule at the timidity in which it was supposed to originate,

and only served to confirm the climber's purpose. In a few seconds he reached a spot immediately above the point that he aimed at, and dropped lightly down; but no sooner had his foot pressed the stone, than to the unspeakable horror of his companion, whose eye followed his progress with mingled terror and admiration, it trembled, loosened, and fell from beneath him! The unhappy young man grasped convulsively at the root of a bush immediately over his head, and had it been sufficiently strong, he would still have escaped; but root, and bush, and turf, gave way together under his weight, and he fell into the water a very few feet above the fall. Once, and once only, his eye met that of his friend as he rose above the surface; the next instant he sped over the cataract, like an arrow shot by a vigorous arm, and disappeared amid the clouds of spray, and the roaring billows of the pool below. The companion of the unfortunate young gentleman, although convinced, as he afterwards declared, that he should never again behold him alive, did not for a moment delay to embrace what he conceived to be the only chance of saving him. He climbed, or rather ran, directly up the bank, a feat which nothing but the excitement of the moment would have emboldened him to attempt—indeed he never was able very clearly to state how he accomplished it—and shouted an alarm to the farm-house close by. The cry was heard, and he was immediately joined by three or four of the inmates, who, seeing him alone, easily guessed what had happened; and the whole, without

question asked or answered, rushed down the steep road that led to the point where the Devon enters the plain. Here, in a little bending, scooped out by the eddy of the stream, was usually landed whatever floating body happened from accident to pass over the falls. As they approached the cove, the first of the party, a strong and active shepherd, perceived a hat floating on the surface, and plunged into the water, from an idea that it was the body of the drowned youth. He was soon undeceived; and wading out with the hat in his hand, in a suppressed tone of voice, said to the rest who were now at his side, "He is in some of the Linn-pots—we must seek up the water."—"He had fallen with the bit whin in his hand, it is like," said another, pointing to the furze, which, with the sod still in part attached to it, had slowly circled round until it was arrested by the water-worn pebbles that strewed the bottom of the shallow pool.

I must now return to young Mr. H. Before he recovered his recollection, after the plunge into the water, he was hurried, as I have described, over the fall, and found himself, after sinking in what seemed a bottomless abyss, whirling round with fearful and dizzy rapidity. Luckily he could swim a little; and from an instinctive desire to prolong life, he struck out with his hands and feet, and endeavoured to gain the edge of the whirlpool. To his astonishment, when his breath, and strength, and hope, were

just departing, he found he had succeeded in reaching a spot where the waters were comparatively still, and where the depth was not above a few feet. The bottom, on which he had found a resting-place, was, however, of the loosest and most yielding nature. It was, indeed, a mere ridge of sand and pebbles, that had come down the fall, and which in that spot, and in it alone, the diminished agitation of the water had allowed to subside. On the crown of the ridge, Mr. H. had by accident stopped; and his momentary feeling of joyful surprise was followed by the bitterness of agony, when he found, after remaining for a second, the mound on which he stood gradually slipping away from beneath him. He looked upward, as the blast swept aside the dense cloud of spray, and saw afar off the line of the clear blue sky, with the light fleecy clouds swiftly sweeping over it, and caught a glimpse of the edge of the bank, with the trees and bushes bending in the breeze, and the birds flitting across the chasm, whose black and frowning and slippery sides rose to a height that seemed interminable. Behind, and touching him, was the whirlpool, from which he had with so much difficulty escaped; and beyond it rushed down, like a solid wall, the waters of the Linn, over which he had been tumbled; while in front roared other falls, whose height he knew not, and which nothing but a miracle could enable him to pass, and live. He saw all this; and he felt, at the same moment, that but a few minutes could elapse ere he must see them no

more; yet he determined to struggle with his fate to the last. At first he endeavoured, by altering his position, to stay his feet from slipping; but a very few trials convinced him, that to shift at all only accelerated his sinking, and that his best chance lay in remaining as stationary as possible. Still, however, he sank to the breast—the shoulders—the neck. A thought now seized him, that seemed even more bitter than the death that was trembling over him. Had he sped over the falls his body would at least have been recovered by his friends—it would have been composed by kindly hands—pious tears would have been dropped over it—a mother's lips would have pressed his cold cheek—troops of kinsfolk and neighbours would have accompanied him to his last dwelling-place—the blessed sun would have looked down upon his grave, and the wind of his native hills would have swept over it; but now, the bottom of the whirlpool was to be his burial-place, and his bones were to bleach for ever in the torrent of the Caldron Linn! His mind began to give way under these dismal fancies. Amidst the roaring of the waters, he heard shrill and unnatural howlings. The superstitions of his childhood came across him; and he thought, while he listened to those terrible voices, that he heard the demons of the stream rejoicing over their anticipated victim; and in the fantastic forms of the frowning rocks, as the wreaths of spray passed over them, his imagination pictured the lurid aspect and goggling

eyes of the water kelpie glaring upon him, and its rifted jaws opened to devour him. His soul was wound up to agony beyond endurance. He struggled to free himself from the gravel in which he had sunk, but his struggles only sank him deeper; the water rose to his lips,—he gasped for air and it came not;—another second, and his sufferings would have ceased for ever. But the same Power which had guided him over the fall, and snatched him from the whirlpool, was still watching over him.

As the party that were searching, not for their companion, but for his body (for not one of them supposed it possible that he should ever be seen alive again), the same young man who had plunged into the stream, as he sprung from rock to rock, along the dizzy brink of the chasm, with the sharpened eye which a shepherd's life never fails to bestow, his vision rendered doubly acute by the excited state of his feelings, perceived a dark stationary speck in the water, which a moment's inspection convinced him to be the head and shoulders of a human being. "Ropes! ropes!" he shouted to his companions; "he is alive; I see him standing at the foot of the Linn." The binding-ropes from a couple of hay-wagons were knotted, and handed to him, and the upper extremity being firmly secured to the trunk of one of the twisted birches, at the top of the bank, the adventurous shepherd slid down with the other in his hand, until the overhanging rock forbade farther descent; those at

the top hollowing, in the mean time, to attract the attention of their half-drowned friend, with what effect I have already stated. No noise, indeed, that they could make, would have been sufficient; but, luckily, the wet and dripping hat, which the shepherd had fished up from the cove, was still grasped in his hand; he dropped it into the water, and the wind at that moment lulling, and the spray clearing away, it fell immediately before the object whose attention it was designed to attract. Roused by the sudden splash, he turned his despairing eyes upwards, and beholding the rope his friend was endeavouring to steady, he raised his arms, and by a vigorous spring, contrived to catch hold of it. There was still, however, much between him and safety. From the surface of the water to where the shepherd had propped himself was fully twenty feet; the rock jutted over the stream, so that while drawn up, young H. had to hang suspended by his hands, the power of which was nearly lost, from the time he had been immersed in the river. He was swung backwards and forwards at a fearful rate by the wind, and not unfrequently struck with violence against the points of the rock. The rope also rubbed against the sharp edge of the precipice, and ran a momentary risk of being cut through. By great care, and greater good fortune, he at length approached the top of the rock; and his humble friend, whose encouraging voice had nerved him in his dangerous ascent, stooping down, caught the wrist of the exhausted youth firmly

in his grasp, and placed him at his side. In another instant they were both in the midst of the group at the top.

Young H. sickened and fainted as soon as he was placed once more on the grassy bank. He was conveyed to the farm-house, where he was put to bed; whence he arose, after a few hours of heavy sleep, without any other symptoms of suffering than extreme weakness, from which youth, and a healthful constitution, in the course of a few days, completely relieved him. For many years after, however, his sleep was occasionally disturbed with dreams of rocks and rushing waters; and even in his waking moments, a convulsive shudder would not unfrequently pass over him, when he thought of the Caldron Linn.

FILIAL PIETY.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

"THY wish, thy words, dear youth, have power,
But love hath holier power in me—"

Moved by his plea, the maid began,
"If I should leave my aged Sire,
Who then would bless his cottage fire?
A poor and friendless man!

"My mother in the churchyard lies,
The pride, the treasure of his prime;
Nor am I valued less:
In me he finds the lost restored,
To cheer his hearth, to bless his board—
I am his happiness!

"An aged tree upon the waste—
His pleasant summer shade is gone,
All save one solitary bough ;
Oh, many happy souls were his ;
And he was blessed in their bliss—
To feel more lonely now.

"Then woo, dear youth, some happier maid ;
One more devote to follow thee
O'er mountain, and o'er wild ;
I may not wander forth from him ;
His locks are grey, his eyes are dim—
I am his only child."

"I love thee more," the youth exclaimed,
"I love thee more and more
For clinging thus to age ;
Heaven grant thee, in thy far decline,
'Midst hearts as fondly true as thine,
To close thy pilgrimage." *

The youth is gone unto the wars ;
The maid is by her fathers's fire,
And now her tears more freely flow :
The old man cannot see her tears,
But then the maiden's sighs he hears,
And marvels why 'tis so.

For, from her very childhood up
Her step was light, her heart was gay,
And ever joyous songs she sung :
For ever with her gladsome voice,
That made his lonely heart rejoice,
Their lowly dwelling rung.

There is a change, he feels a change,
And yet he knows not why :
And Ellen now perceives his fears ;
And she, to stay the old man's tongue,
Doth sing—a melancholy song
That endeth in her tears.

“What ails thee, child? why dost thou grieve?
I know that thou dost strive and toil,
But then my days can be but few :
And He who looketh from above
Will bless thy patience and thy love,
With love as strong and true.”

“You wrong me, father,” Ellen cried ;
“You are my only solace now ;
Your death were woe to me ;
For he whom I so fondly loved,
Whose truth in poverty was proved,
Is gone beyond the sea.”

They pause, and then they weep together—
And tears have power to soothe and bless ;
 And Ellen's heart is lighter grown :
The old man's soul is in his youth,
And he has told of love and truth,
 In grievous trials known.

Years pass---and she has closed his eyes ;
And she has wept upon the sward
 That wraps his lifeless clay ;
And from the wars the youth is come,
To find her in her mournful home,
 And turn its night to day !

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NO FICTION."

THOU art not gone ; thou couldst not go ;
 True friends can never part—
 Our prayer is one, our hope is one,
 And we are one in heart !
 Nor place, nor time, can e'er divide
 The souls which friendship seals ;
 But still the changing scenes of life
 Their mutual love reveals.

Body from body may be placed
 Remote as pole from pole ;
 But can our fleshly frailties bind
 The fellowship of soul ?
 'Tis when removed from grosser sense
 My spirit claims her right ;
 My friend is often *least* away
 When *absent* from my *sight*.

His form and look, in memory's glass,
 I still distinctly see ;
 His voice and words, in fancy's ear,
 Are whispering still to me.

The stars which meet his pensive eye
Are present still to mine ;
The moonlights which surround his path,
Around my footsteps shine.

Beneath the same fair dome we dwell,
By the same Hand are fed ;
And, pilgrims in one narrow way,
Are by one Spirit led !
To the Great presence of our God,
By hourly faith we come ;
And find, in sweet communion there,
One everlasting home !

Our hope, our joy, our life, our soul,
In our ONE Saviour meet ;
And what in earth or heaven shall break
A union so complete ?
O ! blest are they who seek in Him
A union to their friend ;
Their love shall grow through life's decay,
And live when life shall end !

And blest be He whose love bestows
A friendship so divine,
And makes, by oneness with Himself,
My friend for EVER mine !

THE MARTYR.

BY JOHN BIRD.

LEAD me, lead me to the stake,
 Pile the faggot, light the brand :
 Shall a Christian maid forsake
 Christian vows, at man's command
 Oh ! the heart were little worth,
 Frail and weak the promise given,
 Could a grovelling fear of earth
 Blight the blessed hope of heaven !

Vain to me your threat,—as vain
 Wiles my youthful mind to win.
 Hence, bright gems !—I loathe, disdain,
 Gauds that tempt to shame and sin :
 Living flowers my brow shall wreath,
 Brilliant as my faith, and pure ;
 Spurned and crushed, their odours breathe
 Fragrance ever to endure.

Father ! smooth that angry brow ;
Mother dear ! thy sorrows dry ;
Chide not Anna's willing vow,
Bless, oh ! bless me ere I die !
Could each bosom share my faith,
Welcome would that death-hour be.
Oh ! by Him who conquered death,
Kiss the cross, and die with me.

In His blessed name who died
On that cross to gain and save,
Cling to faith,—that angel-guide
Soars triumphant o'er the grave !
What were riches, pomp, or power,
Life and all its witcheries,
To one calm unclouded hour,
In the realms beyond the skies ?

Love !—oh, 'twas a dazzling dream
Fading from the risen day :
Ill 'twould Anna's hopes beseem
Now to tread that flowery way !
If he loves me, seeks me, still ;
Thus be Anna's answer given :—
At the stake thy vows fulfil,
Die on earth, to live in Heaven.

Shrink ye all?—then all farewell,—
Be the fiery ordeal mine!
Mine the exulting task to tell,
'Mid the flames, of faith divine!
Swift, ye fires, around me rise,
Speed to my celestial home!
Seize, my friends, the deathless prize;
Heaven opes her gates,—I come—I come!

DEATH OF BEAUTY.

BY JOHN CLARE.

Now thou art gone! the fairy rose is fled
That erst gay fancy's garden did adorn;
Thou wert the dew on which their folly fed,
The sun by which they glittered in the morn.
Now thou art gone! their pride is withered;
The dress of common weeds their youth bewray;
Now vanity neglects them in her play.
Thou wert the very index of their praise:
Their borrowed bloom all kindled from thy rays,
Like dancing insects that the sun allures,
They little heeded it was gained from thee:
Vain joys! what are they now? their sun's away:
What, but poor shadows that blank night obscures,
As the grave hideth and dishonours thee!

POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BY THE REV. ROBERT HALL.

It has been observed that it seldom falls to the lot of one man to be both a philosopher and a poet. These two characters, in their full extent, may be said to divide betwixt them the whole empire of genius; for all the productions of the human mind fall naturally under two heads—works of imagination, and works of reason. There are, indeed, several kinds of composition, which, to be perfect, must partake of both. In our most celebrated historians, for instance, we meet with a just mixture of the penetration that distinguishes the philosopher, and the ardour of the poet; still their departments are very wide of each other, and a small degree of attention will be sufficient to show, why it is so extremely difficult to unite, in any high degree, the excellence of each. The end of the poet is to give delight to his reader, which he attempts by addressing his fancy and moving his sensibility; the philosopher pur-
 poses merely to instruct, and therefore thinks it

enough if he presents his thoughts in that order which will render them the most perspicuous, and seems best adapted to gain the attention. Their views demand, therefore, a very different procedure. All that passes under the eye of the poet, he surveys in one particular view; every form and image under which he presents it to the fancy, are descriptive of its effects. He delights to paint every object in motion, that he may raise a similar agitation in the bosom of the reader. But the calm deliberate thinker, on the contrary, makes it his endeavour to seek out the remoter causes and principles, which gave birth to these appearances.

It is the highest exertion of a philosopher to strip off the false colours that serve to disguise, to remove every particular which fancy or folly has combined, and present to view the simple and naked truth. But the poet, who addresses the imagination and the heart, neglects no circumstance, however fanciful, which may serve to attach his descriptions more closely to the human mind. In describing the awful appearances of nature, he gladly avails himself of those magic terrors with which ignorance and superstition have surrounded them; for though the light of reason dispels those shades, they answer the highest purpose of the poet, in awakening the passions. It is the delight of poetry to combine and associate; of philosophy to separate and distinguish. The one resembles a skilful anatomist, who lays open every thing that occurs, and examines the smallest particulars of its make; the

other a judicious painter, who conceals what would offend the eye, and embellishes every subject he undertakes to represent. The same object, therefore, which has engaged the investigating powers of the philosopher, takes a very different appearance from the forming hand of the poet, who adds every grace, and artfully hides the nakedness of the inward structure, under all the agreeable foldings of elegance and beauty. In philosophical discussions, the end of which is to explain, every part ought to be unfolded with the most lucid perspicuity. But works of imagination never exert a more powerful influence, than when the author has contrived to throw over them a shade of darkness and doubt. The reason of this is obvious: the evils we but imperfectly discern, seem to bid defiance to caution; they affect the mind with a fearful anxiety, and by presenting no limits, the imagination easily conceives them boundless. These species of composition differ still farther with respect to the situation of mind requisite to produce them. Poetry is the offspring of a mind heated to an uncommon degree; it is a kind of spirit thrown off in the effervescence of the agitated feeling: but the utmost calmness and composure is essential to philosophical inquiry. Novelty, surprise, and astonishment, kindle in the bosom the fire of poetry; whilst philosophy is reared up by cool and long-continued efforts. There is one circumstance relating to this kind of composition too material to be omitted. In every nation it has been found that poetry

is of much earlier date than any other production of the human mind ; as in the individual the imagination and passions are more vigorous in youth, which, in mature age, subside, and give way to thought and reflection.

Something similar to this seems to characterize that genius, which distinguishes the different periods of society. The most admired poems have been the offspring of uncultivated ages. Pure poetry consists of the descriptions of nature, and the display of the passions ; to each of which, a rude state of society is better adapted than one more polished. They who live in that early period in which art has not alleviated the calamities of life, are forced to feel their dependence upon nature. Her appearances are ever open to their view, and therefore strongly imprinted on their fancy. They shrink at the approach of a storm, and mark with anxious attention every variation of the sky. The change of seasons, cloud or sunshine, serenity and tempest, are to them real sources of sorrow and of joy ; and we need not, therefore, wonder, they should describe with energy what they feel with so much force. But it is one chief advantage of civilization, that, by enabling us in some measure to control nature, we become less subject to its influence. It opens many new sources of enjoyment. In this situation the gay and the cheerful can always mingle in company, whilst the diffusion of knowledge opens to the studious a new world, over which the whirlwind and the blast can exert no influence. The face of nature

gradually retires from view, and those who attempt to describe it, often content themselves with copying from books, whereby their descriptions want the freshness and glow of original observation, like the image of an object reflected through various mediums, each of which varies somewhat of its form, and lessens its splendour. The poetry of uncivilized nations has, therefore, often excelled the productions of a more refined people, in elevation and pathos. Accustomed to survey nature only in her general form, and grander movements, their descriptions cannot fail of carrying with them an air of greatness and sublimity. They paint scenes which every one has felt, and which, therefore, need only to be presented to awaken a similar feeling again. For awhile, they delight us with the vastness of their conceptions; but the want of various embellishments, and the frequent recurrence of the same images, soon fatigue the attention, and their poetry may be compared to the world of waters, which fills us with amazement, but upon which we gaze for a while, and then turn away our eyes. It is the advantage of enlightened nations, that their superior knowledge enables them to supply greater variety, and to render poetry more copious. They allure with an agreeable succession of images. They do not weary with uniformity, or overpower us with the continuance of any one exertion; but, by perpetually shifting the scene, they keep us in a constant hurry of delight.

I cannot help observing, that poetical genius seems capable of much greater variety than talents for philosophising. The power of thinking and reasoning is a simple energy, which exerts itself in all men nearly in the same manner; indeed, the chief varieties that have been observed in it may be traced to two—a capacity of abstract and mathematical reasoning, and a talent for collecting facts, and making observations; these qualities of mind, blended in various proportions, will for the most part account for any peculiarities attending men's mode of thinking. But the ingredients that constitute a poet, are far more various and complicated. A poet is in a high degree under the influence of the imagination and passions, principles of mind very various and extensive. Whatever is complicated is capable of much greater variety, and will be extremely more diversified in its form than that which is more simple. In this case, every ingredient is a source of variety; and by being mingled in the composition in a greater or less degree, may give an original cast to the whole.

To explain the particular causes which vary the direction of the fancy in different men, would perhaps be no easy task.

We are led, it may be at first through accident, to the survey of one class of objects; this calls up a particular train of thinking, which we afterwards freely indulge; it easily finds access to the mind upon all occasions; the slightest accident serves to suggest.

it. It is nursed by habit, and reared up with attention, till it gradually swells to a torrent, which bears away every obstacle, and awakens in the mind the consciousness of peculiar powers. Such sensations eagerly impel to a particular purpose, and are sufficient to give to the mind a distinct and determinate character.

Poetical genius is likewise much under the influence of the passions. The pleased and the splenetic, the serious and the gay, survey nature with very different eyes. That elevation of fancy, which, with a melancholy turn, will produce scenes of gloomy grandeur and awful solemnity, will lead another of a cheerful complexion, to delight, by presenting images of splendour and gaiety, and by inspiring gladness and joy. To these and other similar causes, may be traced that boundless variety, which diversifies the works of imagination, and which is so great that I have thought the perusal of fine authors is like traversing the different regions of the earth: some glow with a pleasant and refreshing warmth, whilst others kindle with a fierce and fiery heat; in one we meet with scenes of elegance and art, where all is regular, and a thousand beautiful objects spread their colours to the eye, and regale the senses; in another, we behold nature in an unadorned majestic simplicity, scouring the plain with a tempest, sitting upon a rock, or walking upon the wings of the wind. Here we meet with a Sterne, who fans us with the softest delicacies; and there a Rousseau, who

hurries us along in whirlwind and tempest. Hence that delightful succession of emotions which is felt in the bosom of sensibility. We feel the empire of genius, we imbibe the impression, and the mind resembles an enchanted mansion, which, at the touch of some superior hand, at one time brightens into beauty, and at another darkens into horror. Even where the talents of men approach most nearly, an attentive eye will ever remark some small shades of difference sufficient to distinguish them. Perhaps few authors have been distinguished by more similar features of character than Homer and Milton. That vastness of thought which fills the imagination, and that sensibility of spirit which renders every circumstance interesting, are the qualities of both: but Milton is the most sublime, and Homer the most picturesque. Homer lived in an early age before knowledge was much advanced; he would derive little from any acquired abilities, and therefore may be styled the poet of nature. To this source, perhaps, we may trace the principal difference betwixt Homer and Milton. The Grecian poet was left to the movements of his own mind, and to the full influence of that variety of passions which is common to all: his conceptions therefore are distinguished by their simplicity and force. In Milton, who was skilled in almost every department of science, learning seems sometimes to have shaded the splendour of his genius.

No epic poet excites emotions so fervid as Homer, or possesses so much fire; but in point of sublimity, he

cannot be compared to Milton. I rather think the Greek poet has been thought to excel in this quality more than he really does, for want of a proper conception of its effects. When the perusal of an author raises us above our usual tone of mind, we immediately ascribe those sensations to the sublime, without considering whether they light on the imagination or the feelings; whether they elevate the fancy, or only fire the passions.

The sublime has for its object the imagination only, and its influence is not so much to occasion any fervour of feeling, as the calmness of fixed astonishment. If we consider the sublime as thus distinguished from every other quality, Milton will appear to possess it in an unrivalled degree; and here indeed lies the secret of his power. The perusal of Homer inspires us with an ardent sensibility; Milton with the stillness of surprise. The one fills and delights the mind with the confluence of various emotions; the other amazes with the vastness of his ideas. The movements of Milton's mind are steady and progressive; he carries the fancy through successive stages of elevation, and gradually increases the heat by adding fuel to the fire.

The flights of Homer are more sudden and transitory; Milton, whose mind was enlightened by science, appears the most comprehensive; he shows more acuteness in his reflections and more sublimity of thought. Homer, who lived more with men, and had perhaps a deeper tincture of the human passions, is by far the most

vehement and picturesque. To the view of Milton, the wide scenes of the universe seem to have been thrown open, which he regards with a cool and comprehensive survey, little agitated, and superior to those emotions which affect inferior mortals. Homer, when he soars the highest, goes not beyond the bounds of human nature ; he still connects his descriptions with human passions ; and though his ideas have less sublimity, they have more fire. The appetite for greatness—that appetite which always grasps at more than it can reach, is never so fully satisfied as in the perusal of *Paradise Lost*. In following Milton, we grow familiar with new worlds, we traverse the immensities of space, wandering in amazement, and finding no bounds. Homer confines the mind to a narrower circle, but that circle he brings nearer the eye, he fills it with a quicker succession of objects, and makes it the scene of more interesting action.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

BY THE REV. THOMAS RAFFLES, LL.D.

Blest hour! when mortal man retires
 To hold communion with his God,
 To send to heaven his warm desires,
 And listen to the sacred word.

Blest hour! when earthly cares resign
 Their empire o'er his anxious breast,
 While all around the calm divine
 Proclaims the holy day of rest.

Blest hour! when God himself draws nigh,
 Well pleased his people's voice to hear,
 To list the penitential sigh,
 And wipe away the mourner's tear.

Blest hour!—for then where He resorts,
Foretastes of future bliss are given,
And mortals find his earthly courts
The House of God—the Gate of Heaven.

Hail! peaceful hour, supremely blest,
Amid the hours of worldly care!
The hour that yields the spirit rest,
That sacred hour—the hour of prayer.

And when *my* hours of prayer are past,
Oh! may I leave these Sabbath days,
To find eternity at last
A never ending hour of praise.

ABDOULRAHMAN III.

An Historical Sketch.

BY CHARLES SWAIN,

Author of "Metrical Essays on Subjects of History and Imagination."

AROUND the sumptuous palace-hall
 A thousand columns shone ;
 The wealth of India graced each wall—
 Gold, pearl, and precious stone :
 The ceiling, through the gathering night,
 With all its rich array,
 Beamed forth a never-fading light
 More glorious than the day !

The royal gardens flourished there,
 With noble fount and stream ;
 Like some angelic vision rare—
 Some bright and beauteous dream !
 Flowers of the finest rainbow dyes,
 Lofty and graceful trees,
 Waved their green honours to the skies,
 Gave fragrance to the breeze.

Pavilions—beautiful as those
Imagination views
When, half inclining to repose,
We see whate'er we choose !
Statues of gold, and pictures bright—
Proud records of the dead—
Burst on the pleased, yet dazzled sight,
At every onward tread.

Wealth—beauty—genius—grandeur—fame—
Nature and art conspired,
To honour Abdoulrahman's name,
With all kings have desired :
His armies flushed with victory,
And spoils of war returned ;
His navy o'er the waves swept free,
And foreign thraldom spurned.

Fifty revolving summers viewed
His sceptre rule the land ;
Nor had one tyrant deed imbrued
In blood his regal hand :
Yet, though his soul with happiness,
To human eye, seemed rife,
But *fourteen days* of real bliss
Crowned all his splendid life !

O ! frail and empty are thy schemes,
Vain and ambitious man !
Thou ever wert *a thing of dreams*
Since first the world began !
Still *earthly* glories light thy soul,
And fame's more transient breath,
'Till o'er thee churchyard shadows roll,
And thou art cold—with death !

The record brief of human cares,
And human pride and power,
King Abdoulrahman's tomb still bears
A lesson to this hour !—
“ In fifty years, but fourteen days
Of happiness were mine.”
O God ! I turn on *thee* my gaze,
Grant me thy peace divine !

CHANGE.

BY L. E. L.

THE wind is sweeping o'er the hill ;
It hath a mournful sound,
As if it felt the difference
Its weary wing hath found.
A little while that wandering wind
Swept over leaf and flower :
For there was green for every tree,
And bloom for every hour.

It wandered through the pleasant wood,
And caught the dove's lone song ;
And by the garden beds, and bore
The rose's breath along.
But hoarse and sullenly it sweeps ;
• No rose is opening now—
No music, for the wood-dove's nest
Is vacant on the bough.

Oh, human heart and wandering wind,
Go look upon the past;
The likeness is the same with each,
Their summer did not last.
Each mourns above the things it loved—
One o'er a flower and leaf;
The other over hopes and joys,
Whose beauty was as brief.

SONNET.

BY ELIZA L. EMMERSON.

“ They know not what they say.”

OH ! better 'twere, to live in some lone cell,
And breathe existence out from human ken,
Than, on this fair and lovely earth to dwell,
The sport of envy, and of malice fell—
And be the victims of our fellow men ;
'Tis base—'tis ignoble, to idly tell,
With venom'd tongue the foibles of each other ;
'Twere better far, as sister and as brother,
Frail members all of one great family,
In *charity* and love to step between,
And try each others' *frailty* best to screen—
“ For who can see the mote in his own eye”—
Ah ! better 'twere indeed *to cease to be,*
Than live encircled round by calumny !



Painted by W. R. Bigg, R.A.

Engraved by Chas. Bell.

THE WEARIED SOLDIER.

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THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

A Sketch.

BY S. C. HALL.

It is now many years since the first battalion of the 17th Regiment of Foot, under orders to embark for India,—that far distant land, where so many of our brave countrymen have fallen victims to the climate, and where so few have slept in what soldiers call “the bed of glory,”—were assembled in the barrack yard of Chatham, to be inspected previously to their passing on board the transports, which lay moored in the Downs.

It was scarcely day-break, when the merry drum and fife were heard over all parts of the town, and the soldiers were seen sallying forth from their quarters, to join the ranks; with their bright firelocks on their shoulders, and the knapsacks and canteens fastened to their backs by belts as white as snow.—Each soldier was accompanied by some friend or acquaintance,—or

by some individual, with a dearer title to his regard than either ; and there was a strange and sometimes a whimsical mingling of weeping and laughter among the assembled groups.

The second battalion was to remain in England, and the greater portion of the division were present to bid farewell to their old companions in arms. But among the husbands and wives, uncertainty as to their destiny prevailed—for the lots were yet to be drawn—the lots that were to decide which of the women should accompany the regiment, and which should remain behind.—Ten of each company were to be taken, and chance was to be the only arbiter.—Without noticing what passed elsewhere, I confined my attention to that company which was commanded by my friend Captain Loden, a brave and excellent officer, who, I am sure, has no more than myself forgotten the scene to which I refer.

The women had gathered round the flag-serjeant, who held the lots in his cap—ten of them marked "*to go*"—and all the others, containing the fatal words "*to remain*." It was a moment of dreadful suspense, and never have I seen the extreme of anxiety so powerfully depicted in the countenances of human beings as in the features of each of the soldiers' wives who composed that group.—One advanced and drew her ticket ; it was against her, and she retreated sobbing. Another, she succeeded ; and, giving a loud huzza, ran off to the distant ranks to embrace her husband. A third came

forward with hesitating step; tears were already chasing each other down her cheeks, and there was an unnatural paleness on her interesting and youthful countenance. She put her small hand into the serjeant's cap, and I saw by the rise and fall of her bosom, even more than her looks revealed.—She unrolled the paper, looked upon it, and with a deep groan, fell back and fainted.—So intense was the anxiety of every person present, that she remained unnoticed, until all the tickets had been drawn, and the greater number of the women had left the spot. I then looked round, and beheld her supported by her husband, who was kneeling upon the ground, gazing upon her face, and drying her fast falling tears with his coarse handkerchief, and now and then pressing it to his own manly cheek.

Captain Loden advanced towards them.—“I am sorry, Henry Jenkins,” said he, “that fate has been against you; but bear up, and be stout-hearted.”

“I am so, Captain,” said the soldier, as he looked up and passed his rough hand across his face; “but 'tis a hard thing to part from a wife, and she so soon to be a mother.”

“Oh Captain!” sobbed the young woman, “as you are both a husband and a father, do not take him from me! I have no friend in the wide world but one, and you will let him bide with me! Oh take me with him!—take me with him—for the love of God take me with him, Captain!” She fell on her knees, laid hold

of the officer's sash, clasped it firmly between her hands, and looked up in his face, exclaiming, "Oh! leave me my only hope, at least till God has given me another:" and repeated, in heart-rending accents, "Oh, take me with him! take me with him!"

The gallant officer was himself in tears—he knew that it was impossible to grant the poor wife's petition without creating much discontent in his company, and he gazed upon them with that feeling with which a good man always regards the sufferings he cannot alleviate. At this moment a smart young soldier stepped forward, and stood before the Captain with his hand to his cap.

"And what do *you* want, my good fellow?" said the officer.

"My name's John Carty, plase yer honour, and I belong to the second battalion."

"And what do you want here?"

"Only, yer honour," said Carty, scratching his head, "that poor man and his wife there are sorrow-hearted at parting, I'm thinking."

"Well, and what then?"

"Why, yer honour, they say I'm a likely lad, and I know I'm fit for sarvice,—and if yer honour would only let that poor fellow take my place in Captain Bond's Company, and let me take his place in yours,—why yer honour would make two poor things happy, and save the life of one of 'em, I'm thinking."

Captain Loden considered for a few minutes, and

directing the young Irishman to remain where he was, proceeded to his brother officers' quarters. He soon made arrangements for the exchange of the soldiers, and returned to the place where he had left them.

"Well, John Carty," said he, "you go to Bengal with me; and you, Henry Jenkins, remain at home with your wife."

"Thank yer honour," said John Carty, again touching his cap as he walked off.

Henry Jenkins and his wife both rose from the ground and rushed into each other's arms. "God bless you, Captain!" said the soldier, as he pressed his wife closer to his bosom. "Oh, bless him for ever!" said the wife: "bless him with prosperity and a happy heart!—bless his wife, and bless his children;" and she again fainted.

The officer, wiping a tear from his eye, and exclaiming, "May you never want a friend when I am far from you,—you, my good lad, and your amiable and loving wife!" passed on to his company, while the happy couple went in search of John Carty.

* * * * *

About twelve months since, as two boys were watching the sheep confided to their charge, upon a wide heath in the county of Somerset, their attention was attracted by a soldier, who walked along apparently with much fatigue, and at length stopped to rest his weary limbs beside the old finger-post, which at one time pointed out the way to the neighbouring villages;

but which now afforded no information to the traveller ; for age had rendered it useless.

The boys were gazing upon him with much curiosity, when he beckoned them towards him, and inquired the way to the village of Eldenby.

The eldest, a fine intelligent lad of about twelve years of age, pointed to the path, and asked if he were going to any particular house in the village.

"No, my little lad," said the soldier; "but it is on the high-road to Frome, and I have friends there; but, in truth, I am very wearied, and perhaps may find in yon village some person who will befriend a poor fellow, and look to God for a reward."

"Sir," said the boy, "my father was a soldier many years ago, and he dearly loves to look upon a red coat—if you come with me, you may be sure of a welcome."

"And you can tell us stories about foreign parts," said the younger lad, a fine chubby-cheeked fellow, who, with his watch-coat thrown carelessly over his shoulder, and his crook in his right hand, had been minutely examining every portion of the soldier's dress.

The boys gave instructions to their intelligent dog, who, they said, would take good care of the sheep during their absence; and in a few minutes the soldier and his young companions reached the gate of a flourishing farm-house, which had all the external tokens of prosperity and happiness. The younger boy trotted on a few paces before, to give his parents notice that they had invited a stranger to rest beneath their hospitable

roof; and the soldier had just crossed the threshold of the door, when he was received by a joyful cry of recognition from his old friends, Henry Jenkins and his wife; and he was welcomed as a brother to the dwelling of those, who, in all human probability, were indebted to him for their present enviable station.

It is unnecessary to pursue this story farther than to add, that John Carty spent his furlough at Eldenby farm; and that at the expiration of it, his discharge was purchased by his grateful friends. He is now living in their happy dwelling; and his care and exertions have contributed greatly to increase their prosperity. Nothing has been wrong with them since John Carty was their steward.

“Cast thy bread upon the waters,” said the wise man, “and it shall be returned to thee after many days.”

TO THE MEMORY OF BLOOMFIELD.

BY THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE PEASANT.

SOME feed on living fame with conscious pride,
 And, in that gay ship, popularity,
 They stem, with painted oars, the hollow tide,
 Proud of the buzz which flattery's aids supply,
 Joined with to-day's sun-gilded butterfly.
 The breed of fashion haughtily they ride,
 As though her breath were immortality,
 Which is but bladder puffs of common air,
 Or water bubbles that are blown to die.
 Let not their fancies think 'tis muses' fare
 While feeding on the public's gross supply ;
 Time's wave rolls on—mortality must share
 A mortal's fate ; and many a fame shall lie
 A dead wreck on the shore of dark posterity.

Sweet unassuming Minstrel ! not to thee
 The dazzling fashions of the day belong ;
 Nature's wild pictures, field, and cloud, and tree,
 And quiet brooks, far distant from the throng,

In murmurs, tender as the toiling bee,
 Make the sweet music of thy gentle song.
 Well! nature owns thee; let the crowd pass by:
 The tide of fashion is a stream too strong
 For pastoral brooks that gently flow and sing;
 But nature is their source, and earth and sky
 Their annual offerings to her current bring;
 Thy gen^le muse and memory need no sigh;
 For thine shall murmur on to many a spring
 When their proud streams are summer-burnt and dry.

The shepherd musing o'er his summer dreams;
 The May-day wild flowers in the meadow grass;
 The sunshine sparkling in the valley streams;
 The singing ploughman, and hay-making lass,—
 These live the summer of thy rural themes;
 Thy green memorials these, and they surpass
 The cob-web praise of fashion. Every May
 Shall find a native "Giles" beside his plough,
 Joining the sky-lark's song, at early day;
 And summer, rustling in the ripening corn,
 Shall meet thy rustic loves as sweet as now,
 Offering to Mary's lips the "brimming horn."
 And seasons round thy humble grave shall be
 Fond lingering pilgrims to remember thee.

THE SABBATH.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

WHAT spell has o'er the populous city past ?
 The wonted current of its life is staid ;
 Its sports, its gainful schemes are earthward cast,
 As though their vileness were at once displayed ;
 The roar of trade has ceased, and on the air
 Come holy songs, and solemn sounds of prayer.

Far spreads the charm ;—from every hamlet spire
 A note of rest, and heavenward thought is pealed ;
 By his calm hearth reclines the peasant sire ;
 The toil-worn steed basks in the breezy field.
 Within, without, through farm and cottage blest,
 'Tis one bright day of gladness and of rest.

Down from their mountain dwellings, whilst the dew
 Shines on the heath-bells, and the fern is bending
 In the fresh breeze, in festive garbs I view
 Childhood, and age, and buoyant youth descending.
 God ! who hast piled thy wonders round their home,
 'Tis in their love they to thy temple come.

A stately ship speeds o'er the mighty main—

Oh! many a league from our own happy land :

Yet from its heart ascends the choral strain ;

For there its little isolated band,

Amid the ocean desert's awful roar

Praise Him whose love links shore to distant shore.

O'er palmy woods where summer radiance falls,

In the glad islands of the Indian main,

What thronging crowds the missionary calls

To raise to heaven the Christian's glorious strain !

Lo! where, engirt by children of the sun,

Stands the white man, and counts his victories won.

In the fierce deserts of a distant zone,

'Mid savage nations, terrible and stern,

A lonely atom, severed from his own,

The traveller wends, death or renown to earn.

Parched, fasting, wearied, verging to despair,

He kneels, he prays ; hope kindles in his prayer.

O'er the wide world, blest day, thine influence flies ;

Rest o'er the sufferer spreads her balmy wings ;

Love wakes, joy dawns, praise fills the listening skies ;

The expanding heart from earth's enchantment springs :

Heaven, for one day, withdraws its ancient ban,

Unbars its gates, and dwells once more with man.

THE PILGRIM'S HOME.

THERE are climates of sunshine, of beauty, & gladness,
Where roses are flourishing all the year long ;
Their bowers are despoiled not by wintry sadness,
And their echoes reply to the nightingale's song :
But coldly the Briton regards their temptations,
Condemned from his friends and his kindred to roam,
He looks on the brightness of lovelier nations,
But his heart and his wishes still turn to his Home.

Oh ! why is this duteous and home-loving feeling
So seldom displayed by the Pilgrim of Life ?
While faith to his mind a bright scene is revealing,
He toils through a world of sin, sorrow, and strife.
Yet, lured by the paltry attractions around him,
Too oft he forgets the pure pleasures to come,
And wildly foregoes for the toys that surround him,
His hopes of a lasting, a glorious Home.

Not such is the Christian—devoted, believing,
Through storm & thro' sunshine his trust shall abide;
The way that he wends may be dark or deceiving,
But heaven is his shrine, and the Lord is his guide.
And when death's warning angel around him shall hover,
He dreads not the mandate that bids him to come;
It tells that his toils and temptations are over—
'Tis the voice of his Father; it calls to his Home.

M. A.

TO THE DEPARTED.

HERE, where the night-breeze moans like a distant
knell,
I would hold converse with my kindred dead,
And shape them to mine eye, as when they fled
To the pure clime where righteous spirits dwell.

Imagination, work thy mightiest spell.—
My Sire appears; light, such as sunbeams shed
On vernal showers, enwreathes his sainted head.
He seems to say—"Son! guard thy mother well."

Sisters! ye too do leave your heaven awhile,
For this brief moment surely were ye spared,
To teach me how above the angels smile.

Brothers! with whom life's joys and pains were shared,
I mark the import of that warning style;
Lips never plainlier spake,—**"BE THOU PREPARED."**

C. STRONG.

THE LAST LETTER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

THEY tell me, I am greatly changed,
 From that which I have been ;
 So changed, it would have passed belief,
 Had they not known—not seen :
 They tell me my once graceful form,
 Is waning—pale and thin—
 Alas ! these blighted looks scarce speak,
 The deeper blight within!—

They tell me in one little month,
 I seem to have lived years ;
 My ringlets have the shade of age,
 My eyes are worn with tears :
 They say the beauteous cheek you praised,
 Now wears a *deathly* hue ;
 And, oh ! I feel within my breast,
 My heart is dying too!—

I do not *wish* to send one pang
Of sadness to thy soul ;
But there are feelings—deep and strong—
We may not quite control ;
I do not—do I love reproach ?
O ! if—forgive—forgive ;
'Tis woe to think of thee—and die !
'Tis worse than woe—to live !—

My sleep is wild and dark to me,
My dreams are of the dead ;
I wake—and bless the light of day,
Though day brings its own dread :
The visions and the tongues of *home*,
Haunt all my steps with pain ;
'Till fire is in my aching sight !—
And madness in my brain !—

This may not—will not—long endure ;
I know death's hour is nigh,
And, oh ! 'tis all on earth I ask,
To see thee—ere I die !—
Is it too much for all my tears,
For all my anguish past,
To grant me this—my parting prayer—
My last—my very last !

DOCTRINE OF THE SCHISMATIC ARMENIAN CHURCH.

BY THE REV. R. WALSH, LL. D.

&c. &c. &c.

THE Armenians of Constantinople are divided into two sects, who have lately attracted much public attention ; those who adhere to the doctrine and discipline originally introduced by their great Apostle Surh Savorich, or St. Gregory, and uphold the supremacy of their own patriarchs, whom they consider his successors ; and those who, having been converted by the missionaries of the College "de propaganda" at Rome, have adopted the tenets of the Catholic church, and acknowledged the Pope as its spiritual head. The first of these are called Schismatic Armenians, though, as far as the term may be applied to schism, or separation from an original church, it is the latter who properly come under that denomination.

Between these sects, the usual unfortunate sectarian enmities exist, and they have, at different times, attacked each other with heat and animosity. They are both allowed the free exercise of their religion on

the principles of Turkish toleration; but the adherents of the Patriarch, who are by far the most numerous, are the favoured sect in the country, and they enjoy many rights and privileges from which the Catholics were excluded. Generally speaking, such ecclesiastical functions as were connected with the civil establishment, or to which any emolument was attached, were by law confined to the patriarchal clergy alone; and in order that a marriage should be legal, it was necessary that it should be performed by an hæretic priest, even though the parties were both Catholics. Since the misunderstanding between the Turks and the European powers, the toleration granted to the Catholic Armenians of Constantinople has been altogether withdrawn; they have been considered as subject to foreign and hostile influence; and those who refused to conform to the Oriental church, and acknowledge the supremacy of their Patriarch, have been exiled to Asia. The Divan issued a decree, like another edict of Nantz, and several thousands of these unhappy persons, who resided and had establishments at Pera, have been compelled to abandon their homes; and the Catholics and their families are involved in the greatest distress, because they would not renounce their own, and acknowledge the doctrine and discipline of the dominant sect.

As the difference between them is not well understood, and the peculiar tenets of the Oriental Armenians but little known, it may be interesting at this

time to state what they are, to which the others refuse to conform. Among the books published at the Patriarchal Press at Constantinople, is a catechism, containing the heads of their doctrine as it is taught to all young persons in their church. I have had it literally translated from the original, and I subjoin it here, divested only of its catechetical form.

ARMENIAN CATECHISM,

Containing the Doctrines and Duties, inculcated by the Oriental Church.

I am a Christian ; the sign of a Christian is the holy and venerable cross, made in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.* God created me ; to know him and do his will, and finally to become worthy of his Paradise. He created also heaven and earth, and all things visible and invisible.

There is but one God, and three divine persons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, who are each of them God, though there are not three, but one God

* Here the priest bids the child make the sign of the cross, that he may see it ; and this is done, because the manner of making it, is an important point of difference between the Armenian, Greek, and Catholic churches in the East. They all make it by touching the forehead, the two shoulders, and the breast in succession ; but the Armenians and the Catholics, after the forehead, touch first the *left* shoulder, and then the *right* ; the Greeks touch first the right, and then the left. The Armenians and Greeks lay the thumb on the two fore-fingers, and close the rest of the hand ; the Catholics hold the hand open.

and three persons. Of these, the Son was made man perfect like us, by assuming a body from the immaculate blood of the Virgin Mary, and joined to it a soul and understanding which are human. Thus, he who assumed, and that which he assumed, became one person; for the Word, which is God, united in the same manner a human nature with his own person and nature, as our body is united to our soul, and made one nature with it without confusion. Thus humanity was joined with the person and nature of the Word of God, and the divine and the human became one without mixture or without change.

The word *Jesus* means a deliverer, because he has delivered us from the hand of the devil, and from the pains of hell; and the word *Christ* means anointed, because the Word, made man, was anointed by God the Father with the Holy Spirit, as the Apostle Peter says, Acts x.

Jesus Christ was born on the 6th of January*, of the Virgin Mary, as I said before, who remained a virgin after the birth, and brought forth without spot, and therefore she remained after as she was before.

As to his Godhead, Christ was begotten by the

* Before the time of Constantine the Great, the Eastern church held this to be the day of our Saviour's birth, for they celebrated Christmas and the Epiphany on the same day; but St. Chrysostom, Bishop of Chalcædon, affirmed that they were celebrated at Antioch as distinct feasts. Since that time, both the Greek and Latin church adopted the 25th of December as Christmas-day; but the Armenians still adhere to the former.

Father; as to his Humanity, he was born of his Mother. The first generation was without time and incorporeal, and without a Mother; the second generation was temporal with a body, and without a Father.

Christ remained on earth thirty-three years and a half, shewing to his followers the way of truth; then voluntarily suffered; was crucified, and died for us according to the Apostle Paul, that "Christ died for our sins" on the wood of the cross to ensure our salvation. I do not say that Christ is dead according to his divine nature, but according to the body he had assumed in that ineffable union; and thus it is said that God was crucified and died.

They took down his body from the cross, and laid it in a new sepulchre with his indivisible divinity, where it remained three days; and then, with a reasonable soul, descended into hell, where he destroyed the power of Satan, and freed the souls which were there in prison.

The Holy Church means the assemblage of all faithful Christians, who are baptized in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

A Mystery of the Church is a Spiritual Redemption, of which there are seven: Baptism, Chrism, the Eucharist, Pœnitence, Marriage, Holy Orders, and Extreme Unction.

Baptism is an external washing of the body, an internal purification of the soul, and a liberation from

original sin. Chrism is confirmation in the faith of Christ, and the seal of recognition, which is granted to fortify and strengthen man, and make him a soldier of Christ. The Eucharist is the body and blood of Christ*, and spiritual food, which at length gives to us eternal life as our inheritance. Pœnitence is lamenting our past sins, and no more committing the sins we lament; so we are converted, and recover our lost grace. Holy Orders are the spiritual power with which a priest can offer the sacrifice of the Mass, and likewise administer other holy offices. Marriage is a holy office of the Church, which binds, in an indissoluble chain, man and woman together, for their eternal salvation, and to bring up children in the service of God. Extreme Unction is the spiritual armour which is given in Baptism, Chrism, and the Eucharist, so as not to be deprived of the benefits of these sacraments by sudden death.

Virtue is the habitude of the mind, which the soul receives, so as to become the cause of working good. There are seven virtues: Faith, Hope, Charity, Fortitude, Justice, Prudence, and Chastity.

Faith is the gift, infused into us by God, by which we know that he is omnipotent, and our Creator. Hope

* The Armenians so far believe in the real presence, when they receive the Sacrament, that they suppose it exists for twenty-four hours undigested in the stomach, during which time some of them never spit, nor suffer a dog, or any other impure thing, to touch their mouth.

is the true expectation of the good things prepared for us, which God will give us in the form of recompense. Charity is the habitude of the mind, with which we love God on account of his goodness, and our neighbour as ourselves on account of God. Fortitude is resistance to the temptations of the world, and support of its tribulations. Justice is an equal distribution in soul and body, and not to appropriate to ourselves what belongs to another. Prudence is making a due selection between good and evil; not deceiving or being deceived by any man. Chastity is repelling all sensual pleasures and desires which may occur to us.

The gifts of the Holy Spirit are seven: Wisdom, Understanding, Discernment, Strength of Mind, Knowledge, Piety, and the Fear of God.

The works of Mercy, which will be required at the last day of judgment, are seven:—to give food to the hungry;—drink to the thirsty;—to clothe the naked;—to lodge the stranger;—to visit the sick;—to call on the prisoner;—and to bury the dead: these are the works of carnal mercy.

The works of Spiritual Mercy are seven:—to advise the doubting—to guide the ignorant—to reprehend the faulty—to console the afflicted—to forgive the offending—to support the sufferer—and to pray to God for the living, the dead, and the sinner.

The Commands of God are Ten, given through Moses on Mount Sinai. 1st, I am the Lord your God, there is no other God but me, and you must not place

my name on a vain thing. 2d, You shall not make idols according to the likeness of any thing in heaven above or in the earth below. 3d, Keep holy the Sabbath, which is our Lord's day. 4th, Honour thy father and mother. 5th, Do not murder. 6th, Do not commit adultery. 7th, Do not steal. 8th, Do not give false witness against thy neighbour. 9th, Do not speak falsely in the name of God. 10th, Do not desire thy neighbour's wife, nor house, nor goods, nor any thing that belongs to him.

Sin is of two kinds, original and actual.

Original is that which comes from our first parent Adam; we all have it, but it is purified by Baptism. Actual sin is that which we commit after Baptism, with the consent of our own will.

Actual sin is of two kinds; mortal, and venial or light.

Mortal sin is that which, existing in any person, brings death with it. Venial, or light, is that which, if a man commits, and then forgets to repent of, or makes too light or imperfect a pœnitence, God forgives him, because a light or venial sin, as the name declares, implies a sin not very serious.

There are seven mortal sins: Pride, Envy, Anger, Sloth, Avarice, Gluttony, and Lust.

The sins that require punishment in the presence of God are Murder, Oppression of the Poor, and depriving the Labourer of his Hire. These offences are dreadful, from which may the Lord deliver us.

The virtues opposite to these vices are seven:

Humility against Pride; Benevolence against Envy; Gentleness against Anger; Liberality against Avarice; Temperance against Gluttony; and Chastity against Lust.

Sins are committed in three ways: by thought, word, and deed.

By thought, when we think any thing bad in our hearts. In word, when we utter it from our mouths, either slander or blasphemy; in deed, what by hands or feet we do or accomplish.

We are withheld from committing sin by four considerations: Death, dreadful Judgment, horrible Hell, and unutterable Paradise.

The knowledge of the true faith is not sufficient of itself to attain to salvation, because faith without good works is like a dead man, as St. Paul testifies, "Faith without works is dead."

Good works are, Prayer, Fasting, and Almsgiving.

There are three Prayers: the Lord's, the Virgin's, and the Eucharist. The Lord's Prayer, "Our Father," &c. The Virgin's Prayer, "We prostrate ourselves before thee, Mother of God, Holy Parent of the Lord, and we pray your immaculate virginity to intercede for us, and intreat your only-begotten Son that he would free us from all temptation and from all dangers; you, who are the liberator from chains, pardon us all this day on account of the prayers of the old man; dismiss me, who have committed great sins, from the chains of death to eternal life. Amen." The necessary prayer of

the Eucharist, when the Priest says "Eat:"—"Oh God, the Lover of man, who hast sent thine only-begotten Son, through his divine power we know thy paternal kindness; his crucifixion was voluntary for our sakes, as was his endurance of three days' burial, his happy resurrection, his divine ascension with the glory of the Father, and his sitting at thy right hand, which I believe and worship."

The Symbol, or Creed :

"We believe in one God, the Father omnipotent, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible.

"We also believe in one Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, begotten of God the Father, the only-begotten of the essence of God the Father, God of God, Light of Light, true God of true God; a generation, not a making, of the same nature as the Father, by whom all things were made in heaven and earth, visible and invisible; and for us men and for our salvation coming down from heaven, he was incarnated, born of Mary, a perfect Virgin, by the Holy Spirit, through whom he assumed a body, a soul, and a mind, and whatsoever there is in a human being. Having truly and not figuratively suffered, he was crucified, buried, and rose the third day, ascended into heaven, and sits on the right hand of the Father, about to come in the same body and with the glory of the Father, to judge the living and the dead; and of his reign there will be no end.

"We believe in the Holy Spirit, not made and perfect,

who spake in the Law, the Prophets, and the Evangelists, who descended into the River Jordan, preached in the Apostles, and dwells in the Saints.

“ We believe in one only universal, catholic, and apostolic Church. We believe in one Baptism for the expiation and remission of Sins ; in the Resurrection of the Dead ; in the Eternal Judgment of souls and bodies ; in the Kingdom of the Heavens ; and in the Life Eternal.

“ This is our faith : but further, whosoever shall say there was a time when the Son was not, or there was a time when the Holy Spirit was not, or that they were made from non-existence, or that their essence or substance is alterable or mutable, let him be anathematized from the catholic and apostolic Church ; this is the saying of St. Gregory the Illuminator, the first Armenian Patriarch.

“ But we will glorify by name Him who is before all ages, adoring the holy Trinity, the one Godhead of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, now and for ever, to all eternity. Amen.”

WISDOM.

Where shall Wisdom be found, and what is the place of understanding? The Depth saith, "It is not in me;" and the Sea saith, "It is not with me."

WHERE shall Wisdom's light be found?
 Circled by yon starry bound?
 Hidden by the rolling main?
 Buried 'neath the pathless plain?
 Tenanting the grove's recess?
 Or the desert wilderness?—
 Heaven hath heard—but answers not—
 Earth reveals no chosen spot;
 Voiceless stands the crested hill;
 Rock, and forest roof are still;
 Silent smile the cloudless skies—
 And the unfathomed deep replies,
 "Child of wavering doubt and fear,
 Seek not thou its presence here."

Dwells it in the senseless crowd?
 With the honoured, or the proud?
 Where the clustering wreaths conceal
 Glory's red and wasting steel?

By the monarch's gem bright throne?
Or the dwelling, dark and lone,
Whence the sage's torch appears,
O'er the page of buried years?—
Grief, alas! is linked with power,—
Honour but a summer flower—
Fame a meteor—doubly cursed
He, whom dreams of wealth have nursed,—
And, on Learning's treasures bent,
Who hath hoped or found content?

Thou, whose uninstructed breast,
Baffled in its lengthened quest,
Deems its labour lost and vain,
Yet renew thy search again—
Where the eye of Pity weeps,
And the sway of Passion sleeps,
And the lamp of Faith is burning,
And the ray of Hope returning,—
And the "still small voice" within,
Whispers not of wrath or sin,
Resting with the righteous dead—
Beaming o'er the drooping head—
Comforting the lowly mind,
Shines the treasure—seek and find.

J. F. H.

Chelsea.

LINES,

Written on hearing of the Death of an early Friend.

BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

WAS this sad fate the only fruit
 Of thy brief, feverish life's pursuit ?
 To gain—for years in travel worn—
 For dangers braved and troubles borne—
 For all, 'mid mankind's conflicts rude,
 That chills the soul or chafes the blood—
 For wounded feeling's bitter smart—
 For scenes that wring or sear the heart—
 To gain—in a drear distant clime,
 A nameless grave before thy prime !

Was this—was this the bridal bed
 To which thy cruel mistress led—
 The Fiend Ambition? she who brings
 A chaplet wreathed with scorpion's stings

To crown her lovers !—she whose waist
And bosom are with snakes enlaced !
Who scatters wide her victim's bones
O'er blighting swamps—o'er burning zones—
Where on the stranger's loveless bier,
No friend shall drop a parting tear,
Nor sister come to watch and weep,
And break with sobs the silence deep !

Yet why o'er thy untimely urn
With vain regret thus weakly mourn ?
Struck by the bolt that levels all,
What reck's it how or where we fall ?
Are they not blest, the early dead,
Wherever fate their pall may spread ?
More blest than those whom long decay
Detains—slow lingering by the way,
Without a wish to wake the soul,
Yet shuddering at the dreary goal
To which with viewless pace they steal,
Dragged on by Time's resistless wheel,
Watching each early comrade sink,
Till they upon the desert brink
Stand desolate !

Ay ! there are hours
When life's horizon round us lowers—
When yet afresh the wounds we feel
Which Time may close, but cannot heal,

That recklessly we seek relief
By draining e'en the dregs of grief,
(The bitter dregs which human pride
Infuses in affliction's tide,)
Repiningly upbraid the doom
Which on our loved ones shuts the tomb,
And half accuse long-suffering fate
That opens not for us its gate.

This morbid mood, then, shall we nurse,
That in affliction finds a curse ?
Shall we, when Providence destroys,
Like Jonah's gourd, our cherished joys,
The wisdom frowardly arraign
That warps our web of life with pain ?
No ! let us with a pious trust,
Though bent by sorrow to the dust,
Confide, while we submissive bow,
That He will cheer who chastens now ;
And to a loftier faith give scope,
Nor mourn as those who have no hope.

THE CONTRAST.

BY THE REV. DAVID M'NICOLL.

BEHOLD Herodias in the fitful dance,
 Bending amid the radiance of her charms.
 All own her power in the subduing trance;
 The sage, the monarch, and the strong in arms.
 Dazzling she moves in gold and streams of light;
 But—'tis not truest beauty shines so bright.

Far other vision steals upon the heart:
 'Tis woman in her holiest, happiest cares.
 For gems, see tears of sweet devotion start;
 Her robe, nor proudly, nor unclasped she wears.
 Her upward eye, and downcast mien so sweet,
 Tell—it is Mary at the Master's feet.

The scene is changed; and she who oft had shone
 A star of splendour in the transient world,
 Is darkened now, at Nature's dying groan;
 To foul disgrace from her vain orbit hurled.
 But see that sainted one, new-risen on high,
 Refulgent, fixed in heaven's eternal sky!



Engraved by R. Smirke. R. A.

Engraved by F. Brown.

INNOCENCE.

Published for the Proprietor of the Annual.

1841.

INNOCENCE.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND,

Authoress of the "Seven Ages of Woman," &c.

THE radiant glances of thy heavenward eye
 Are raised above the clouds of mortal care ;
 Oh, holy and divinest Purity,
 To thee, all things are lovely, all are fair.
 The Proteus shapes of Sin still pass thee by,
 And leave on thee no shadow ; and the snare
 Of strong Temptation, though it oft assail
 Thy stedfast spirit, can in nought prevail.

Thou hast in festal halls and lordly towers
 Preserved thy charms amidst the flattering train,
 Who scattered in thy path enchanted flowers,
 And wooed thee with a thousand spells in vain.
 Thou, with firm step through Pleasure's syren bowers,
 Like angel guest whom earth could ne'er enchain,
 Hast still serenely thy bright course maintained,
 And onward passed unfettered and unstained.

On thee, in deepest solitudes, has smiled
That perfect peace the world could ne'er bestow ;
Oh ! holy, beautiful, and undefiled,
Relic of heaven still lingering here below,
The lily blooms beside thee in the wild,
Yet cannot match her coronal of snow
With thy unsullied vesture's spotless white,
Washed in the dews that usher in the light.

From the vain throng retired, thou sitt'st alone,
Listening the wood-dove's note, or murmur sweet
Of waving leaves by mountain breezes blown,
Where jasmines canopy thy calm retreat,
And thymy hillock forms the sylvan throne,
And the lamb finds a refuge at thy feet ;
And crystal fountain, sparkling in thy sight,
Reflects thy image, and becomes more bright.

What though the tender paleness of thy face
Doth wear at times the pensive shade of sadness ?
'Tis only when thou dost around thee trace
The evil traits of folly, guilt, and madness,
Whose canker spots have marred the human race ;
For thou art in thyself celestial gladness,
And still art found 'midst all the storms of earth,
Bright as when Eden's bowers beheld thy birth.

Affliction, with her sternly chastening rod,
Indeed hath tried thee, but could ne'er destroy
That glorious emanation from thy God,
The deep serenity of holy joy ;
And though thy pilgrim feet full oft have trod
A rugged way, yet bliss without alloy
Is to thy raptured glance divinely given,
Which sees through thorny paths the road to heaven.

DOVER CASTLE.

WHEN Eve's departing beam did feebly shine,
I stood, and watched thy hoary towers decline,
And sink from view, into the lap of night!
I've marked them early—when Aurora bright,
Drew from thy walls their chill and misty veil.
In mid-day splendour now, thy front I hail!
Thou noble fortress of the British Isle—
Though worn by Time, thy visage yet doth smile,
As thou look'st down upon the mighty deep,
Where navies rest, as calm as babes asleep,
In yon broad harbour as a mirror fair.
These are thy pride in war—in peace thy care:
Beneath thy ancient towers, proud citadel!
Wealth—Commerce—and Content, securely dwell.

ELIZA L. EMERSON.

THE BLACK LINN.

It was a Sabbath afternoon early in the year, and a crowded congregation were seen leaving a small kirk in the mountains of Perthshire. The annual celebration of the sacrament had taken place there that day, which had attracted, as is usual in Scotland, great numbers of persons even from parishes at many miles distance. The services of the day were now over, and the people separated into different groups as they took their respective roads homewards; all, even the youngest and most thoughtless, walking on with a quietness and seriousness of deportment befitting the holy day, and the solemnity of the occasion which had called them together. A numerous party set out together to the eastward, conversing as they walked along, some on the more worldly topics of country discourse, the state of the weather, the crops, and the markets; others, on the various services they had that day heard, and the gifts and graces of their respective ministers. Their numbers gradually diminished as one party after another branched off up the glens, or over the hill-paths

leading to their distant farms and cottages, until at last only four persons remained. These were Donald Mac Alpine and his wife, who lived at Burnieside, to which place they were now fast approaching; and his brother Angus, who, with his son Kenneth, had come that morning from Linn-head, about five miles further.

A February evening was closing in dusk and cold, with every appearance of a stormy, wet night, when the lights in the casements of the farm at Burnieside appeared flickering in the distance, cheering the hearts of Donald and his wife with thoughts of the comfort of their own warm hearth, and their children's hearty welcome, after the fatigue and weariness of their day's journey. Angus and Kenneth entered with them to rest and refresh themselves before they proceeded onwards; and, as they were much beloved by their young relatives, they met a welcome, only second in cordiality and delight to that given to the parents. The large and happy party were soon seated comfortably round a glowing peat fire; and cheerfully partaking, after thanks had reverently been paid to the Giver of all good, of an excellent and substantial supper. When it was over, Angus summoned his son to depart.—“Come, Kenneth, my boy, it is getting late, and we have five long miles to go yet.” Donald, who had risen to look out into the night, now endeavoured to persuade his brother and his nephew to remain where they were till morning. “The wind is rising, and driving the hail and rain before it, and it is pitch-dark. I cannot let you leave

this warm hearth on such a night."—"Nay, Donald, we must go, indeed. What would Marion and poor little Lily say if we did not come home? We know our road well, so we need not be afraid of the darkness; and as to the wind and rain, we are used to that, and the warm fireside at Linn-head, and a good bed, will be all the more welcome after it. So, good night, Donald; good night, Janet; good night, children."—"Well," replied Donald, "a wilful man must have his way; but mind when you come by the Black Linn. It is a very fearful path along there on a dark night."—"As to that, Donald, I do not think either Kenneth or I would fear to pass the Linn on the darkest night in the year; we know every rock and stone so well. We are almost at home when we have got there." Angus then taking up his thick walking staff, and Kenneth slinging over his shoulder the little wallet in which he had carried their simple dinner, they ventured out into the storm, and the hospitable door of Burnieside was reluctantly closed behind them.

For some time they trudged on without much difficulty, though the wind and rain beat directly in their faces, and were gradually becoming more violent. In the intervals between the gusts, the father and son conversed together, and Kenneth was pouring forth some of the feelings which the day's services had excited in his pious and serious young heart. He was now about fifteen years of age, the pride and delight of his parents, and of his sister Lilies, who was a year or

two older than himself. Marion Mac Alpine, his mother, had from his infancy cherished the hope, that this her only son might become a pious and useful minister in the church; she wished, like Hannah with the youthful Samuel, "to give this child, for whom she had prayed, unto the Lord all the days of his life;" and as he increased in stature, his parents' hearts glowed within them as they marked his studious, serious disposition, and the heavenly-mindedness of his simple character. The great object of their desires was to afford him the advantages of a college education, and the toils by which they strove to secure the means of doing so were made sweet both to his father, mother, and sister, by the love with which they regarded him. Lillias, indeed, looked on Kenneth as on some superior being. She was a sweet-tempered, active, industrious girl, and though her mental powers were not fashioned in so fine a mould as her brother's, she had a heart to love and admire him, and would have made any sacrifice of her own ease and comfort, to have added to his happiness or promoted his welfare. His progress in learning, under the care of the good minister of Linn-head, had been very rapid; and as both his age and his acquirements were now such as nearly to fit him for college, it was intended that he should be entered a student at the University of Glasgow in the following year.

"Father," said the boy, "that was a fine discourse of Mr. Muir's, 'the Lord is a very present help in trouble.'"—"It was, Kenneth; but one to be better

understood by the aged than the young Christian.”—
“Just what I thought, father. The words went like fire into my heart; yet, to me, they were but words of promise; to you, and others, who have gone through suffering and tribulation, they were words recalling blessed experience. So far in my life, thanks be to God, and, under Him, to you, and my mother, and dear Lily, ‘the lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places; I have a goodly heritage;’ but I know it must needs be that afflictions come, and when they do——”—“May you find the truth and power of the promises,” interrupted his father. “Amen!” said Kenneth, with fervour.

In these sweet communings, they beguiled the weary way. They had proceeded more than three miles of the distance, and had entered a deep defile in the mountains, at the bottom of which ran a rapid stream. This river, at all times considerable, now swollen by the melting of the snows, roared along its rocky channel. It entered the defile about a mile and a half higher up over a tremendous precipice, forming one of the wildest and most terrific cataracts in the Highlands, which was known in the country by the name of the Black Linn. The water was precipitated into a deep, dark chasm, where it boiled and wheeled with terrifying impetuosity, and then broke away with fury through rents and channels in the rocks, which the force of the stream had in the lapse of ages worn. This scene of awful sublimity was surrounded by abrupt walls of rock two hundred feet in height, grey and bare, and overshadowing

the depths below, so that the rays of the bright sun could never penetrate further than to paint a rainbow on the spray of the fall about midway of its descent. A narrow and unprotected mountain road led up the defile past the cataract to the village of Linn-head, which, on such a night, would have been far from safe to less experienced travellers than those who were now toiling along it. They were wet, cold, and weary; and the force of the wind pouring down the glen, the cold and sharp rain beating in their faces, and the pitchy darkness of the night, began almost to bewilder them. They ceased to speak, but struggled on in silence. At length, by the increased roar of waters, they perceived that they were approaching the Linn. "Courage! my boy, we shall soon reach home now," said Angus. A fresh and more violent gust of wind bringing a heavy hail shower, obliged them to turn from its fury. Again they groped their way forwards. "Father," said Kenneth, in a voice whose tremulous tones were almost drowned by the fury of the elements, "we have missed the path—we are on the wrong side of the oak tree—we are on the top of the crag over the Black Boiler, I am sure—take care of yourself—I am trying to find——" A piercing cry of agony, heard above the rushing of the winds and waters, froze the father's heart within him. "Kenneth!" he cried, in a voice of horror, "my child, my child! where are you?" There was no answer. The unhappy father called again and again. The torrent rushed on in its resistless might,

and the wind howled past him, till his brain was almost maddened by the roar, and the solid rock beneath him seemed to tremble, as if an earthquake were shaking the globe to its foundations. He flung himself on the ground, and dragging himself along, felt, with outstretched arms, for the edge of the precipice. His hand at length reached it, where the broken earth, and some tufts of grass hanging by their slight fibrous roots, showed the very spot where it had yielded under Kenneth's tread. He looked over, and strained his eyes in the vain endeavour to pierce the thick darkness beneath. All was hid in deep gloom, except where a gleam of pale light marked the broken, foamy edges of the falling waters far, far below. A sickness, like death, fell upon the heart of poor Angus, as the conviction forced itself on him, that his child was indeed gone—lost to him for ever. He tried again to call, but his voice refused to give utterance to a sound, and having groped his way back to the oak tree, the land-mark already mentioned, he leaned against it for some moments as if to collect strength, and then, making desperate effort to move forward, he reached the Tye. All the lights in the cottages were by this time extinguished for the night, except those which shined from his own windows, whose brightness showed that those within were still waking and watching for the return of their absent ones. Marion and Lily had just heaped the fire with fresh wood and peat, which threw a bright cheerful light all round the cottage.

The singing kettle, hanging on the hook over the fire, sent its light clouds of curling vapour up the wide chimney. Before the fire was a small table, with the great family Bible lying on it, in which Liliás had been reading to her mother, till the increasing storm, and the growing lateness of the hour, began to awaken their anxiety for Angus and Kenneth's return, and prevented their giving to the word of God that undivided attention, without which they thought it but a mockery to read. They sat listening to the wind and rain beating against the cottage, sometimes expressing their anxieties to each other, then striving to forget for a time the sense of them, by busying themselves in all the little arrangements they could devise, for the comfort of the wet and weary wanderers. At length a hand touched the outer latch. "Here they are!" they exclaimed. But almost a minute elapsed before that hand found courage again to try and open the door. When it did open, and the pale and horror-struck figure of Angus entered, a sense of awful calamity in an instant struck both Marion and Liliás. He closed the door, and leaned against it, as if he could neither speak nor move. "Kenneth!" they both exclaimed. "The Linn—the Linn—lost!"—was all that the unhappy father could utter. Then, staggering to his chair, he burst into a passionate flood of grief, so unlike any thing his wife and daughter had before witnessed in his steady, composed character, that, for the moment, they lost all thought of every thing else in the endeavour to soothe him. But the relief of tears

seemed to take the heavy load off his heart, and before long he could with greater calmness tell of the awful bereavement they had sustained, and endeavour, in his turn, to comfort the stricken hearts of his wife and daughter. A family of sorrow, they sat by the dying embers of their hearth that long and bitter night; but an unskilled pen may not dare to describe their feelings, nor the power of the consolations from on high, which visited them in their affliction.

Towards morning poor Lilius, exhausted by sorrow, had sunk into a deep sleep, with her head resting on her mother's shoulder. Angus kept walking continually to the little window, to watch for the first streaks of light in the east, intending, as soon as the day dawned, to take some of his neighbours with him to assist in finding all that was left to him of his beloved child. At length the grey of morning broke over the hills—he took his hat and went out, leaving Marion supporting her daughter's head—her lips moved in inward prayer as he left the house. The melancholy news rapidly spread through the village; for Kenneth was as much loved by all who knew him as his father was respected, and all the neighbours and friends were soon collected to go with Angus to find the body; while some of the women went in to Marion to console and support her during this trying time.

In the meantime, he for whose loss all were thus sorrowing, was yet living. He had been saved from destruction by the stems of three or four saplings of

mountain ash and weeping-birch, which had taken root in a fissure of the almost perpendicular crag, and hung their light elegant foliage, nearly horizontally, over the black whirlpool below. The slight stems had bowed fearfully under the pressure of Kenneth's falling weight, but springing up again by their elasticity, they now held him suspended, and rocking with every blast, over the yawning chasm. He lay unconscious for a long time, from the stunning effects of the fall, and of a severe blow which his head had received against the rock; but his senses gradually returned, and he awoke to an acute sense of pain, both bodily and mental. When he understood his awful and precarious situation, an overpowering terror came over his mind, and he wreathed his arms round the branches of the trees, with the convulsive instinct of self-preservation. His calls for help were piercing and continual; but they reached no human ear. At this trying moment, the words which he had been dwelling on all the day, "the Lord is a very present help in trouble," recurred to his thoughts like oil upon the stormy waves, calming them into peaceful tranquillity. "Yea," he mentally exclaimed, "even in the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." His mind then rapidly glanced at all the circumstances of his situation. He was instantly aware that he could neither make any exertions to release himself, nor hope for any assistance till the morning dawned; and

that nothing remained for him but to rest where he was in quietness, and reliance upon his Almighty Father, till day-light. Though the violence of the storm gradually abated, his sufferings from wet and cold, were extreme during that apparently endless night. He endeavoured to beguile the time by repeating passages of Scripture, with which his memory was amply stored; and when these failed to divert his mind from the oppressive weight of pain and dread; or when thoughts of his dear home, and all whom he loved there, would force themselves upon his recollection, he poured out his soul at the throne of mercy, and was strengthened. But the vigour of his mind began gradually to yield to the anguish of his frame; and before morning, the powers of life seemed to be ebbing fast away, leaving him in a state almost of insensibility. He closed his eyes, and consciousness grew fainter and fainter. When he again languidly raised their lids, they rested, as he lay with his face upturned towards heaven, on lightly-tinged rose-coloured clouds, the forerunners of the rising sun, sailing slowly and peacefully over the abyss. The sight seemed to revive the dying spark within, and sent a thrill of hope and joy through his stiffening limbs. But as the increasing light shewed him the height and the inaccessible steepness of the precipice above him, and he felt his own incapacity to move, his heart again sunk within him. "Yet, surely," thought he, "they will come to seek me;"

and, for the first time, a movement of restless impatience began to agitate him.

About this time the villagers, being collected together, were proceeding to the fall. Angus in vain endeavoured to maintain his wonted steadiness of demeanour. At one time he hurried on, as if impelled forwards by an irresistible power; and then, as if nature recoiled with dread from the sight of his beautiful child, changed to a pale and disfigured corpse, he lingered in the rear. When they reached the oak tree before-mentioned, he remained motionless, while the rest advanced on to the crag, more from the desire to see the very spot of Kenneth's fall, than from any expectation of finding his remains, which they doubted not the stream had, by that time, carried farther down the country. Malcolm, a young blacksmith of the village, of remarkably active and enterprising character, was first. He advanced close to the edge of the cliff, which his steady head enabled him to look over without fear. The others remonstrated with him on his rashness, but Malcolm had caught a glimpse of something which made him thoughtless of himself; and in order to be certain that it was what his hopes suggested, before he mentioned them to any one, he lay down on the ground, and stretched his body half over the brink to gain a distinct view. "It is—it is," he exclaimed.—"What?" cried many voices.—"Himself," cried Malcolm, springing up;—"fetch ropes;" and he ran off instantly

to the village to execute his own orders, followed by several of the boys and younger men. Angus gazed at this sudden movement with a bewildered eye, till some of the others, who had also looked down, came to tell him that his son was indeed there, and, they hoped, alive, though they could hardly distinguish whether the slight trembling of the tree were caused by the breeze, or by an endeavour to make a signal. The father's eyes were again blessed by the sight of his child; but the agony and suspense of hope tried him, if possible, more severely than the certainty of calamity. He kneeled down, covering his face with his hands, during the minutes, which to him seemed hours, that elapsed before the return of Malcolm and the ropes. It was some little time after they were got back, before they had lashed together strong cords sufficient to reach Kenneth's resting-place; but, at length, having secured one end of them strongly round the oak tree, they gradually lowered the other over the face of the crag. Kenneth saw it descending, like the angel of his rescue, and watched its gradual progress, till it reached the level at which he lay; and, after swinging to and fro, finally rested upon his body. But when he tried to untwine his benumbed arms from the branches round which they had so long been clinging, he felt, almost with despair, that he could not stir. Those above tried with shouts to encourage him, and to persuade him to tie the rope round his waist. He could not. Neither could

he raise his hoarse and feeble voice to make them hear. They began to be quite at a loss what to do, and almost to doubt whether life were not fled. In this emergency, Mr. Cameron, the minister of Linnhead, was seen coming up the road mounted on his rough little Shetland poney. He had been assisting in the celebration of the Sacrament the preceding day, and having remained to spend the evening with his fellow-ministers, whom that occasion had collected together, was returning, at this early hour, to his home and his duties, principally to be in readiness for his beloved and favourite pupil Kenneth. He wondered to see so many of his parishioners assembled, but a few words explained the whole; and, surprised and agitated as he was by the suddenness of the shock, he retained presence of mind sufficient to direct what was best to be done. "Some one must be lowered to his assistance," said he. Malcolm immediately volunteered himself; and while the active young Highlander drew up the rope, and fastened it round his own waist, Mr. Cameron went to support Angus. All the strength present assisted in lowering Malcolm, who guided himself by a long stick, which he held in his hand, and by which he kept himself from striking against the rock. Having reached the proper station, he planted one foot firmly on a slight projection, and, steadying himself with his stick, this active and powerful young man stooped down, loosened Kenneth's hands, and grasping the poor exhausted

boy with his strong muscular arm, gave the signal to be drawn up. As they slowly ascended, he held his drooping charge firmly, yet tenderly, and, with surprising skill and dexterity, guided their course, till, with great exertion, and some little difficulty, they safely reached the top.

Mr. Cameron no sooner saw Kenneth safely laid in his father's arms, and had ascertained that, though fainting, life was not extinct, than, leaving all the rest to follow slowly, he mounted his poney, and rode briskly forward to break the joyful tidings to poor Marion. When he entered the cottage, which the care of her kind neighbours had restored to its wonted look of comfort, she rose to meet him with calmness and composure, but with a face, on which one night seemed to have done the work of years. "Oh! Mr. Cameron, you are come, indeed, to the house of mourning; have you heard all?"—"Yes, my good Marion, I have seen Angus."—"And have they found ——" She could say no more; her tears choked her. "Yes, they have, Marion," said the good pastor, hardly knowing how to break it to her; "your son shall live again."—"I know," replied the devout Christian mother, "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Oh! Mr. Cameron, our hearts' desire for him was, that he should serve the Lord in his courts here below, and if he calls him so soon to stand in the holy of holies, what are we, that we should gainsay his will? and

yet, it is hard to say, Thy will be done!" Mr. Cameron was so much affected, that, it was some time before he could say, "Marion, the Lord's arm is not shortened, that he cannot save; and what is impossible with men, is possible with God." Marion lifted up her eyes, with an expression of wild doubt. Lillias sprung forward, and seized his hand, and the neighbours drew round inquiringly. "Yes! my friends, he has been wonderfully delivered, and he is yet living; but Marion," he added, observing that she turned deadly pale, "you must command yourself. He has suffered severely, and his life may depend on your composure, and ability to do all that may be required for him. Now, my good friends, prepare a warm bed, and get all things in readiness." While the other women were busying themselves according to their minister's desire, the mother and daughter, with their arms round each other, were standing on the threshold, looking out for the first sight of him who had been lost, but was found, while Mr. Cameron gently related to them the history of his wonderful escape, mingling with his relation words of religious comfort and exhortation, which fell like balm upon their hearts. At last, the party came slowly up, bearing Kenneth on a rude litter, which they had hastily put together. As he crossed the threshold of his home once again, his mother and sister quietly kissed his cold pallid cheek, and he opened his eyes on them with a look of love. He was laid in his

warm bed, and they proceeded to restore warmth and animation by cordials, and by rubbing his limbs with spirits. But whether their applications were too stimulating, or it was the natural effect of his long exposure to the cold, added to the blow on his head, fever rapidly came on, and, for several days, he lay in violent delirium. It almost broke the hearts of those who were watching by his bed-side, to hear his screams of horror, and broken snatches of prayer and supplication, which shewed that he was continually living over again that fearful night. The following Sabbath, all the little congregation of Linnhead joined, as with one heart, in their minister's fervent intercession, that the life, already so wonderfully delivered, might yet once more be spared. Their prayers were granted; youth and a good constitution, aided by the unwearied and judicious care of his affectionate nurses, triumphed over the disease. That once subdued, his strength rapidly returned, and, on the third Sunday after, Kenneth, supported by his father and mother, and followed by his sister, again entered the sanctuary, and took his accustomed place there; and when they all kneeled in prayer, their hearts burned within them, as Mr. Cameron poured forth their thanksgivings to the Almighty. He chose for his text the opening verses of the hundred and third Psalm—"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life

from destruction; and crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercy.' From these appropriate words he uttered a most affectionate and persuasive exhortation, not only addressed to him who had been the subject of such striking mercies, but to all the youthful members of his flock who had been witnesses of them. The good seed thus scattered falling on ground differently prepared to receive it, brought forth fruit variously. In Kenneth's heart, it brought forth fruit a hundred-fold; and during the course of a long after life, he was, as far as the weakness of human nature may be, "steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord," and was blessed in the conviction that his "labours in the Lord were not in vain."

THE WOODBINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SOLITARY HOURS," &c.

T'OTHER evening I strolled down the shady green lane,
 All with eglantine arched overhead :
 Where the hare comes her sweet dewy supper to pick,
 And the banks are with wild-flowers jewelled so thick,
 And the turf is so soft to the tread.

The woodman's old horse, when his harness is off,
 Comes thither, with hunger sore prest ;
 But so weary, he scarce crops a mouthful or so,
 Then heaves a deep sigh, with his head hanging low,
 And sinks down supinely to rest.

And there t'other evening, stretched out in my path,
 All across it, poor creature, he lay :
 " Never mind, honest Jack, take your comfort," I said,
 You've worked very hard for your old master's bread,
 All the hours I've idled away."

“ And you’re idling them still, with such babyish stuff,”
 May Sir Oracle sagely opine ;
 “ No matter, Old Wisdom ! you need not attend ;
 And you’ve said the same thing, now I think of it, friend !
 Of lays better warbled than mine.

“ So I’ll sing as I please, and you’ll listen or not
 As it likes you—no matter to me—
 I sing like that little brown bird in the brake,
 Because Nature invites me such joyance to take,
 In her haunts to all commoners free.”

So away to my lanc, for I have not yct done
 With my tale of that wonderful place ;
 How the woodman’s old horse, though he patiently heard
 My affecting address, never answered a word,
 Though he looked very hard in my face :

How the hare started up from a mole-hill of thyme,
 And a partridge chirred out at my feet ;
 How the blackbird was singing his vesper so clear,
 And a nightingale joined from a hazel-copse near,
 And the woodbines were temptingly sweet.

“ And I’ll have them,” said I ; “ what a nosegay they’ll
 make,
 How they’ll perfume mine own bonny bower !”
 And with that, up the bank in a moment was I,
 And the beautiful prize, though suspended so high,
 Was already *almost* in my power.

Almost—but we know an old proverb that tells

What may hap 'twixt the cup and the lip ;
So I scrambled, and reached, and just touched it at last—
“ Yet another bold spring, and I'll have them full fast ;”
—— “ Good lack ! what a terrible slip !”

'Twas a terrible slip—down through bramble and bush,
To the ground in a twinkling I came ;
And my hands were all scratched, and my gown was all
torn ;
Had you seen it, *ma bonne* ! you'd have said, I'll be sworn,
As you used in old time, “ What a shame !”

And then, to be sure, I looked silly enough,
And ashamed of my plight as I lay ;
While the woodbine above in its beautiful pride,
Just flaunted more freely, my fall to deride ;
And methought the vain creature should say—

“ Ah ! ha ! keep your distance, poor dweller of earth !
You may find in your own proper place,
On your own lowly level contentment enow ;
Who reaches beyond it will gather, I trow,
Small guerdon but shame and disgrace.”

THE SPANISH FLOWER GIRL.

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY,

Author of "My Early Days," "Fitful Fancies," &c.

I LIKE not, love, those garden blooms
 Twined in thy glossy hair—
 I cannot much approve the taste
 That chose to place them there.
 The green-wood yields more fitting flowers
 For beauty such as thine,
 For one who sees the summer-beams
 In all their fervour shine.
 I know a blessed little spot,
 Beyond the citron trees,
 Where many buds are blossoming
 Far lovelier than these.
 Fly thither, and of them I'll weave,
 For thee, the very crown
 Young maids should wear, with raven locks,
 And cheeks of berry brown.
 You will not go—I nothing care—
 Perhaps were Perez here,
 Whose garden looks so beautiful,
 You would be less severe.

He needs must pass your cottage door
 Whene'er he views his corn,
No doubt he taught his Clara thus
 Her ringlets to adorn.
Laugh on—laugh on—nor smile, nor sigh,
 Of thine can give me pain,
I would not be a woman's toy
 For all the gold in Spain.
The little love I may have had
 For thee, is long since gone,
I'm sorry for thy father's sake—
 My merry maid, laugh on.
Thy hand!—why should I take thy hand?—
 A farewell word from me,
Like my poor flowrets of the field,
 Is but a jest to thee.
And yet though purse-proud Perez bind
 The garland on thy brow,
Beshrew me if his heart could feel
 What I still felt till now!
Speak thus again, dear Clara!—say,
 Again thou'rt all my own!
I would not part these fingers five,
 Not for our Monarch's throne!
The garden blooms become thee best—
 Thy smiles—O do not spare
Thy smiles—I've been as great a fool
 As thou art kind and fair!



Painted by W. Thomson R.A.

Engraved by N. Goodenrich

THE KIDNAP OF THE LITTLE BOY

THE KIDNAP OF THE LITTLE BOY

THE KITTEN DISCOVERED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MUMMY."

Who has not felt the sweetness of the breeze
On Summer's evening murmuring through the trees?
Who has not gazed with rapture on the down,
When sick and weary of the heated town;
And joyed to taste the country's simple fare,
Its perfumed dells—its cool, refreshing air?

Such the effect produced by scenes like this.
A quiet picture of domestic bliss,—
With pleasing, soft emotions fills the breast,
And lulls the jarring passions into rest.
The trembling kitten, forced against its will
To try its antics, and display its skill,
Drooping its sleepy head upon its breast
Seeks with a longing eye a place of rest.

The mother cat, meanwhile, in murmurs bland,
With gentle purring seeks a fostering hand :—
Frightened, though pleased—the boy with beaming face
Clings to his mother in a fond embrace—
Yet looks delighted, as her tutoring hand
Teaches the infant mouser how to stand.
The boy, when smiling at his feline friend,
Might make the grave philosopher unbend ;
For still—though fed from learning's sacred rill,
Domestic feelings through his bosom thrill,
And he, whose mind the universe can scan,
When touched by tenderness—is still a man.

Sweet magic home ! Thou hast alone the skill
The human breast with ecstasy to fill ;
Though art may try emotion to control,
'Tis nature has dominion o'er the soul.
'Tis *she*, our best affections can retain
With light, invisible, yet *iron* chain ;
That struck- responsive thrills through every nerve,
Subdues cold pride, and banishes reserve ;
Strips pompous joys of all their borrowed glare,
Sinks to the heart, and finds its dwelling there.

THE ORIGIN OF "DARBY AND JOAN."

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "DAME REBECCA BERRY."

WITHIN three miles of Tadcaster, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, there is a beautiful village called Healaugh, remotely situated, but celebrated from being the place where lived, more than a century ago, a couple called "Darby and Joan," and whose humble dwelling is still to be seen there.

The way leading to this rural spot had, as I drove thither, all the charm of soft pastoral scenery: rich meadows, filled with sheep and cattle; green hedges, intermingled with a profusion of roses and woodbine, and every bank enamelled with fragrant flowers. It was the month of June, when all the redolence of summer regales the senses, and invigorates the spirits, in beholding the gaiety of nature, and every animated object happy, amidst the song of birds, and the joyous aspect of summer.

Healaugh consists of one long street, with low thatched cottages, and formerly had rows of tall trees before every door, with a bench beneath. The Church stands at one end, partially covered with ivy, and, from resting on a green bank, embowered in lime-trees, is a pleasing object on entering the village.

Even now this sequestered little spot looks the paradise of humble life; for, in Yorkshire, the eye is not pained in beholding that squalid poverty too often seen in remote parts of England.

The rustic bench still remains on which the faithful Darby and Joan were used to sit; he smoking his pipe and quaffing his ale; she, in all the garrulity of age, relating tales of days long passed away with recollected enjoyment, surrounded by their children's children (at this time the cottage is inhabited by one of their descendants), or listening to their hopes and fears respecting their future prospects in life, until they almost forgot they were quietly passing into that state where hope and fear have no longer existence.

On Sunday morning the old couple were constantly seen tottering together to church, supported by some of their children or grandchildren; thus proving themselves still linked together in their duties to their Maker, as well as in their worldly enjoyments. Happy, enviable state! where sympathy doubles every joy, and lessens every grief; where kindred spirits mingle together, be it either in the highest walk of life, or the humblest of its paths. Happiness beamed with perpetual

sunshine on the cottage of Darby and Joan, which is justly illustrated in Lord Wharton's ballad called

THE HAPPY OLD COUPLE.*

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
I've often regarded with wonder;
He is dropsical, she is sore eyed,
And yet they are never asunder.

Together they totter about,
Or sit in the sun at the door;
And, at night, when old Darby's pipe's out,
His Joan will not smoke one whiff more.

No beauty or wit they possess,
Their several failings to cover;
Then, what are the charms, can you guess,
That make them so fond of each other?

'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth—
The endearments which youth did bestow;
The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
The best of all blessings below.

Those traces for ever will last,
Nor sickness nor age can remove;
For when youth and beauty are past,
And age brings the winter of love,

A friendship insensibly grows,
By reviews of such raptures as these,
The current of fondness still flows,
Which deepest old age cannot freeze.

This happy old pair are buried in Healaugh church-yard. • Thither I bent my steps to look at their grave.

* Lord Wharton inhabited a handsome old-fashioned mansion at the extremity of the village of Healaugh.

I found the sexton busily employed preparing the place appointed for all men; and, as the person who generally has all the village annals by heart, to him I went for the history of the singular personages in question.

The sexton appeared to have numbered more than threescore years and ten. He was a remarkably hale and good-looking old man; though his face was deeply scarred with small-pox, and he had only one eye, I scarcely ever saw so shrewd a countenance. There was in this solitary eye an expression of facetious humour, and at the same time low cunning, which amused me extremely. He actually personified the gravedigger in Hamlet; for not only with the most careless indifference did he perform his part in this scene of mortality, but he was also a humorist, and jested, as with a significant look he related the history of "Darby and Joan," and pointed out the spot where a stone marked their grave to every passer by.

To time immemorial will this faithful old couple be remembered, and quoted as an example of conjugal felicity, by the designation of "a perfect Darby and Joan,"—in those instances, alas! too rare, where man and wife pass not only the spring-time of life, but old age, never asunder, having made a contract with each other in youth, to bear with the infirmities of old age together.

ANGELS.

BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

SPIRITS, that with unblasted eyes behold
 The GREAT ETERNAL on his throne of light!—
 Dwellers in heaven! who hailed the finished world,
 When stars all animate with music, sang,—
 Angels!—descend, irradiate my mind,
 And make my thoughts as beauteous as your own.
 What are ye, 'round whose names a glory shines?
 Perchance, the saints of pre-existent worlds
 Beatified?—or, emanations breathed
 Ere matter was, from the PRIMEVAL MIND?
 Viewless ye are, and undefined; yet, oft
 Of fancy born, what dream-like beauty-shapes
 Are flashed from out the soul! and when the lull
 Of music melts into the listening heart,
 Like sunshine into snow, there seem to float

Upon the spirit-gaze, ethereal things,—
Features and forms too beautiful for words !
Are these the shadows of diviner shapes
Above ?

And nature prompts romantic dreams,
Whose revelations are too lovely, save
For haunts in heaven ! When evening wreathes the sky
With billows of fantastic light, and o'er
The landscape, sweeter than the errant tones
From harp-strings dashed, a host of breezes sound !—
Then POESY, with INSPIRATION stands,
And from some rocky pinnacle surveys
The Sun go down in glory !—then the hour
When mind creates, and a seraphic throng
Are imaged, walking o'er their fields of light !
But whatsoe'er ye are, th' omnific Word
Reveals, angelic ministers have been
Bright harbingers from an empyreal sphere :—
When paradise lay shining in the sun,
With all her progeny of fruits and flowers,
Immortals ! oft your godlike radiance glanced
Between the garden trees, while earth's first pair
Beheld ye coming like celestial dreams !—
And have not empires that are dead, been ruled
By angels, delegates of THE SUPREME ?
Where art Thou, Archangelic One ! whom he
Of Patmos,* with the Spirit's eye foresaw ?

* See Revelations.

Wrapped in a cloud, a rainbow o'er thy head,
Thy face sun-bright, with limbs of fearful fire,
Thou didst descend, and on the prostrate deep
Thy right foot plant, and with a thunder-voice
To heaven didst swear,—that TIME SHOULD BE NO
MORE !

Elysian acre ! while o'er their slumbering flocks
The Galilean shepherds watched, ye came
To sing Hosannahs to the heaven-born babe,
And shed the brightness of your beauty round !
Nor have ye left the world, but still unseen
Surround the earth, as guardians of the good,
Inspiring hearts, and ripening souls for heaven !
And oh ! when shadows of a future world
Advance, and life is in the grasp of death,
'Tis your's to hallow, and illumine the mind,
To bring the starry crown by angels worn,
And wing the Spirit for her native sphere !

TO MY DAUGHTER ON HER SECOND
BIRTH-DAY.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, M. A.

WHILE two sweet stainless springs alone
Have swept with downy plume thy brow,
Child of my love! at Bounty's throne
For thee I breathe an ardent vow.

I ask not Beauty's dazzling dower,
Though well thine eye's reflective beam
Glow with the promise of a power,
Own'd in thy father's heart supreme.

I ask no plumed and jewelled crown
Where rank and wealth their moment blaze,
No transient meed of vain renown—
No length of perishable days.

No ! I intreat no mortal boon !
No joys that pass with passing years,
Powerless, amid their warmest noon,
To dry affliction's latest tears !

I supplicate enlightening grace
To guide thy feet in wisdom's way,
And strength her heavenward steps to trace
Through twilight to the perfect day.

May cold distrust and slighted love
Ne'er break thy calm and pure repose ;
And far from thee, kind Heaven, remove
Alike thy father's faults and woes.

Float peacefully along the tide,
Till, all secure, thy spirit shine
In realms where souls alone abide,
Serene and innocent as thine !

LITTLE MOSES.

A Village Story.

BY MISS MITFORD.

ONE of the prettiest rustic dwellings in our pretty neighbourhood, is the picturesque farm-house which stands on the edge of Wokefield Common, so completely in a bottom, that the passengers who traverse the high road see indeed the smoke from the chimneys floating like a vapour over the woody hill which forms the background, but cannot even catch a glimpse of the roof, so high does the turfy Common rise above it; whilst so steeply does the ground decline to the door, that it seems as if no animal less accustomed to tread the hill side than a goat or a chamois could venture to descend the narrow footpath which winds round the declivity, and forms the nearest way to the village. The cart-track, thridding the mazes of the hills, leads to the house by a far longer but very beautiful road; the smooth fine turf of the Common varied by large tufts of

furze and broom rising in an abrupt bank on one side, on the other a narrow well-timbered valley, bordered by hanging woods, and terminated by a large sheet of water, close beside which stands the farm, a low irregular cottage snugly thatched, and its different out-buildings, all on the smallest scale, but giving the air of comfort and habitation to the spot that nothing can so thoroughly convey as an English barn-yard with its complement of cows, pigs, horses, chickens, and children.

One part of the way thither is singularly beautiful. It is where a bright and sparkling spring has formed itself into a clear pond in a deep broken hollow by the road side: the bank all around covered with rich grass, and descending in unequal terraces to the pool: whilst on every side around it, and at different heights, stand ten or twelve noble elms, casting their green shadows mixed with the light clouds and the blue summer sky on the calm and glassy water, and giving, (especially when the evening sun lighted up the little grove, causing the rugged trunks to shine like gold, and the pendent leaves to glitter like the burnished wings of the rose beetle,) a sort of pillared and columnar dignity to the scene.

Seldom too would that fountain, famous for the purity and sweetness of its waters, be without some figure suited to the landscape; child, woman, or country girl, leaning from the plank, extended over the spring, to fill her pitcher, or returning with it, supported by

one arm on her head, recalling all classical and pastoral images, the beautiful sculptures of Greece, the poetry of Homer and of Sophocles, and even more than these, the habits of oriental life, and the Rachels and Rebeccas of Scripture.

Seldom would that spring be without some such figure ascending the turfy steps into the lane, of whom one might enquire respecting the sequestered farmhouse, whose rose-covered porch was seen so prettily from a turn in the road ; and often it would be one of the farmer's children who would answer you ; for in spite of the vicinity of the great pond, all the water for domestic use was regularly brought from the Elnin Spring.

Wokefield-Pond-Farm was a territory of some thirty acres ; one of the " little bargains," as they are called, which once abounded, but are now seldom found, in Berkshire ; and at the time to which our story refers, that is to say, about twenty years ago, its inhabitants were amongst the poorest and most industrious people in the country.

George Mearing was the only son of a rich yeoman in the parish, who held this " little bargain " in addition to the manor farm. George was an honest, thoughtless, kind-hearted, good-humoured lad, quite unlike his father, who, shrewd, hard, and money-getting, often regretted his son's deficiency in the qualities by which he had risen in the world, and reserved all his favour and affection for one who possessed them in full

perfection,—his only daughter, Martha. Martha was a dozen years older than her brother, with a large bony figure, a visage far from prepossessing, a harsh voice, and a constitutional scold, which, scrupulous in her cleanliness, and vigilant in her economy, was in full activity all day long. She seemed to go about the house for no other purpose than that of finding fault; maundering now at one, and now at another,—her brother, the carters, the odd boy, the maid,—every one, in short, except her father, who, connecting the ideas of scolding and of good housewifery, thought that he gained or at least saved money by the constant exercise of this accomplishment, and listened to her accordingly with great delight and admiration: “Her mother,” thought he to himself, “was a clever managing woman, and sorry enough was I to lose her; but gracious me, she was nothing to Martha! where she spoke one word, Martha speaks ten.”

The rest of the family heard this eternal din with far less complacency. They agreed, indeed, that she could not help scolding, that it was her way, and that they were all fools to take notice of it; but yet they would flee, one and all, before the outpouring of her wrath, like birds before a thunder shower.

The person on whom the storm fell oftenest and loudest was of course her own immediate subject, the maid; and of the many damsels who had undergone the discipline of Martha's tongue, none was ever more the object of her objugation, or deserved it less, than

Dinah Moore. But Dinah had many sins in her stern mistress's eyes, which would hardly have been accounted such elsewhere. "In the first place she was young and pretty, and to youth and beauty Martha had strong objections; then she was somewhat addicted to rustic finery, especially in the article of pink top-knots,—and to rosy ribbons Martha had almost as great an aversion as to rosy cheeks; then again the young lass had a spirit, and when unjustly accused would vindicate herself with more wit than prudence, and better tempered persons than Martha cannot abide that qualification; moreover the little damsel had an irrepressible lightness of heart and gaiety of temper, which no rebuke could tame, no severity repress; laughter was as natural to her, as chiding to her mistress; all her labours went merrily on: she would sing over the mashing tub, and smile through the washing week, out-singing Martha's scolding, and out-smiling Martha's frowns.

This in itself would have been sufficient cause of offence: but when Martha fancied, and fancied truly, that the pink top-knots, the smiles, and the songs were all aimed at the heart of her brother George, of whom, in her own rough way, she was both fond and proud, the pretty songstress became insupportable: and when George, in despite of her repeated warnings, did actually one fine morning espouse Dinah Moore, causing her in her agitation to let fall an old-fashioned china wash-hand basin, the gift of a long-deceased godmother, which, with the jug belonging to it, she valued more

than any other of her earthly possessions; no wonder that she made a vow never to speak to her brother whilst she lived, or that more in resentment than in covetousness (for Martha Mearning was rather a harsh and violent, than an avaricious woman) she encouraged her father in his angry resolution of banishing the culprit from his house, and disinheriting him from his property.

Old Farmer Mearning was not, however, a wicked man, although, in many respects, a hard one. He did not turn his son out to starve: on the contrary, he settled him in the Pond Farm, with a decent though scanty plenishing,—put twenty pounds in his pocket, and told him that he had nothing more to expect from him, and that he must make his own way in the world as he had done forty years before.

George's heart would have sunk under this denunciation, for he was of a kind but weak and indolent nature, and wholly accustomed to depend on his father, obey his orders, and rely on his support; but he was sustained by the bolder and firmer spirit of his wife, who, strong, active, lively, and sanguine, finding herself for the first time in her life, her own mistress, in possession of a comfortable home, and married to the man of her heart, saw nothing but sunshine before them. Dinah had risen in the world, and George had fallen; and this circumstance, in addition to an original difference of temperament, may sufficiently account for their difference of feeling.

During the first year or two Dinah's prognostics seemed likely to be verified. George ploughed and sowed and reaped, and she made butter, reared poultry, and fattened pigs; and their industry prospered, and the world went well with the young couple. But a bad harvest, the death of their best cow, the lameness of their most serviceable horse, and more than all, perhaps, the birth of four little girls in four successive years, crippled them sadly, and brought poverty and the fear of poverty to their happy fire-side.

Still, however, Dinah's spirit continued undiminished. Her children, although, to use her own phrase, "of the wrong sort," grew and flourished, as the children of poor people do grow and flourish, one hardly knows how; and by the time that the long-wished-for boy made his appearance in the world, the elder girls had become almost as useful to their father as if they had been "of the right sort" themselves. Never were seen such hardy and handy little elves! They drove the plough, tended the kine, folded the sheep, fed the pigs, worked in the garden, made the hay, hoed the turnips, reaped the corn, hacked the beans, and drove the market cart to B—— on occasion, and sold the butter, eggs, and poultry as well as their mother could have done.

Strong, active, and serviceable as boys, were the little lasses; and pretty withal, though as brown as so many gipsies, and as untrained as wild colts. They had their mother's bright and sparkling countenance, and her gay and sunny temper, a heritage more valuable

than house or land,—a gift more precious than ever was bestowed on a favoured princess by beneficent fairy. But the mother's darling was one who bore no resemblance to her either in mind or person, her only son and youngest child Moses, so called after his grandfather, in a lurking hope, which was however disappointed, that the name might propitiate the offended and wealthy yeoman.

Little Moses was a fair, mild, quiet boy, who seemed at first sight far fitter to wear petticoats than any one of his madcap sisters; but there was an occasional expression in his deep grey eye that gave token of sense and spirit, and an unfailing steadiness and diligence about the child that promised to vindicate his mother's partiality. She was determined that Moses should be, to use the country phrase, "a good scholar;" the meaning of which is, by the way, not a little dissimilar from that which the same words bear at Oxford or at Cambridge. Poor Dinah was no "scholar" herself, as the parish register can testify, where her mark stands below George's signature in the record of her marriage; and the girls bade fair to emulate their mother's ignorance, Dinah having given to each of the four the half of a year's schooling, upon the principle of ride and tie, little Lucy going one day, and little Patty the next, and so on with the succeeding pair; in this way adroitly educating two children for the price of one, their mother in her secret soul holding it for girls a waste of time. But when Moses came in question the case

was altered. He was destined to enjoy the benefit of an entire education, and to imbibe unshared all the learning that the parish pedagogue could bestow. An admission to the Wokefield free-school ensured him this advantage, together with the right of wearing the long primitive blue cloth coat and leathern girdle, as well as the blue cap and yellow tassel by which the boys were distinguished; and by the time he was eight years old, he had made such progress in the arts of writing and cyphering, that he was pronounced by the master to be the most promising pupil in the school.

At this period, misfortunes, greater than they had hitherto known, began to crowd around his family. Old Farmer Mearing died, leaving all his property to Martha; and George, a broken-hearted toil-worn man, who had been only supported in his vain efforts to make head against ill-fortune by the hope of his father at last relenting, followed him to the grave in less than two months. Debt and difficulty beset the widow, and even her health and spirits began to fail. Her only resource seemed to be to leave her pleasant home, give up every thing to the creditors, get her girls out to service, and try to maintain herself and Moses by washing or chairing, or whatever work her failing strength would allow her to perform.

Martha, or as she was now called, Mrs. Martha, lived on in lonely and apparently comfortless affluence, at the Manor Farm. She had taken no notice of Dinah's humble supplications, sent injudiciously by

Patty, a girl whose dark and sparkling beauty exactly resembled what her mother had been before her unfortunate marriage; but on Moses, so like his father, she had been seen to gaze wistfully and tenderly, when the little procession of charity boys passed her on their way to church: though on finding herself observed, or perhaps in detecting herself in such an indulgence, the softened eye was immediately withdrawn, and the stern spirit seemed to gather itself into a resolution only the stronger for its momentary weakness.

Mrs. Martha, now long past the middle of life, and a confirmed old maid, had imbibed a few of the habits and peculiarities which are supposed, and perhaps justly, to characterise that condition. Amongst other things she had a particular fancy for the water from the Elmin spring, and could not relish her temperate supper if washed down by any other beverage; and she was accustomed to fetch it herself in the identical china jug, the present of her godmother, the basin belonging to which she had broken from the shock she underwent when hearing of George's wedding. It is even possible, so much are we the creatures of association, that the constant sight of this favourite piece of porcelain, which was really of very curious and beautiful Nankin china, might, by perpetually reminding her of her loss, and the occasion, serve to confirm her inveterate aversion to poor George and his family.

However this might be, it chanced that one summer

evening Mrs. Martha sallied forth to fetch the sparkling draught from the Elmin spring. She filled her jug as usual, but much rain had fallen, and the dame, no longer so active as she had been, slipped when about to re-ascend the bank with her burthen, and found herself compelled either to throw herself forward and grasp the trunk of the nearest tree, to the imminent peril of her china jug, of which she was compelled to let go, or to slide back to the already tottering and slippery plank, at the risk, almost the certainty, of plunging head foremost into the water. If Mrs. Martha had been asked, on level ground and out of danger, whether she preferred to be soused in her own person, or to break her china jug, she would, most undoubtedly, theoretically have chosen the ducking; but theory and practice are different matters, and following the instinct of self-preservation, she let the dear mug go, and clung to the tree.

As soon as she was perfectly safe, she began to lament, in her usual vituperative strain, over her irreparable loss, scolding the tottering plank and the slippery bank, and finally, there being no one else to bear the blame, her own heedless haste, which had cost her the commodity she valued most in the world. Swinging herself round, however, still supported by the tree, she had the satisfaction to perceive that the dear jug was not yet either sunken or broken. It rested most precariously on a tuft of bulrushes towards the centre of the pool, in instant danger of both these

calamities, and, indeed, appeared to her to be visibly sinking under its own weight. What should she do? She could never reach it; and whilst she went to summon assistance, the precious porcelain would vanish. What could she do?

Just as she was asking herself this question, she had the satisfaction to hear footsteps in the lane. She called; and a small voice was heard singing, and the little man Moses, with his satchel at his back, made his appearance, returning from school. He had not heard her, and she would not call to him—not even to preserve her china treasure. Moses, however, saw the dilemma, and pausing only to pull off his coat, plunged into the water, to rescue the sinking cup.

The summer had been wet, and the pool was unusually high, and Mrs. Martha startled to perceive that he was almost immediately beyond his depth, called to him earnestly and vehemently to return. The resolute boy, however, accustomed from infancy to dabble like the young water-fowl amidst the sedges and islets of the great pond, was not to be frightened by the puny waters of the Elmin Spring. He reached, though at some peril, the tuft of bullrushes—brought the jug triumphantly to land—washed it—filled it at the fountain-head, and finally offered it, with his own sweet and gracious smile, to Mrs. Martha. And she—oh! what had she not suffered during the last few moments whilst the poor orphan—her brother George's only boy, was risking his life to preserve for her a

paltry bit of earthenware! What had she not felt during those few but long moments! Her ~~woman's~~ heart melted within her; and instead of seizing the precious porcelain, she caught the dripping boy in her arms—half-smothered him with tears and kisses, and vowed that her home should be his home, and her fortune his fortune.

And she kept her word,—she provided amply and kindly for Dinah and her daughters; but Moses is her heir, and he lives at the Manor Farm, and is married to the prettiest woman in the country; and Mrs. Martha has betaken herself to the Pond-side, with a temper so much ameliorated, that the good farmer declares the greatest risk his children run is, of being spoilt by Aunt Martha:—one in particular, her godson, who has inherited the name and the favour of his father, and is her own particular little Moses.

STANZAS.

BY JOSIAH CONDER.

Why are springs enthroned so high,
 Where the mountains kiss the sky?
 'Tis that thence their streams may flow,
 Fertilizing all below.

Why have clouds such lofty flight,
 Basking in the golden light?
 'Tis to send down genial showers
 In this lower world of ours.

Why does God exalt the great?
 'Tis that they may prop the state;
 So that Toil its sweets may yield,
 And the sower reap the field.

Riches, why doth He confer?—
 That the rich may minister,
 In the hour of their distress,
 To the poor and fatherless.

Does He light a Newton's mind?
'Tis to shine on all mankind.
Does He give to Virtue birth?—
'Tis the salt of this poor earth.

Reader, whosoe'er thou art,
What thy God has given, impart.
Hide it not within the ground;
Send the cup of blessing round.

Hast thou power?—the weak defend.
Light?—give light: thy knowledge lend.
Rich?—remember Him who gave,
Free?—be brother to the slave.

Called a blessing to inherit,
Bless, and richer blessings merit:
Give, and more shall yet be given:
Love, and serve, and look for Heaven.

FINIS.

